THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

AUG. 19, '16 — 5c. THE COPY

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS—By Ring W. Lardner

Nature's Two Great Foods Combined in One

California RAISIN BREAD

Golden Wheat and Sun-Maid Raisins from California's sunlit valleys.

Baked for a nation by bakers everywhere after our recipe calling for plenty of Sun-Maid Raisins. Enough in every slice to make this a true fruit-food.

These full-flavored, sugar-laden raisins, luscious with sun-brewed juices, are nuggets of energy. Such raisins are both good and good for you—slightly laxative, healthful, energizing—yielding sugar in its best and purest form.

Made with SUN-MAID RAISINS

Enjoy this favored fruit-food of Bible days in Sun-Maid Raisins, the pick of California's famous vineyards, sun-cured in the open, seeded, and shipped fresh. Ask your grocer for this brand in packages. They lend variety to the daily menu, and are a true economy because of their high food value. Try the recipe printed here. Send for our book of raisin recipes, which tells you of many delightful uses of Sun-Maid Raisins. Sun-Maid Brand Raisins come in three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted), Seedless (from seedless grapes), and Cluster (on stem, not seeded).

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 8000 Growers
Fresno, California

RAISIN BISCUIT

- 1 cup chopped SUN-MAID Raisins.
- 2 cups flour.
- 2 teaspoons baking powder.
- ½ teaspoon salt.
- 2 tablespoons shortening.
- ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly; add enough cold milk to hold together; add the raisins and mix. Place dough on floured board, roll or pat with hands until one inch thick, then cut with biscuit cutter and brush tops with cold milk; bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Barrett Specification Roofs Guaranteed for 20 Years

No Upkeep Cost for 20 Years —*Absolutely Guaranteed*

Here are details of a plan to guarantee your roof for 20 years—*at no extra cost to yourself.*

It's a new feature of Barrett Service.

We know from an experience of over half a century that a Barrett Specification Roof, *if properly laid by a good roofing contractor*, will last at least 20 years. Scores of roofs of this type have lasted almost twice that period.

In order that purchasers may have the benefit of this experience we have arranged with one of the largest Surety Companies in America—The United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore—to issue, hereafter, a 20 Year Guaranty Bond on all Barrett Specification Roofs of 50 squares or more in all towns in the United States and Canada of 25,000 population and over—*and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be satisfactory to us and that the Specification dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed.

All you have to do to secure the 20 Year Guaranty Bond is to give the roofing contractor a copy of The Barrett Specification *of that date*, and tell him to figure on that basis. The principal architects, engineers and roofing contractors throughout the country are familiar with the plan and are working with us. They realize that from the buyer's standpoint the arrangement is practically ideal, for under the plan the owner is assured of having an inspector on the roof whose only interest is to make it *as good as possible*—for if it isn't right we alone are the loser.

Do not confuse this Surety Bond with the ordinary "Guarantee". It is something quite different. It is issued, not by an individual or a manufacturer, but by one of the largest and best known Surety Companies in the country and is *a legal, workable document that has no loopholes.*

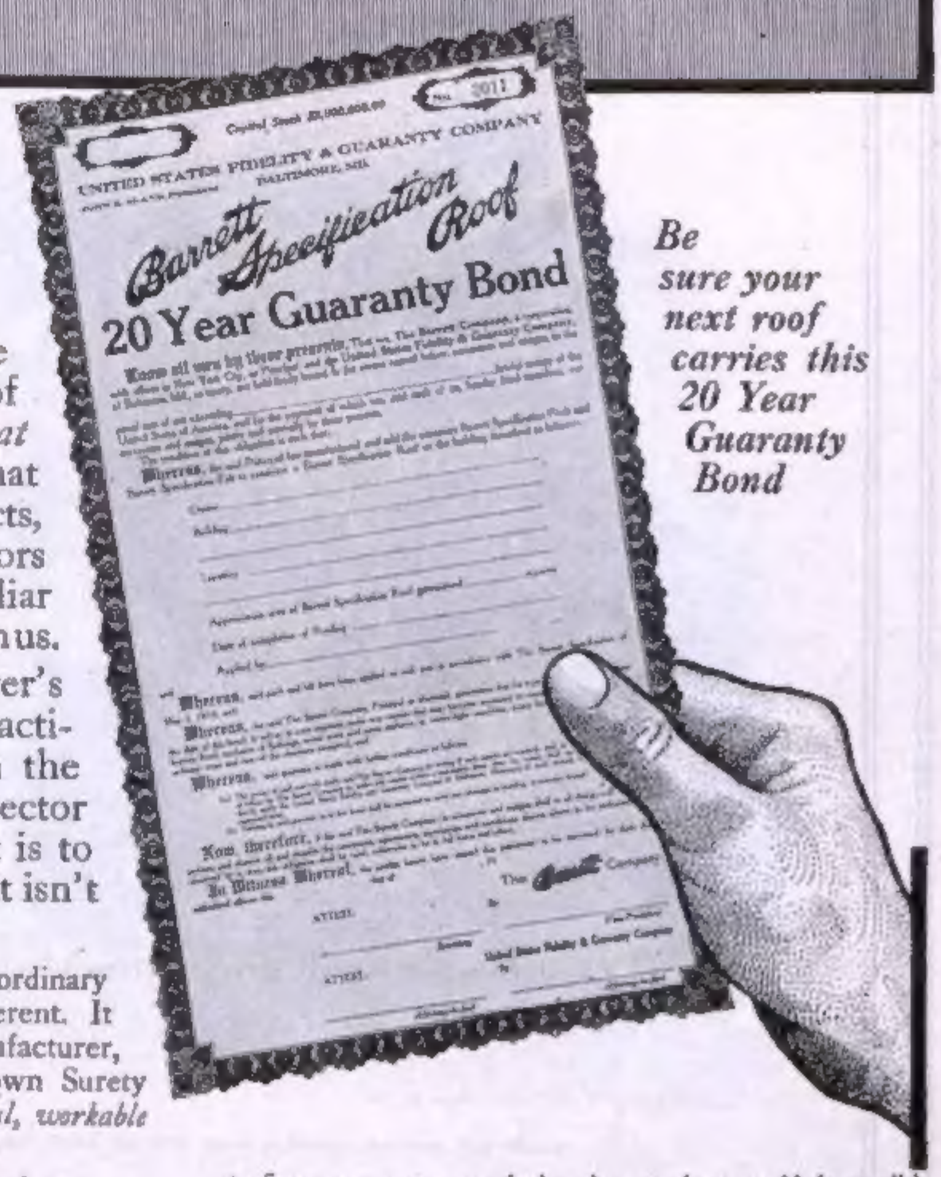
Twenty years of protection from roof upkeep expense is absolutely assured under this bond.

Barrett Specification Roofs are generally recognized as representing the best in permanent roof construction and in addition show a lower cost per year of service than any other type.

As to fire protection qualities, we point to the fact that the Underwriters' Laboratories place them in "Class A" and accord them the base rate of insurance.

Therefore, when you give the roofing contractor a copy of The Barrett Specification of May 1, 1916, to figure on, you are ordering the very best roof it is possible to construct and one that takes the base rate of insurance. In addition you secure a 20 Year Surety Bond, guaranteeing freedom from upkeep cost for that period.

No other manufacturer has ever before offered such a definite and liberal proposition to the public. If you are interested and want any further information, write our nearest office and the matter will have prompt and careful attention.



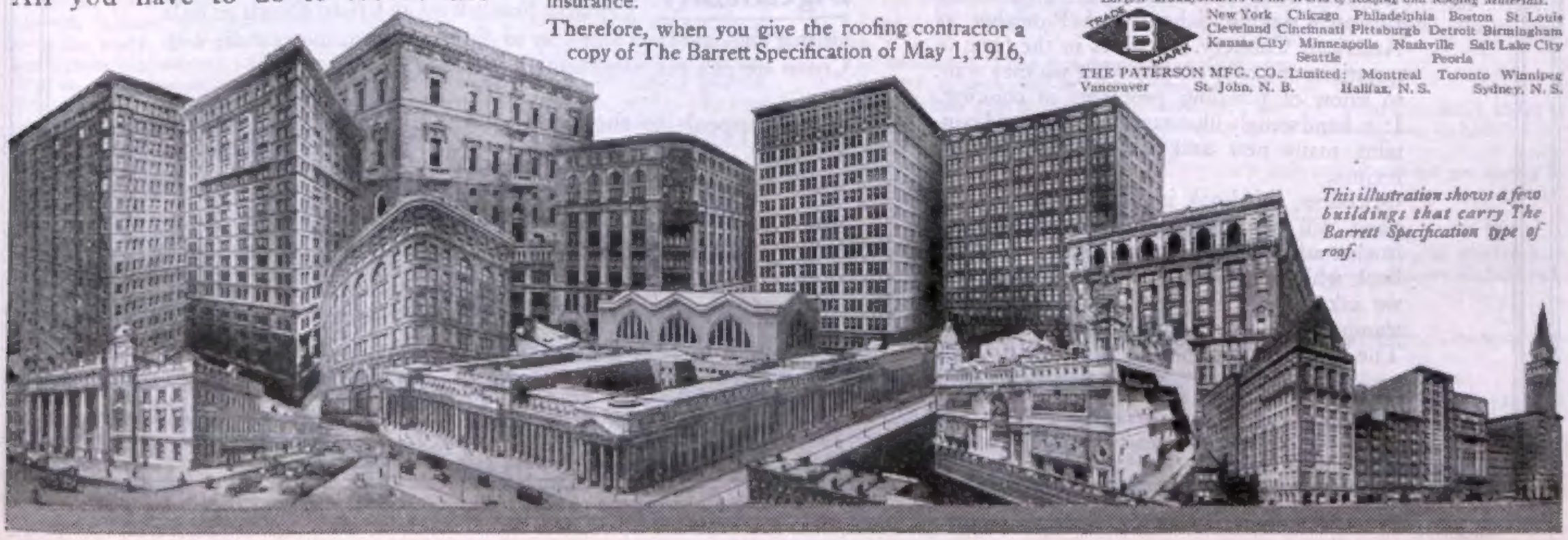
Be sure your next roof carries this 20 Year Guaranty Bond

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



This illustration shows a few buildings that carry The Barrett Specification type of roof.

Why Don't You Use Crisco?

Putting a few plain questions to the American housewife who is *not* among the million women who do.

A MILLION American women are enthusiastic users of Crisco. They have proved how much they like it. Crisco is nationally established as the ideal cooking fat—an acknowledged aid in the achievement of better results in cooking. If *you* have not yet tried it why not follow the many who *know* Crisco? The advantages Crisco gives in frying, as shortening and in cake and bread making command the earnest consideration of every housewife who cares.

Purity Are you hesitating on the question of purity? Crisco is made in a clean, sunlit factory by an original process which alone can produce such a rich cream of vegetable oil, freed from every possible impurity. Human hands never touch Crisco.

Tastiness Do you fear Crisco has flavor that might "show" in cooking? Crisco has neither odor nor taste. Therefore foods prepared with it are unusually dainty and have their own appetizing, natural flavors. Good cooks become better cooks when they choose Crisco.

Uniformity Do you fear that your recipes will not work out as well? Crisco is of *uniform* quality and you may be sure your shortening *always* will be the same. One package is like another package no matter where or when you buy it.

Richness Do you doubt the *richness* of Crisco? Crisco is *all* shortening and, unlike butter, contains no water. It really is so rich that one-fifth less is required.

Price Do you hesitate on account of the price of Crisco? Crisco is the most economical of fats—it costs but little more than ordinary lard, and if properly used goes much further. Its richness is so great that it gives as splendid results in cooking as creamery butter and at half the cost.

Digestibility Have you investigated the digestibility of Crisco? Foods fried in Crisco absorb so little fat that they are tasty and easy to digest. Baked foods made with Crisco are rich yet wholesome.

Crisco appeals to the people who like the better things. Unusual delicacy is characteristic of all Crisco-made foods. Crisco has nothing but delicate richness to impart. It gives a tender flakiness to pies and short-cakes. Cakes and breads stay fresh and moist much longer. There need be no smoke in frying with Crisco, therefore it will help keep your kitchen sweet. Your careful investigation of Crisco's merits is deserved and invited.

YOU can learn more about Crisco in Janet McKenzie Hill's "Whys of Cooking," which we have published as the successor to "A Calendar of Dinners". Every woman interested in cooking will be interested in this splendid addition to the important literature of domestic science. It is an authoritative text book, for the author is Principal of the Boston Cooking School and Publisher of American Cookery. It gives in the form of questions and answers just what *you* may want to know of puzzling problems in cooking. It is handsomely illustrated in colors and contains many new and hitherto unpublished recipes.

Of course, this book is published to gain the good will of our customers, and therefore further advance the sales of Crisco, but it is a book which is worth five times at least what we ask for it. The cost is but five 2-cent stamps. Address your request to Dept. K-9, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 189 *PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 19, 1916* *Number 8*

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS

We Was Just Goin' to Flop Into Two o' Them When Another Bandit Come Up and Told Us it'd Cost a Dime Apiece Per Hour

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I PROMISED the wife that if anybody ast me what kind of a time did I have at Palm Beach I'd say I had a swell time. And if they ast me who did we meet I'd tell 'em everybody that was worth meetin'. And if they ast me didn't the trip cost a lot I'd say Yes; but it was worth the money. I promised her I wouldn't spill none o' the real details. But if you can't break a promise you made to your own wife what kind of a promise can you break? Answer me that, Edgar.

I'm not one o' those kind o' people that'd keep a joke to themself just because the joke was on them. But they's plenty of our friends that I wouldn't have 'em hear about it for the world. I wouldn't tell you, only I know you're not the village gossip and won't crack it to nobody. Not even to your own Missus, see? I don't trust no women.

It was along last January when I and the wife was both bit by the society bacillus. I think it was at the opera. You remember me tellin' you about us and the Hatches goin' to Carmen and then me takin' my Missus and her sister, Bess, and four of one suit named Bishop to see the Three Kings? Well, I'll own up that I enjoyed wearin' the soup and fish and minglin' amongst the high polloi and pretendin' we really was somebody. And I know my wife enjoyed it, too, though they was nothin' said between us at the time.

The next stage was where our friends wasn't good enough for us no more. We used to be tickled to death to spend an evenin' playin' rummy with the Hatches. But all of a sudden they didn't seem to be no fun in it and when Hatch'd call up we'd stall out of it. From the number o' times I told him that I or the Missus was tired out and goin' right to bed, he must of thought we'd got jobs as telephone linemen.

We quit attendin' pitcher shows because the rest o' the audience wasn't the kind o' people you'd care to mix with. We didn't go over to Ben's and dance because they wasn't no class to the crowd there. About once a week we'd beat it to one o' the good hotels downtown, all dressed up like a horse, and have our dinner with the rest o' the E-light. They wasn't nobody talked to us only the waiters, but we could look as much as we liked and it was sport tryin' to guess the names o' the gang at the next table.

Then we took to readin' the society news at breakfast. It used to be that I didn't waste time on nothin' but the market and sportin' pages, but now I'd pass 'em up and listen w'ile the Missus rattled off what was doin' on the Lake Shore Drive.

Every little w'ile we'd see where So-and-So was at Palm Beach or just goin' there or just comin' back. We got to kiddin' about it.

"Well," I'd say, "we'd better be startin' pretty soon or we'll miss the best part o' the season."

"Yes," the wife'd say back, "we'd go right now if it wasn't for all them engagements next week."

We kidded and kidded till finally, one night, she forgot we was just kiddin'.

"You didn't take no vacation last summer," she says.

"No," says I. "They wasn't no chance to get away."

"But you promised me," she says, "that you'd take one this winter to make up for it."

"I know I did," I says; "but it'd be a sucker play to take a vacation in weather like this."

"The weather ain't like this everywheres," she says.

"You must of been goin' to night school," I says.

"Another thing you promised me," says she, "was that when you could afford it you'd take me on a real honeymoon trip to make up for the dinky one we had."

"That still goes," I says, "when I can afford it."

"You can afford it now," says she. "We don't owe nothin' and we got money in the bank."

"Yes," I says. "Pretty close to three hundred bucks."

"You forgot somethin'," she says. "You forgot them war babies."

Did I tell you about that? Last fall I done a little dabblin' in Crucial Steel and at this time I'm tellin' you about I still had a hold of it, but stood to pull down six hundred. Not bad, eh?

"It'd be a mistake to let loose now," I says.

"All right," she says. "Hold on, and I hope you lose every cent. You never did care nothin' for me."

Then we done a little spoonin' and then I ast her what was the big idear.

"We ain't swelled on ourself," she says; "but I know and you know that the friends we been associatin' with ain't in our class. They don't know how to dress and they can't talk about nothin' but their goldfish and their meat bills. They don't try to get nowheres, but all as they do is play rummy and take in the Majestic. I and you like nice people and good music and things that's worth w'ile. It's a crime for us to be wastin' our time with riff and raff that'd run round barefooted if it wasn't for the police."

"I wouldn't say we'd wasted much time on 'em lately," I says.

"I Feel Much Refreshed," I Says. "I Believe When it Comes Time to Go Back I'll Be Able to Walk"

"No," says she, "and I've had a better time these last three weeks than I ever had in my life."

"You can keep right on havin' it," I says.

"I could have a whole lot better time, and you could, too," she says, "if we could get acquainted with some congenial people to go round with; people that's tastes is the same as ourn."

"If any o' them people calls up on the phone," I says, "I'll be as pleasant to 'em as I can."

"You're always too smart," says the wife. "You don't never pay attention to no schemes o' mine."

"What's the scheme now?"

"You'll find fault with it because I thought it up," she says. "If it was your scheme you'd think it was grand."

"If it really was good you wouldn't be scared to spring it," I says.

"Will you promise to go through with it?" says she.

"If it ain't too ridic'lous," I told her.

"See! I knowed that'd be the way," she says.

"Don't talk crazy," I says. "Where'd we be if we'd went through with every plan you ever sprang?"

"Will you promise to listen to my side of it without actin' cute?" she says.

So I didn't see no harm in goin' that far.

"I want you to take me to Palm Beach," says she. "I want you to take a vacation, and that's where we'll spend it."

"And that ain't all we'd spend," I says.

"Remember your promise," says she.

So I shut up and listened.

The dope she give me was along these lines: We could get special round-trip rates on any o' the railroads and that part of it wouldn't cost nowheres near as much as a man'd naturally think. The hotel rates was pretty steep, but the meals was throwed in, and just imagine what them meals would be! And we'd be stayin' under the same roof with the Vanderbilts and Goulds, and eatin' at the same table, and probably, before we was there a week, callin' 'em Steve and Gus. They was dancin' every night and all the guests danced with each other, and how would it feel fox-trottin' with the president o' the B. & O., or the Delmonico girls from New York! And all Chicago society was down there, and when we met 'em we'd know 'em for life and have some real friends amongst 'em when we got back home.

That's how she had it figured and she must of been practicin' her speech, because it certainly did sound good to me. To make it short, I fell, and dated her up to meet me downtown next day and call on the railroad bandits. The first one we seen admitted that his was the best route and that he wouldn't only soak us $147.70 to and from Palm Beach and back, includin' an apartment from here to Jacksonville and as many stopovers as we wanted to make. He told us we wouldn't have to write for no hotel accommodations because the hotels had an agent right over on Madison Street that'd be glad to do everything to us.

So we says we'd be back later and then we beat it over to the Florida East Coast's local studio.

"How much for a double room by the week?" I ast the man.

"They ain't no weekly rates," he says. "By the day it'd be $12 and up for two at the Breakers, and $14 and up at the Poinciana."

"I like the Breakers better," says I.

"You can't get in there," he says. "They're full for the season."

"That's a long spree," I says.

"Can we get in the other hotel?" ast the wife.

"I can find out," says the man.

"We want a room with bath," says she.

"That'd be more," says he. "That'd be $15 or $16, and up."

"What do we want of a bath," I says, "with the whole Atlantic Ocean in the front yard?"

"I'm afraid you'd have trouble gettin' a bath," says the man. "The hotels is both o' them pretty well filled up on account o' the war in Europe."

"What's that got to do with it?" I ast him.

"A whole lot," he says. "The people that usually goes abroad is all down to Palm Beach this winter."

"I don't see why," I says. "If one o' them U-boats hit 'em they'd at least be gettin' their bath for nothin'."

We left him with the understandin' that he was to wire down there and find out what was the best they could give us. We called him up in a couple o' days and he told us we could have a double room, without no bath, at the Poinciana, beginnin' the fifteenth o' February. He didn't know just what the price would be.

Well, I fixed it up to take my vacation startin' the tenth, and sold out my Crucial Steel, and divided the spoils with the railroad company. We decided we'd stop off in St. Augustine two days, because the Missus found out somewheres that they might be two or three o' the Four Hundred lingerin' there, and we didn't want to miss nobody.

"Now," I says, "all we got to do is set round and wait for the tenth o' the month."

"Is that so!" says the wife. "I suppose you're perfectly satisfied with your clo'es."

"I've got to be," I says, "unless the Salvation Army has somethin' that'll fit me."

"What's the matter with our charge account?" she says.

"I don't like to charge nothin'," I says, "when I know they ain't no chance of ever payin' for it."

"All right," she says, "then we're not goin' to Palm Beach. I'd rather stay home than go down there lookin' like general housework."

"Do you need clo'es yourself?" I ast her.

"I certainly do," she says. "About two hundred dollars' worth. But I got $150 o' my own."

"All right," I says. "I'll stand for the other fifty and then we're all set."

"No, we're not," she says. "That just fixes me. But I want you to look as good as I do."

"Nature'll see to that," I says.

But they was no arguin' with her. Our trip, she says, was an investment; it was goin' to get us in right with people worth w'ile. And we wouldn't have a chance in the world unless we looked the part.

So before the tenth come round, we was long two new evenin' gowns, two female sport suits, four or five pairs o' shoes, all colors, one Tuxedo dinner coat, three dress shirts, half a dozen other kinds o' shirts, two pairs o' transparent white trousers, one new business suit and Lord knows how much underwear and how many hats and stockin's. And I had till the fifteenth o' March to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead.

Just as we was gettin' ready to leave for the train the phone rung. It was Mrs. Hatch and she wanted us to come over for a little rummy. I was shavin' and the Missus done the talkin'.

"What did you tell her?" I ast.

"I told her we was goin' away," says the wife.

"I bet you forgot to mention where we was goin'," I says.

"Pay me," says she.

II

I THOUGHT we was in Venice when we woke up next mornin', but the porter says it was just Cairo, Illinois. The river'd went crazy and I bet they wasn't a room without a bath in that old burg.

As we set down in the diner for breakfast the train was goin' acrost the longest bridge I ever seen, and it looked like we was so near the water that you could reach right out and grab a handful. The wife was a little wabbly.

"I wonder if it's really safe," she says.

"If the bridge stays up we're all right," says I.

"But the question is, Will it stay up?" she says.

"I wouldn't bet a nickel either way on a bridge," I says. "They're treacherous little devils. They'd cross you as quick as they'd cross this river."

"The trainmen must be nervous," she says. "Just see how we're draggin' along."

"They're givin' the fish a chance to get offen the track," I says. "It's against the law to spear fish with a cowcatcher this time o' year."

Well, the wife was so nervous she couldn't eat nothin' but toast and coffee, so I figured I was justified in goin' to the prunes and steak and eggs.

After breakfast we went out in what they call the sun parlor. It was a glassed-in room on the tail end o' the rear coach and it must of been a pleasant place to set and watch the scenery. But they was a gang o' missionaries or somethin' had all the seats and they never budged out o' them all day. Every time they'd come to a crossroads they'd toss a stack o' Bible studies out the back window for the Southern heathen to pick up and read. I suppose they thought they was doin' a lot o' good for their fellow men, but their fellow passengers meanw'ile was gettin' the worst of it.

Speakin' o' the scenery it certainly was somethin' grand. First we'd pass a few pine trees with fuzz on 'em and then a couple of acres o' yellow mud. Then they'd be more pine trees and more fuzz and then more yellow mud. And after a w'ile we'd come to some pine trees with fuzz on 'em and then, if we watched close, we'd see some yellow mud.

Every few minutes the train'd stop and then start up again on low. That meant the engineer suspected he was comin' to a station and was scared that if he run too fast he wouldn't see it, and if he run past it without stoppin' the inhabitants wouldn't never forgive him. You see, they's a regular schedule o' duties that's followed out by the more prominent citizens down those parts. After their wife's attended to the chores and got the breakfast they roll out o' bed and put on their overalls and eat. Then they get on their horse or mule or cow or dog and ride down to the station and wait for the next train. When it comes they have a contest to see which can count the passengers first. The losers has to promise to work one day the followin' month. If one fella loses three times in the same month he generally always kills himself.

All the towns has got five or six private residences and seven or eight two-apartment buildin's and a grocery and a post office. They told me that somebody in one o' them burgs, I forget which one, got a letter the day before we come through. It was misdirected, I guess.

The two-apartment buildin's is constructed on the ground floor, with a porch to divide one flat from the other.

One's the housekeepin' side and the other's just a place for the husband and father to lay round in so's they won't be disturbed by watchin' the women work.

It was a blessin' to them boys when their states went dry. Just think what a strain it must of been to keep liftin' glasses and huntin' in their overalls for a dime!

In the afternoon the Missus went into our apartment and took a nap and I moseyed into the readin' room and looked over some o' the comical magazines. They was a fat guy come in and set next to me. I'd heard him, in at lunch, tellin' the dinin'-car conductor what Wilson should of done, so I wasn't su'prised when he opened up on me.

"Tiresome trip," he says.

I didn't think it was worth w'ile arguin' with him.

"Must of been a lot o' rain through here," he says.

"Either that," says I, "or else the sprinklin' wagon run shy o' streets."

He laughed as much as it was worth.

"Where do you come from?" he ast me.

"Dear old Chicago," I says.

"I'm from St. Louis," he says.

"You're frank," says I.

"I'm really as much at home one place as another," he says. "The wife likes to travel and why shouldn't I humor her?"

"I don't know," I says. "I haven't the pleasure."

"Seems like we're goin' all the w'ile," says he. "It's Hot Springs or New Orleans or Florida or Atlantic City or California or somewheres."

"Do you get passes?" I ast him.

"I guess I could if I wanted to," he says. "Some o' my best friends is way up in the railroad business."

"I got one like that," I says. "He generally stands on the fourth or fifth car behind the engine."

"Do you travel much?" he ast me.

"I don't live in St. Louis," says I.

"Is this your first trip South?" he ast.

"Oh, no," I says. "I live on Sixty-fifth Street."

"I meant, have you ever been down this way before?"

"Oh, yes," says I. "I come down every winter."

"Where do you go?" he ast.

That's what I was layin' for.

"Palm Beach," says I.

"I used to go there," he says. "But I've cut it out. It ain't like it used to be. They leave everybody in now."

"Yes," I says; "but a man don't have to mix up with 'em."

"You can't just ignore people that comes up and talks to you," he says.

"Are you bothered that way much?" I ast.

"It's what drove me away from Palm Beach," he says.

"How long since you been there?" I ast him.

"How long you been goin' there?" he says.

"Me?" says I. "Five years."

"We just missed each other," says he. "I quit six years ago this winter."

"Then it couldn't of been there I seen you," says I. "But I know I seen you somewheres before."

"It might of been most anywheres," he says. "They's few places I haven't been at."

"Maybe it was acrost the pond," says I.

"Very likely," he says. "But not since the war started. I been steerin' clear of Europe for two years."

"So have I, for longer'n that," I says.

"It's an awful thing, this war," says he.

"I believe you're right," says I; "but I haven't heard nobody express it just that way before."

"I only hope," he says, "that we succeed in keepin' out of it."

"If we got in, would you go?" I ast him.

"Yes, sir," he says.

"You wouldn't beat me," says I. "I bet I'd reach Brazil as quick as you."

"Oh, I don't think they'd be any action in South America," he says. "We'd fight defensive at first and most of it would be along the Atlantic Coast."

"Then maybe we could get accommodations in Yellowstone Park," says I.

"They's no sense in this country gettin' involved," he says. "Wilson hasn't handled it right. He either ought to of went stronger or not so strong. He's wrote too many notes."

"You certainly get right to the root of a thing," says I. "You must of thought a good deal about it."

"I know the conditions pretty well," he says. "I know how far you can go with them people over there. I been amongst 'em a good part o' the time."

"I suppose," says I, "that a fella just naturally don't like to butt in. But if I was you I'd consider it my duty to romp down to Washington and give 'em all the information I had."

"Wilson picked his own advisers," says he. "Let him learn his lesson."

"That ain't hardly fair," I says. "Maybe you was out o' town, or your phone was busy or somethin'."

"I don't know Wilson nor he don't know me," he says.

"That oughtn't to stop you from helpin' him out," says I. "If you seen a man drownin' would you wait for some friend o' the both o' you to come along and make the introduction?"

"They ain't no comparison in them two cases," he says. "Wilson ain't never called on me for help."

"You don't know if he has or not," I says. "You don't stick in one place long enough for a man to reach you."

"My office in St. Louis always knows where I'm at," says he. "My stenographer can reach me any time within ten to twelve hours."

"I don't think it's right to have this country's whole future dependin' on a St. Louis stenographer," I says.

"That's nonsense!" says he. "I ain't makin' no claim that I could save or not save this country. But if I and Wilson was acquainted I might tell him some facts that'd help him out in his foreign policy."

"Well, then," I says, "it's up to you to get acquainted. I'd introduce you myself only I don't know your name."

"My name's Gould," says he; "but you're not acquainted with Wilson."

"I could be, easy," says I. "I could get on a train he was goin' somewheres on and then go and set beside him and begin to talk. Lots o' people makes friends that way."

It was gettin' along to'rd supper time, so I excused myself and went back to the apartment. The Missus had woke up and wasn't feelin' good.

"What's the matter?" I ast her.

"This old train," she says. "I'll die if it don't stop goin' round them curves."

"As long as the track curves, the best thing the train can do is curve with it," I says. "You may die if it keeps curvin', but you'd die a whole lot sooner if it left the rails and went straight ahead."

"What you been doin'?" she ast me.

"Just talkin' to one o' the Goulds," I says.

"Gould!" she says. "What Gould?"

"Well," I says, "I didn't ask him his first name, but he's from St. Louis, so I suppose it's Ludwig or Heine."

"Oh," she says, disgusted. "I thought you meant one o' the real ones."

"He's a real one all right," says I. "He's so classy that he's passed up Palm Beach. He says it's gettin' too common."

"I don't believe it," says the wife. "And besides, we don't have to mix up with everybody."

"He says they butt right in on you," I told her.

"They'll get a cold reception from me," she says.

But between the curves and the fear o' Palm Beach not bein' so exclusive as it used to be, she couldn't eat no supper, and I had another big meal.

The next mornin' we landed in Jacksonville three hours behind time and narrowly missed connections for St. Augustine by over an hour and a half. They wasn't another

"Excuse Me, Mrs. So-and-So; But We Got the Coolest Room in the Hotel, and I'd be So Glad to Have You Go Up There"

train till one-thirty in the afternoon, so we had some time to kill. I went shoppin' and bought a shave and five or six rickeys. The wife helped herself to a chair in the writin' room of one o' the hotels and told pretty near everybody in Chicago that she wished they was along with us, accompanied by a pitcher o' the Elks' Home or the Germania Club, or Trout Fishin' at Atlantic Beach.

W'ile I was gettin' my dime's worth in the tonsorial parlors, I happened to look up at a calendar on the wall, and noticed it was the twelfth o' February.

"How does it come that everything's open here to-day?" I says to the barber. "Don't you-all know it's Lincoln's birthday?"

"Is that so?" he says. "How old is he?"

III

WE'D wired ahead for rooms at the Alcazar, and when we landed in St. Augustine they was a motorbus from the hotel to meet us at the station.

"Southern hospitality," I says to the wife, and we was both pleased till they relieved us o' four bits apiece for the ride.

Well, they hadn't neither one of us slept good the night before, w'ile we was joltin' through Georgia; so when I suggested a nap they wasn't no argument.

"But our clo'es ought to be pressed," says the Missus. "Call up the valet and have it done w'ile we sleep."

So I called up the valet and, sure enough, he come.

"Hello, George!" I says. "You see, we're goin' to lay down and take a nap, and we was wonderin' if you could crease up these two suits and have 'em back here by the time we want 'em."

"Certainly, sir," says he.

"And how much will it cost?" I ast him.

"One dollar a suit," he says.

"Are you on parole or haven't you never been caught?" says I.

"Yes, sir," he says, and smiled like it was a joke.

"Let's talk business, George," I says. "The tailor we go to on Sixty-third walks two blocks to get our clo'es, two blocks to take 'em to his joint, and two blocks to bring 'em back, and he only soaks us thirty-five cents a suit."

"He gets poor pay and he does poor work," says the burglar. "When I press clo'es I press 'em right."

"Well," I says, "the tailor on Sixty-third satisfies us. Suppose you don't do your best this time, but just give us seventy cents' worth."

But they wasn't no chance for a bargain. He'd been in the business so long he'd became hardened and lost all regard for his fellow men.

The Missus slept, but I didn't. Instead, I done a few problems in arithmetic. Outside o' what she'd gave up for post cards and stamps in Jacksonville, I'd spent two bucks for our lunch, about two more for my shave and my refreshments, one for a rough ride in a bus, one more for gettin' our trunk and grips carried round, two for havin' the clo'es pressed, and about half a buck in tips to people that I wouldn't never see again. Somewheres near nine dollars a day, not countin' no hotel bill, and over two weeks of it yet to come!

Oh, you rummy game at home, at half a cent a point!

When our clo'es come back I woke her up and give her the figures.

"But to-day's an exception," she says. "After this our meals will be included in the hotel bill and we won't need to get our suits pressed only once a week and you'll be shavin' yourself and they won't be no bus fare when we're stayin' in one place. Besides, we can practice economy all spring and all summer."

"I guess we need the practice," I says.

"And if you're goin' to crab all the time about expenses," says she, "I'll wish we had of stayed home."

"That'll make it unanimous," says I.

Then she begin sobbin' about how I'd spoiled the trip and I had to promise I wouldn't think no more o' what we were spendin'. I might just as well of promised to not worry when the White Sox lost or when I'd forgot to come home to supper.

We went in the dinin' room about six-thirty and was showed to a table where they was another couple settin'. They was husband and wife, I guess, but I don't know which was which. She was wieldin' the pencil and writin' down their order.

"I guess I'll have clams," he says.

"They disagreed with you last night," says she.

"All right," he says. "I won't try 'em. Give me cream-o'-tomato soup."

"You don't like tomatoes," she says.

"Well, I won't have no soup," says he. "A little o' the bluefish."

"The bluefish wasn't no good at noon," she says. "You better try the bass."

"All right, make it bass," he says. "And them sweetbreads and a little roast beef and sweet potatoes and peas and vanilla ice cream and coffee."

"You wouldn't touch sweetbreads at home," says she, "and you can't tell what they'll be in a hotel."

"All right, cut out the sweetbreads," he says.

"I should think you'd have the stewed chicken," she says, "and leave out the roast beef."

"Stewed chicken it is," says he.

"Stewed chicken and mashed potatoes and string beans and buttered toast and coffee. Will that suit you?"

"Sure!" he says, and she give the slip to the waiter.

George looked at it long enough to of read it three times if he could of read it once and then went out in the kitchen and got a trayful o' whatever was handy.

But the poor guy didn't get more'n a taste of anything. She was watchin' him like a hawk, and no sooner would he delve into one victual than she'd yank the dish away from him and tell him to remember that health was more important than temporary happiness. I felt so sorry for him that I couldn't enjoy my own repast and I told the wife that we'd have our breakfast apart from that stricken soul if I had to carry the case to old Al Cazar himself.

In the evenin' we strolled acrost the street to the Ponce—that's supposed to be even sweller yet than where we were stoppin' at. We walked all over the place without recognizin' nobody from our set. I finally warned the Missus that if we didn't duck back to our room I'd probably have a heart attack from excitement; but she'd read in her Florida guide that the decorations and pitchers was worth goin' miles to see, so we had to stand in front o' them for a couple hours and try to keep awake. Four or five o' them was thrillers, at that. Their names was Adventure, Discovery, Contest, and so on, but what they all should of been called was Lady Who Had Mislaid Her Clo'es.

The hotel's named after the fella that built it. He come from Spain and they say he was huntin' for some water that if he drunk it he'd feel young. I don't see myself how you could expect to feel young on water. But, anyway, he'd heard that this here kind o' water could be found in St. Augustine, and when he couldn't find it he went into the hotel business and got even with the United States by chargin' five dollars a day and up for a room.

Sunday mornin' we went in to breakfast early and I ast the head waiter if we could set at another table where they wasn't no convalescent and his mate. At the same time I give the said head waiter somethin' that spoke louder than words. We was showed to a place way acrost the room from where we'd been the night before. It was a table for six, but the other four didn't come into our life till that night at supper.

Meanw'ile we went sight-seein'. We visited Fort Marion, that'd be a great protection against the Germans, provided they fought with paper wads. We seen the city gate and the cathedral and the slave market, and then we took the boat over to Anastasia Island, that the ocean's on the other side of it. This trip made me homesick, because the people that was along with us on the boat looked just like the ones we'd often went with to Michigan City on the Fourth o' July. The boat landed on the bay side o' the island and from there we was drug over to the ocean side on a horse car, the horse walkin' to one side o' the car instead of in front, so's he wouldn't get ran over.

We stuck on the beach till dinnertime and then took the chariot back to the pavilion on the bay side, where a whole family served the meal and their pigs put on a cabaret. It was the best meal I had in dear old Dixie—fresh oysters and chicken and mashed potatoes and gravy and fish and pie. And they charged two bits a plate.

"Goodness gracious!" says the Missus, when I told her the price. "This is certainly reasonable. I wonder how it happens."

"Well," I says, "the family was probably washed up here by the tide and don't know they're in Florida."

When we got back to the hotel they was only just time to clean up and go down to supper. We hadn't no sooner got seated when our table companions breezed in. It was a man about forty-five, that looked like he'd made his money in express and general haulin', and he had his wife along and both their mother-in-laws. The shirt he had on was the one he'd started from home with, if he lived in Yokohama. His womenfolks wore mournin' with a touch o' gravy here and there.

"You order for us, Jake," says one o' the ladies.

So Jake grabbed the bill o' fare and his wife took the slip and pencil and waited for the dictation.

"Let's see," he says. "How about oyster cocktail?"

"Yes," says the three Mrs. Black.

"Four oyster cocktails, then," says Jake, "and four orders o' bluepoints."

"The oysters is nice too," says I.

They all give me a cordial smile and the ice was broke.

"Everything's good here," says Jake.

"I bet you know," I says.

He seemed pleased at the compliment and went on dictatin'.

"Four chicken soups with rice," he says, "and four o' the bluefish and four veal chops breaded and four roast chicken and four boiled potatoes ——"

But it seemed his wife would rather have sweet potatoes.

"All right," says Jake; "four boiled potatoes and four sweets. And chicken salad and some o' that tapioca puddin' and ice cream and tea. Is that satisfactory?"

"Fine!" says one o' the mother-in-laws.

"Are you goin' to stay long?" says Mrs. Jake to my Missus.

The party addressed didn't look very clubby, but she was too polite to pull the cut direct.

"We leave to-morrow night," she says.

Nobody ast her where was we goin'.

"We leave for Palm Beach," she says.

"That 's a nice place, I guess," says one o' the old ones.

(Continued on Page 31)

"Please See That They's Some Towels Put in 559," Says The Mrs. Potter From Chicago

Codes and Signs of the Underworld

By Melville Davisson Post

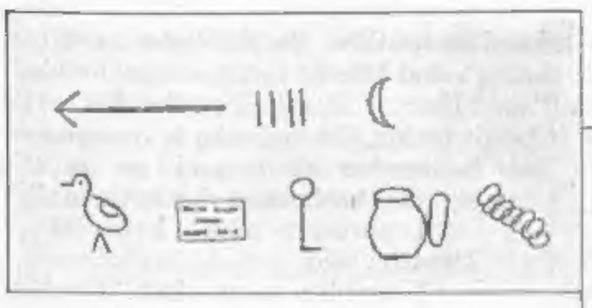


Fig. 2. A Burglar's Invitation

ONE summer morning a man of middle age, with the stooped shoulders of a scholar and wearing thick myopic glasses, was strolling along a street of Monte Carlo, in that beautiful portion of the city above the Casino. On one side of him were the gardens, famed everywhere for their wonderful color scheme; and on the other were the great hotels, unequaled in Europe for their extravagant luxury.

As the stranger descended along the narrow paved street toward the Casino he noticed some curious signs written in chalk on the end of a stone step before one of the great hotels. These signs consisted of the figure six with an oblique stroke after it, followed by the figure two, a small, accurately drawn square, a cross and a curious round-bottomed V (Fig. 1). The stranger called a neighboring gendarme and directed his attention to the signs.

"Do you know what these chalk marks mean?" he said.

The gendarme shrugged his shoulders.

"Why should I bother to know?" he replied. "It's the work of some idle urchin."

The scholarly stranger regarded him for a moment through his thick myopic glasses. "And so," he said, "it is with this degree of intelligence that you undertake to guard a city that is the Mecca of all criminal adventurers.

"My friend," he continued, "this inscription is in the cabalistic signs of the most notorious criminal organizations operating in the south of Europe. I shall translate it for you. The figure six followed by the long oblique stroke and the figure two are to be read as two sixes; that is to say, the number sixty-six, and are meant to indicate Room Number Sixty-six in this hotel. This means that some criminal adventure has taken place in Room Number Sixty-six. Let us see if we are told the nature of this adventure."

He paused and indicated with the tip of his walking stick the little square drawn in chalk.

An Astounded Gendarme

"THAT sign," he said, "stands for bank notes. It means that bank notes have been stolen from Room Number Sixty-six. This square is followed by a cross. That sign tells us that the stealing of the bank notes was not an easy affair; that it was, in fact, accomplished with difficulty. And the curious round-bottomed V is the sign standing for the member of the band who has accomplished this robbery."

The gendarme was impressed with the air of authority in the man. He summoned his superiors and they went at once to Room Number Sixty-six, occupied by two American tourists.

These tourists were surprised when they were asked if any of their effects had been stolen; but like prudent persons they began to go through their luggage. The result was they finally discovered that a package of bank notes had been removed from a bag locked in one of their trunks. The theft had been accomplished with the most exquisite skill. The trunk and the leather bag within it had both been unlocked and relocked.

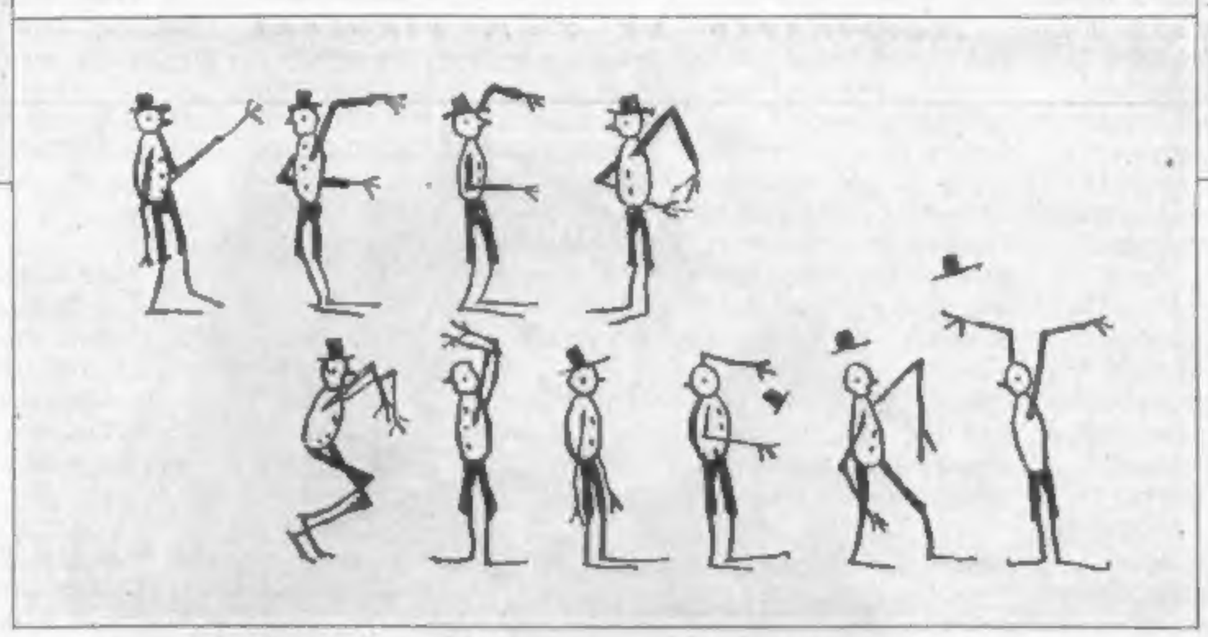


Fig. 6. Read the Message of Sir Conan Doyle's Dancing Men

DRAWINGS BY W. D. I. ARNOLD

The bank notes had been taken out of an envelope without disturbing any other paper in the bag. The victims had no suspicion of the robbery, and probably would not have discovered it until they came finally to require the money.

It was then that the astonished gendarme and his equally amazed superiors discovered that the stoop-shouldered student with the myopic glasses was a special lecturer on criminology, taking a week-end vacation, from the University of Vienna.

The fact is that the graphic signs of the criminal fraternities of the underworld are of great antiquity. They are known to extend as far back as the fifteenth century. It is believed by such authorities as Ludwig Beckstein and Gross that the same necessity that evolved the use of the crest and the coat-of-arms of the nobles, in the Middle Ages, also developed the graphic signs in the federations of the underworld.

It was an age of symbols. Every guild had its sign and every individual his distinguishing mark. It is in no sense remarkable that criminal organizations had also their distinguishing signs and each individual his mark. An old chapel in the Thuringian Forest bears one of these criminal inscriptions of the fifteenth century (Fig. 2). It is in two lines; the first line consists of an arrow pointing to the left, followed by four vertical strokes and the sign of a quarter moon. This line of the sign meant that when the moon was in its next quarter, the fourth house from the chapel in the direction of the arrow would be robbed. It was a summons or notice to all the members of the criminal guild who might wish to join in the undertaking.

This summons was put up on the chapel at some time in advance of the date of the robbery, and the members of the band who were willing to join were expected to make their marks underneath it. And under the sign one finds crude drawings of a bird, a die, a key, a pot and a chain. These are

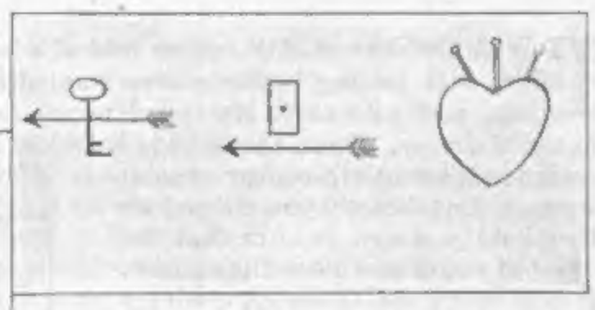


Fig. 3. Ancient Hobo Signs

the several distinguishing marks or picture-writing signatures of individuals of the band, who thus signified their intention of taking part in the robbery of the fourth house in the direction of the arrow from the chapel, on the night when the moon was next in its fourth quarter. This case is of particular interest since certain of these graphic signs are in common use by the American hobo, illustrating the antiquity and persistence of criminal symbols.

These signs remain, with some modifications, to this day. They are well known in every police department. Any inspector would tell us that the figure of a key with an arrow across it is the sign of a burglar; that a parallelogram with a dot in the center of it over an arrow is the sign of a hobo card sharp; that a crude heart with three nails driven into the top of it is the sign of a tramp all over Europe (Fig. 3).

It is interesting to remember that this sign was originally the hall-mark of the nail maker. Nail makers were a restless sort of workmen in the early ages. They wandered about from forge to forge; and so the sign became the mark of the wandering artisan, and finally of the wandering tramp.

A Message From the White Wolves

IT MUST not be imagined that these signs are not in use at the present time. There is an organization of criminals in the north of France called the White Wolves, who confine themselves to the robbery of churches. One morning on the wall of a village the authorities found the following signs drawn in chalk: A parrot made with a continuous single stroke, followed by a crude figure of a chapel, and below, three stones drawn above a line (Fig. 4). These signs were photographed and taken to an expert. He explained that the parrot was the graphic signature of a notorious burglar on the list of the police; that the drawing of the chapel indicated that this criminal intended to rob a cathedral in the village; that the three stones above the line indicated the day of the proposed robbery. It was an old peasant sign having reference to the stoning to death of Saint Stephen; and here it meant Saint Stephen's Day, or the twenty-sixth of December. The graphic signs, therefore, meant that this burglar intended to rob the cathedral on Saint Stephen's Day, the twenty-sixth day of December. The police, being thus advised, were able to capture four of the most notorious members of this criminal organization.

The conventional sign (Fig. 5) is used all over England and the Continent, and doubtless largely in America. One has seen it sometimes among the haphazard marks of fake astrologists. It is in fact a conventional sign of the underworld, and means that stolen goods can be disposed of at the place indicated by this symbol. One would not find it as a sign above a door. It would likely be chalked somewhere on the steps or about the wall as a bit of useful information to the sneak thief.

The American hobo has a very well-established code of signs. A circle, or what might be taken for

(Continued on Page 61)

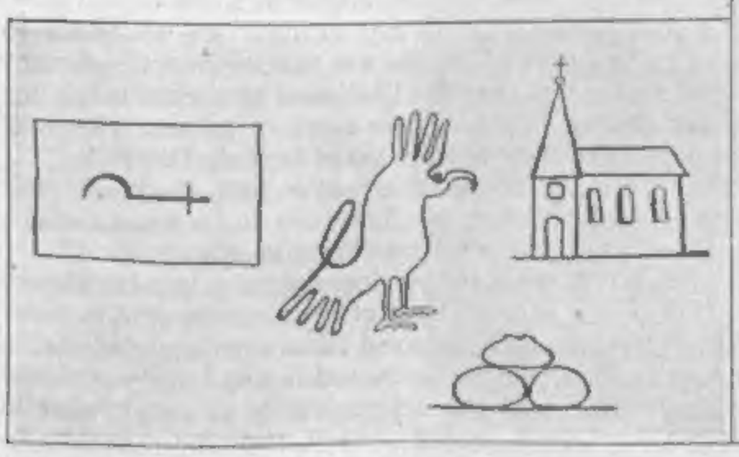


Fig. 5. Stolen Goods Bought Here

Fig. 4. The Crime of Saint Stephen's Day

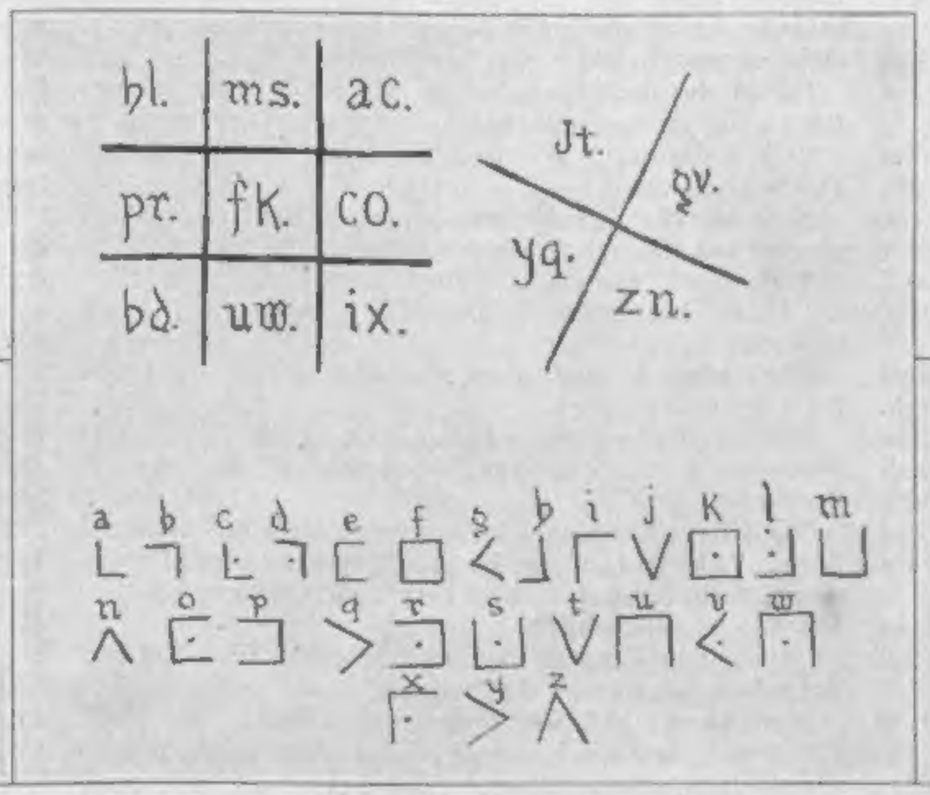


Fig. 7. A Common Cipher That Looks Mysterious But is in Reality Very Simple

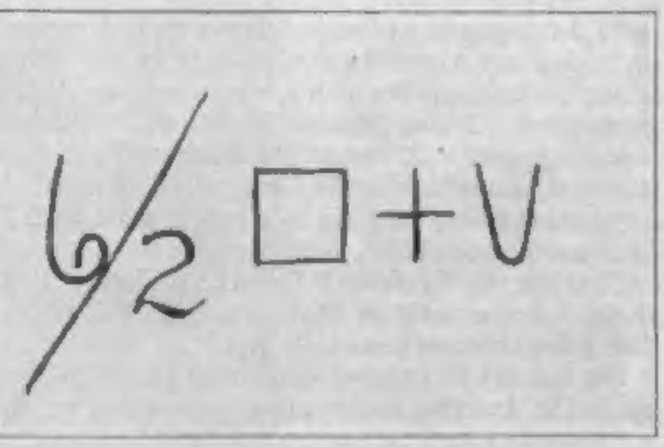


Fig. 1. The Monte Carlo Mystery, or What Happened in Room 66

SUCH A LITTLE HOUSE

By Anne Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

IT WAS the dearest little square nest of a house imaginable, with jutting bow windows framed in clustering vines, and with tiny, low-ceiled rooms and a narrow boxed stairway. From the outside it looked as fresh and smart as a twentieth-century young woman; but directly you crossed its threshold you saw at once that the effect of youth was all on the surface. It was really old—sweetly, quaintly old; and the exterior was just a veneer, laid on to entice the modern taste that prefers rouge and enamel to honest, seasoned age. It was brick beneath and cream stucco above, with red tile above that. There were flower beds on the front lawn, and there were fruits and vegetables in the kitchen garden at the back. And there were views. No matter which way you looked, there were views.

Irene had seen a tiny picture of it in Country Life and she had been fascinated by that picture. It was the one house in England in which she would love to spend the summer with Nora and Drentha, her young nieces, who had been left on her hands—very much on her hands. The advertisement told her it was four miles from Elfdene. Irene knew that country and liked it. Then, too, she liked the rental—which was preposterously reasonable. With her ingrained American ideas of such things it seemed as though the house was being lent to her for three months by generous and thoughtful friends. The price seemed just nothing at all.

The third morning after they moved in, Irene stood in the bow window of the sitting room and looked out over the vale of seven meadows which spread away below to form the prettiest view of all. She wore a white peignoir and her hands were full of blush roses, freshly gathered. Bathed in the golden flood of July sunshine, she made a very charming picture. Never was there blacker or more shining hair than hers; never more frankly wide dark-brown eyes; never a more humorous little red-lipped mouth, with a laugh always lurking in its corners; never a clearer, creamier skin, the tint of the roses seemingly reflected in her cheeks; and never a more divinely fashioned, slim, supple, rounded figure, that spoke of nervous strength, and exercise, and love of outdoors.

"Now Let Us Talk of Really Interesting Things. You Must Have Something to Discourse About Other Than Yourself"

"Unless all my good intentions fall me," she said in her usual sweetly even tones for the benefit of her two wards, who sat in the room behind her, "I am going to cook every real meal we have this summer; and whatever may happen in this house for you two, nothing but housework is going to happen in it for me."

Nora, the younger, looked up from the book she had selected from the oak case in the corner for cursory inspection with a view to future reading.

"You never can tell," she observed sagely. "Seraphina has evolved Bill." Seraphina was the maid-of-all-work, who had come to them from Elfdene; and Bill was the native handy man they found on the premises when they arrived. "There ought to be hope for any of us after that."

"When is Monsieur du Berry coming?" asked Drentha, who was playing softly on the piano.

"I'll tell you in a minute," Irene replied as she finished arranging her roses and moved over to the writing desk. Then, picking up her diary, she went on: "This is the guest menu. I have them all down here." She turned half a dozen pages. "Monsieur du Berry will arrive on Tuesday next, straight from the Channel. Poor man! If he had any notion of my cooking he'd surely wait until I know a little more about it."

"I think you do nicely," Drentha praised. "Some of the things taste exactly as though a cook had cooked them. The baked beans are awfully good."

She did not know, poor child, that the baked beans were canned in America and required no cooking at all.

"Ever so many things are good!" Nora emphasized.

"Thanks! Thanks, so much," murmured Irene, who had learned early in life to be humble and grateful.

And then she went away to consult Seraphina as to the luncheon. She could not give them baked beans again to-day. It might be better, too, to hide the cans.

Nora, dropping her book, made for the writing desk and the diary. She was just past sixteen, and dark, like Irene, taking after her mother, who was Irene's sister. Drentha, eighteen months older, was fair, like her father.

"I wonder if all these people will really come," questioned the younger girl, turning over the diary leaves.

"Oh, I daresay," ventured the other, wheeling about on the piano stool.

Suddenly Nora's voice rang out in alarm. Her gaze had strayed out through the bow window.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "The cat is stalking a bird!"

"Drive her away!" Drentha commanded, rising leisurely.

Nora obeyed; and when she returned Drentha was looking over the diary.

"When you consider what a little house this is, this seems like a lot of company," she remarked, her eyes still on the list.

"But Irene has planned them very carefully," returned Nora. "She had to, you know. If two are here at once, one of them must sleep with her; and you know how she hates to be slept with."

"I hope we'll never have two at once. Has she two down here anywhere? Let me see."

Nora came and looked over her shoulder.

"Aren't they nicely sorted?" she observed in a tone of real admiration. Then: "There are two!" she cried suddenly. "I wonder ——"

Drentha interrupted her:

"Oh, just Beryl and her brother. Beryl will sleep with me. I've looked all through and there's not another double."

"Trust Irene!" said Nora. "Just look at that list! It's perfect; clear through to Mr. Senlac, who is to come on September sixth and go on the eighth; the shortest visit of them all."

"I wonder what he's like," Drentha said.

"I wonder more what Monsieur du Berry is like," confessed Nora.

"Oh, Monsieur du Berry is very nice. You'll like him!"

Monsieur du Berry came the next week and stayed four days, and Nora very soon found out what he was like. For, though he was a friend of Drentha's, he fell violently in love with her sister. Nora had never had a man in love with her before; and though she enjoyed the novelty of it there were moments when she was so perplexed and confused that she had to fly to Irene for assistance.

And Irene, though she was barely twenty-four, was so well equipped naturally and by way of experience as well, that she proved abundantly equal to each and every occasion. She was a widow—had been so left at one-and-twenty, after a blissful wedded life of three years. Of the finest old Southern stock herself, her marriage had allied her with the ancient Knickerbocker set of New Amsterdam. Her husband had been a Stuyvesant. When he died he left her little beyond his name.

Her sister—there were eighteen years between their births—had chosen no more wisely from a financial standpoint than had Irene. She had married, purely for love, a London journalist, John Halford, who now, at the age of forty-five, had attained to the highest pinnacle of his career, the editorship of the British Review. To escape, so far as possible, from her sorrow, the young widow had gone to the Halfords', and had forthwith fallen in love with her two nieces, which did more than anything else to fill her loss. She turned back the years and became a girl again. She undertook their education by refreshing her own at the same time, and thus saved to her brother-in-law the cost of their tuition at a young ladies' seminary.

Sometimes with one, sometimes with the other, sometimes with both, she went on little tours about England, Scotland, Ireland and the nearer-by points on the Continent. It was on one of these, with Drentha as companion, that, while visiting Paris, they had met Monsieur du Berry.

This summer, however, John Halford had been given a long-delayed vacation, and he and Nannie—was there ever a Southern family without its Nannie?—were doing Switzerland and the Italian lakes—which accounts in a measure for the little house near Elfdene and its trio of girl tenants repaying hospitalities, which never before had been practicable.

Monsieur du Berry was not only nice but he was very good-looking. He was an architect, had traveled considerably, and was full of entertaining reminiscences of his travels. He talked to Nora a great deal; but when it came to talking back Nora was sometimes at a loss.

"I don't know what to say to him," she confessed to Irene, going out to where she was looking over the currant bushes and computing the likelihood of a currant pie for Sunday dinner. "What does one say to men who stay four days after they've been asked for only three?"

There was a feeling on the part of both the nieces that Irene knew practically all there was to be known about men, and she felt her responsibility keenly.

"If they still want to stay four days one can say almost anything," she answered out of the abundance of her wisdom. "A man who has stayed three days, and still wishes to stay another, will be interested in any bone you throw to him." Nora did not appear nearly so enlightened as might have been expected; but it must be remembered that she was only half American. Her father was erudite to a degree; but he was English and leisurely witted.

Nevertheless, she returned to Monsieur du Berry, and presently Irene heard his laughter echoing. He had been thrown some sort of a bone that pleased him—that was clear.

That afternoon a letter came from the man who had been invited to come last.

Irene, who was curiously indifferent to letters since her début as cook and hostess in one, left it on the buffet for two days, unopened. She recognized the handwriting—she knew very well it was from Senlac; but as he was not expected for two whole months the more immediate pressure of other affairs robbed it of all interest.

Had she been more accustomed to the rôle of hostess she would not have left it on the buffet without first reading it; but in her ignorance that is what she did.

II

"IS THAT anything?" asked Seraphina, the maid, nodding her head toward it, there on the buffet, on the afternoon of the second day after the letter's arrival. She was bearing the weight of two flower baskets while her "summer lady" rigged a pulley over the portière rod. Seraphina adored her new family. They were so friendly, so fond of making luncheons of raw milk, and so addicted to keeping the cat out of the kitchen.

"It's a letter, I sees," added Seraphina.

"Yes, it's a letter for me," Irene replied, very busy balancing herself on the chair seat. "It doesn't matter."

She thought that it did not matter—still thought it. She was not enthusiastic over Senlac's coming. That was why she had put him last on the list. So she left it on the buffet for yet another day.

By this time Monsieur du Berry had departed; and Nora, preening herself over the fact that he had stayed an extra day especially to spend it with her, felt herself a full year older and quite a grown woman. Then they swept the house from top to bottom to make ready for Miss Kenn, who was to arrive on the following morning. And when the house was clean its chatelaine took Senlac's letter from the buffet and went upstairs to refresh herself from her labors and to discover what he wanted.

It was one of the importantly eventful moments in her life, but she did not know it. Drentha and Nora were out on the croquet lawn; Seraphina was in the meadow conversing with the haymakers; the cat was stalking another bird; a wasp was buzzing stupidly one inch from liberty. She sighed, leaned back in her deep-seat chair, and tore open the letter.

It was not long, but it woke the first real interest she had ever felt in the man; and it woke it by the most potent, yet at the same time most simple, method a man can ever use toward a woman. Senlac wrote that he could not come.

It was the letter of a man who intends at the outset to be brief and brilliant. It got over the main fact with great ease. He was going to do the Tyrol and could not possibly return before October; but he elaborated his regret. He even hinted in a most guarded way that if Mrs. Stuyvesant's sojourn in the country was prolonged she would probably find the autumn most agreeable. As for himself, he loved the autumn, and he loved it especially in the country; but the suggestion had no effect whatever on Irene. She felt only an easy contempt for the writer and none of the disappointment on which he had probably counted.

If he thought more of the Tyrol than he did of visiting her, then he was welcome to his Tyrol. She had asked him more out of compliment to the friends—the mutual friends—at whose house she had met him, than because she cared particularly to have him. Their own friendship had not involved any vivid hues so far.

He was so thoroughly self-contained that he had always rather rubbed her the wrong way. He pretended to be much interested in literature; but, though he frequently bristled with references to such highbrow idols as Walter Pater and Coventry Patmore—not to speak of quotations from the Greek and Latin classics—John Halford, who knew him slightly, declared his knowledge was most superficial.

Irene supposed he did have his good points, but just at the moment she failed to remember them; in fact, Irene had so much company and cooking on her hands that she could not possibly regret any vacant or vacated chair—and, least of all, George Senlac's. She accepted his resignation at once; and the summer went on without him.

It was an eventful summer; full enough of guests and complications to provide a library of volumes. People poured in and out through the sieve of Irene's hospitality. So many different varieties of guests were never known before; and they were all strong characters too.

At the end of two months Drentha had grown hysterical, Nora had grown thin, the cat had grown nervous and had acquired a habit of glaring through windows after the lamps were lit. As for Irene, she had grown deadly weary, due partly to the cooking and partly to the eternal drain on her good temper.

"I have got to have some kind of change," she said one morning at breakfast when, as the guest of that day was one who never woke until eleven, she had only her nieces for company. "I'm desperate! I'll do something crazy soon. I'm quite equal to it."

"What do you think you're likely to do, dear?" asked Nora curiously.

"I don't know. I only know that I am so tired cooking rice without a double boiler that I should be tempted to elope with Bill if he'd promise to buy me one."

Drentha looked shocked.

"You ought not to say such things," she said gravely. "Seraphina may hear you. Don't you remember how we heard Beryl's brother when he fell into his room that first night? This is such a little house."

"Oh, yes; I remember," returned Irene wearily.

Yet in spite of her desperation the threat to elope with the handy man, or to do some other awful thing, proved unnecessary of fulfillment; for on the very next day there arrived a second letter from Senlac, and it was opened at once. He had finished the Tyrol and he wished to know whether he still might come.

Irene read it with great joy. Here, indeed, was the relief she craved. Here was change, surely. She did not like the man very much, but she liked him well enough to be glad that he was coming after all. It would be a diversion to have a new kind of human being about. Even though he proved to be another strong character, he would be sure to be of another sort.

"Is he in love with you, Irene?" asked Drentha when told the news.

"Oh, no indeed," declared her aunt.

"She'd say that anyway," observed Nora sagely, yet with a smile. And Irene ignored it.

"I hope he'll treat the cat kindly," was Drentha's next contribution. "Carl was so cruel to the cat. He sat on her every chance he got and always protested it was an accident."

"I hope he won't leave his soap in his basin," said Nora ruminatively. "So many of our guests have done that."

This gave Drentha an idea.

"And you'd better write him frankly about not pouring out a whole jug of water whenever he washes his hands," she added. "It makes Seraphina so cross to go up and down with water all the time."

Irene had been thinking and had hardly heard.

"I suppose I must go in town and get him. No one can ever find the way here alone."

"Do you intend to drive?" asked Nora.

"Indeed I shan't. I'll walk to Elfdene and take the train to Caricastle."

"Are you coming back the same way?"

"Yes."

There were some minutes of silence. All three were thinking. Then Drentha said:

"We'd better not tell Seraphina that he may be a lord some day, or she'll drop every dish in this rented paradise before he leaves."

"Two or three persons have to die first," Irene explained. "He isn't so close to a title that he upsets much china yet, I fancy."

"Think of a real title in my room!" said Nora in a ludicrously awed tone. "Think of a real title trying to make that window blind stay up!"

"I don't imagine a title will make any difference in this man," said Irene. "He's very simple and natural about all that kind of thing."

"He seems a very nice man, from all you say," confessed Drentha, inverting her teacup in her saucer in the way Seraphina had taught her, preparatory to reading her fortune in the drained leaves. "Why don't you like him?"

"I don't know. I don't dislike him. It's just that I don't especially care about him."

Drentha thought that was a good omen.

"All the people that we've cared about we've grown awfully tired of," she added.

"Well," observed Nora matter-of-factly, "I suppose he'll fall down the three steps just the same as all the others have done. Fancy a title falling into a room like that!"

"Your forte is an unbounded capacity for truth, dear child," commented young Mrs. Stuyvesant, with an affectionate smile. "I suppose now I had better go upstairs and draw up a list of instructions for Mr. Senlac, embodying all your suggestions."

"He should have a sweet visit," Drentha called after her as she went out. "He'll have the experience of all the others to profit by."

Senlac was to arrive on Tuesday. On Monday evening, just as Nora was putting the cat out the window and Irene was folding up her sewing, Drentha said suddenly:

"When are you going to fetch him?"

"I'll go by the eleven o'clock train and come back at four. We'll take lunch in Caricastle and be here for tea. . . . Is the cat going, Nora? The window makes an awful draft."

"She's going slowly," said Nora.

"I do hope you'll have a pleasanter time than I did when I met Beryl and her brother," Drentha went on. "I never want to meet another brother and sister at once."

"His hair looked just like a penwiper," described Nora as she lowered the window. "You know—the stiff, hairy kind."

"They don't clean pens at all well," came from the abundance of Drentha's experience.

"He didn't, either. He left them all horrid and rusty," Nora remembered.

Then Drentha, turning to Irene:

"What kind of hair has Mr. Senlac?"

Her aunt gave a little start.

"He Doesn't Seem to Bother Much About Us. What Does He Think We are, I Wonder?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Red, I think."

"Oh, then he's bad-tempered! I hope he won't run after me with a croquet mallet—that's all."

Nora giggled.

"I do wish you wouldn't say things like that," Irene reproved, her tone one of real annoyance. "Mr. Senlac isn't a man to be joked about."

"None of our guests have been persons to be joked about," Nora rejoined.

"A great many of them have been tragedies," declared Drentha. "I hope Mr. Senlac won't leave wet towels on our nice, rented, painted floors—that's all."

Irene drew down the blind in silence.

"To think he'll be here to-morrow! This time to-morrow!" Drentha went on. "'Go-o-od heavin!' as Monsieur du Berry used to say. . . . Let me see! What time is it? . . . Half past ten. At this time to-morrow he'll be just about somersaulting into his room."

"Didn't Miss Coykendall come a cropper?" laughed Nora. "She managed to break a picture frame getting to bed the first night. You remember?"

"Yes, I remember. I mended it to-day," said Irene.

"There's this about company," Drentha decided—"they are all great sport to talk about afterward. I shall be so disappointed if Mr. Senlac is not as funny as the rest."

Irene's heart went out in sudden sympathy for this man whom she professed not to like.

"He is a gentleman," she said rebukingly as she took up her candle.

"Dear me! Weren't they all gentlemen?" asked Drentha, quite unaffected. "Your other men guests would sue you for slander in a minute if they heard you emphasize 'he' that way."

"I didn't emphasize it," protested Irene. "You know very well I didn't. You know just what I meant." And then she went upstairs.

When the two girls were alone together Drentha said:

"Do you know, I think she's in love with this man that's coming!"

"Do you?" asked Nora, her eyes wide with interest.

"Yes; I do," answered the other impressively in a hushed tone. "And I'll tell you why: She acts so oddly about him. Well, if she is we'll soon know it. This is such a little house."

III

IRENE was on the station platform at Caricastle when Senlac's train came in. She had made a very careful toilet and the walk to Elfdene had heightened the color of the roses in her cheeks. She had caught more than one glimpse of herself in the reflecting surfaces of the station windows and knew that she was looking her best—her very best. Therefore, she was thoroughly self-satisfied.

For a moment her gaze raced along from carriage to carriage. Then, almost directly opposite her, she saw the man she was looking for step down and hail a porter. He was a fairly tall man, with a slight stoop; and she noticed at that instant that his hair was not red in the least. It was a dull yellow. And she noticed, too, that he was sun-browned, and better-looking, in a hard, bony way, than she had remembered him.

Now he was bidding the porter get out his portmanteau and hatbox. He was not looking about for her at all; so she just stood still and waited. Though in looks he was a rather pleasant surprise, there was nothing in his action to alter in the least her opinion of him.

After a time, with his portmanteau and hatbox beside him, he turned leisurely and saw her.

"I've luggage in the van," was his greeting as he shook her hand.

Not a word about being glad to see her! Not a compliment on her appearance or an inquiry as to her well-being! In spite of her best intentions she was annoyed.

"Luggage!" she exclaimed in dismay. "You haven't brought a box for these two days, I hope."

"I just have brought a box for these two days!" he came back sternly. "But please remember I have been traveling for two months. You wait here while I claim it."

She did not wait there, however. She followed him closely.

"How big is the box?" she asked with interest. "We have had one guest with such a big box! Why not leave yours here in the cloakroom?"

He made no answer, but hurried on. Presently, sighting it, he declared: "There it is. That's it; and I'm going to take it with me. It isn't very big."

"It's enormous! Oh, why did you bring it?"

The only heed he gave was to ask:

"How can I send it to your place?"

Of course she had to tell him, and he made the arrangement. After that, with his mind at ease, he became more human. He actually smiled, showing strong white teeth back of his fringe of fair mustache.

"And now for luncheon!" he said jauntily. "I suppose we do eat occasionally. Don't we?"

"We do at our house," she returned, thinking of the hundreds of meals she had cooked.

She led the way toward High Street, where she knew of a hotel.

"Isn't it odd—my being here?" he propounded suddenly as they walked on. "I didn't like you a bit, you know, when we first met. And we've never hit it off very well since, either. Have we?"

Irene was quite as candid as he.

"No; we haven't," she admitted. "I've never liked you very much. That's the truth. But you come as a great relief now. I'm really glad to see anyone who has some resources of his own. And, though you may be dull at times, you are not stupid."

"No," he rejoined, laughing a little; "if it comes to that, I'm bright. I've brought books to read and I can play with the children; and ——"

"Children!" she exclaimed, interrupting. "Drentha's over seventeen."

But he chose to ignore the fact.

"—— and make myself otherwise agreeable. Oh, you'll find me very easy to deal with. I'm so glad to be here. I'm sick of noise and foreign hotels and orchestras."

"It's peaceful enough here, surely," said Irene—"only I don't see how we'll ever get that box of yours upstairs. Whatever made you bring it?"

"Yes; I remember now. You always did have that feminine way of clinging to a subject, particularly if it was disagreeable," was his retort. "Women always do it. I wonder why!"

"Because their staircases are narrow, I suppose," she said irrelevantly. "But really, it does annoy me. For that matter, you always annoy me. You have a way of exasperating me—without meaning to do so, perhaps. I had forgotten it before, but I remember it now."

"Oh, but I do mean to do it," he corrected. "It's quite deliberate. It balances my charm, don't you know!"

"Your charm?" Irene stared at him. This was too much.

"I Think You Do Nicely. Some of the Things Taste Exactly as Though a Cook Had Cooked Them"

"Yes. My irresistible charm. Women always fall in love with me, and I have to cultivate some swing for the pendulum." He laughed outright. "And yet I'm in earnest too," he added.

"It's agreeable to be the sort that everybody falls in love with, isn't it?" she said very cheerfully. "I'm that sort myself. You wouldn't think it; but I am."

"I knew that when I first laid eyes on you."

"You did?"

"Oh, yes. You didn't attract me, because I'm not easily taken in; but I could see how you would affect most men. I've often noticed it since too."

The laugh that lurked at the corners of Irene's red lips was never gayer. He must have noticed it had he been facing her—but he wasn't and so he didn't.

"I might have struck you differently had I liked you," she said; "but I didn't like you. I never have liked you. I've tried, but I can't. It's your intolerable conceit that spoils you for me, I believe. If it isn't that, then it's something else. Anyway, you're safe. We're both safe. If I hadn't felt it I shouldn't have had you down. You see there's no room for a romance in our house. The house is too small."

By this time they had come to the hotel. Over their luncheon they talked of everything, from radium to English politics; but eventually—as it always had been and always would be—they got back to themselves. The getting back followed abruptly on a brief pause, and it was Senlac who led the way. After gazing at her attentively for a moment, he said slowly:

"I wonder how my visit will end! It's rather a risk, you know."

"A risk!" she repeated. "How?"

"I feel that I may be going to fall in love with you; but if I do it won't be serious, you know. You mustn't suppose me serious."

Irene laughed. "We'll make an awful blunder if we ever suppose anyone or anything is serious under my roof. You'll understand that when you see the girls. It's quite impossible to be serious where they are."

"I forgot them. What do you do with them? Are they going to be about all the time?"

Then Irene laughed again. She had a most musical laugh—at least it struck Senlac so.

"Yes," she told him. "Of course they're about all the time. I'm afraid we must bear it. Of course it won't be so bad as it would if we liked each other. Now let us get to our train."

IV

BETWEEN Caricastle and Elfdene the railroad traverses a fair, lovely valley. On this early September day a blue autumnal haze made the valley more than enchanting. Irene and Senlac had a compartment quite to themselves and sat facing each other. While he absorbed the view she appraised his features. Certainly he had an intellectual brow. His hat being on the cushion beside him, and he having just swept back his fair hair with a nervously active gloved hand, she was impressed first by the height of that brow and its shape.

His eyes might have been larger, but they were very blue and they had varying moods. At luncheon they had twinkled with mischief. Now they were brooding. He did have a strong nose, and his chin and jaw were reasonably firm, even though his mouth was rather weak.

On the whole, his face was distinctly likable; but it seemed to belie the man, as she knew him. Possibly she had never known him right. At any rate, her opinion was not indelibly set. She was open to conviction. She rather hoped she had been mistaken in him. It would make his visit so much more worth while.

And as though the man divined her thoughts, or had been thinking in the same general vein, he said, still looking out of the window and dragging pensively at his blond mustache:

"Do not let us be cruel one to the other. The world is good; life is pleasant; we are not altogether decrepit, and happiness is really such a desirable thing. It seems a great chance—forty-eight hours together in the country! Why can't we be friends instead of fools? Why can't we get some good out of such a chance for good? I wish I knew why I am here. I wish I could see what you thought of it all."

"I can easily tell you my mind," Irene replied, not altogether frankly. "I'm tired of cooking and I want to be amused. I want to forget the trial of no gridiron. I want a rest from regretting corn meal. You see, I'm still very much of an American."

"I love Americans!" he interjected.

"I want to be made oblivious to the impossibility of buying a chopping bowl in Caricastle," she finished, ignoring his interjection.

"They are modest ambitions," he said thoughtfully. "I think I can divert you sufficiently to fulfill them—only don't be too diverted. Don't get too absorbed in the diversion; because, you know, I'm never in earnest. I can't be."

"I shan't forget," she assured him blithely. "Don't be at all alarmed. It is first impressions that count with me always. And you know that we made a bad beginning—you and I."

"But why did we make it? I never have quite understood. You didn't attract me, of course; but then, that isn't necessarily anything against a woman. I don't like women anyway; and I suppose I never shall."

(Continued on Page 50)

THE CRUSADER

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

"Why, Jim, What's Biting You? We Got to Get Him or He'll Get Us"

MR. ACHILLES K. MUNN, owner of the Morning Oracle, beamed upon his city editor. It was the old gentleman's habit to beam whenever he felt that he was about to perform a worthy act; and Dave Holland sucked at his short brier pipe and waited uncomfortably. Mr. Munn's conception of a worthy act did not always tally with the conceptions of his hired men, and this time Dave expected the worst. His employer had just finished telling him about an extremely bright young man whose mother's name had been Munn before she married a music teacher named LaTelle.

"Arthur thinks he would like the newspaper business," rumbled Mr. Munn with his fat and oily smile. "He has always felt the—ah—inspiration to write, to express his thoughts in print. Mrs. Munn has talked with him a great deal and is deeply impressed with his—ah—enthusiasm, his broad views on reform.

"She says he has vision—ah—perspective; high ideals—all that sort of thing. I have, thurfore, directed him to call upon you this afternoon."

Dave Holland suppressed a groan.

"I'm short-handed now," he complained; "and every reporter I've got is a good one and worth more money than we pay him. If I have to let a trained man go in order to make room for an untrained one it will upset the whole machine, throw extra work on the others, and—well, sir, I'll be frank about it, I don't like the idea a little bit."

Mr. Munn continued to smile.

"You—ah—judge too hastily, young man," said he in a tone of mild reproof. "I have noticed this fault in you several times. I had no idea of working a hardship on the members of the staff.

"Mrs. Munn has given some thought to the matter, and she thinks that Arthur's—ah—talents would be wasted if used at regular reporting. She thinks he would do better at feature work—crusades and the like. This city offers an ample field for—for ——"

"Muckraking?" suggested Holland maliciously.

"I do not like the word," said Mr. Munn; "but—ah—something of the sort. There are abuses that should be corrected; iniquities that should be held up to the light of day; corruption that should be exposed. Arthur has—ah—made a study of all the new movements connected with civic reform, with a view to writing magazine articles. I believe he has written several, but for some reason or other they were—ah—unavailable."

Dave Holland nodded. He knew that word well, for he, too, had dabbled in the magazine field.

"Our interest in the young man," continued Mr. Munn, "is not entirely due to blood relationship. Arthur's habits are—ah—exemplary, his moral principles are sound, and he has had an excellent education. Mrs. Munn thinks he should be given a roving commission—on a small salary of course—for the sake of the good he might do."

"A sort of local Sir Galahad, eh?"

The quiet sneer was wasted on Mr. Munn, whose reading had not brought him in contact with the chaste son of Sir Lancelot and the fair Elaine. As he did not understand the allusion he thought best to ignore it.

"And so I have directed him to call upon you to-day," repeated the owner of the Oracle. "I did not think it wise to promise him a position—ah—out of hand. What he gets he must get through you. From the first he must understand that he cannot appeal over your head to me. Office discipline must be maintained. I wish him to start where all the others have started ——"

"At twelve dollars a week?" demanded the city editor bluntly.

Mr. Munn stroked his jowls and pretended to think.

"Let it be fifteen in this case," said he with the grand air of one bestowing largess—"fifteen dollars. The young man must live. For two weeks he has been visiting with us."

"I see," remarked Holland with the shadow of a grin. "And he's under my orders? If he fails to make good ——"

"You will afford him every opportunity to make good," ordered Mr. Munn rather sternly, for he had seen that grin. "You will, if necessary, exercise patience. Rome—ah—was not built in a day."

"No; but it was burned down in a night," was Dave's caustic retort, "and I'd just as soon have a fire bug on my staff as an amateur reformer."

Holland returned to his desk, simmering with righteous indignation. It was hard enough to be the city editor of the Morning Oracle without undertaking the supervision of a vealy crusader, and Dave shuddered at the prospect. Joe McInerney addressed him cheerfully and received a short and ugly answer.

Joe was the sporting editor, and as jovial a soul as ever picked a loser.

"Davy," said the connoisseur of jabs and swings, "you're getting to be an awful crab. Don't you drink enough these days? Or what else ails you?"

"You'd be a crab too," answered Dave with bitterness, "if Munn had wished a muckraking nephew on to you!"

"So? Didn't know that old Leaflard had any relatives. And a muckraker, eh?"

"He ain't a muckraker yet, but he has hopes. Arthur—Arthur LaTelle. Ain't that a bird of a name?"

"Sounds like a stage monniker," suggested Joe.

"Not a chance for him to know anything about the stage," said Dave gloomily. "His habits are exemplary, his moral principles are sound, and he wears the white flower of—ah—a blameless life. It was cheaper to put him to work than to board him, and I'm the goat!"

"But what is dear little Arthur going to muckrake?" asked Joe.

"Everything in our fair city," was the reply. "Ask me how much of his stuff will get into the paper and I can give you a definite answer. He can rake his head off, but he'll have trouble busting into print."

"Dave," said the sporting editor, "I haven't had a flash at him yet, but I'll bet you that little Arthur can make the bantam-weight limit in a winter overcoat; and if you lay me odds, he wears galoshes, big round spectacles, and carries a cane!"

"Are you looking for a cinch?" demanded Dave.

"I might even throw in a wrist watch and a handkerchief in his cuff."

"You took the words out of my mouth," said the city editor.

This was the pretty mental picture that was shattered by the arrival of Arthur LaTelle in the flesh—a great deal of flesh, as Dave Holland noted with amazement. Mr. Munn's nephew stood six feet two inches in his white silk stockings, and had the shoulders of a hammer thrower and the trim waist of a second lieutenant. He was a smooth, pink blond, with earnest blue eyes; and Dave Holland, who was prepared to hate him on sight, found himself wavering in the direction of tolerance. The only thing not in Arthur's favor was his calm self-confidence. Plainly the literary life had no terrors for him. He saw no lions in the way. Dave felt that it was necessary to call attention to some of them. "Your uncle," said he, "wishes you to begin at the bottom; yet he has allowed you to select a very difficult job—one which calls for experience as well as the ability to write."

"The bottom of the pay roll was what my uncle meant," remarked the young man gravely. "I expect to demonstrate my right to advancement—financial advancement, I mean."

"You have the proper spirit," said Dave; "but newspaper work requires special training."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Arthur; "but the truth, written plainly, ought to satisfy anyone."

"Yes; and about one man out of a thousand can write the truth plainly."

Arthur returned the city editor's level stare with interest.

"Perhaps," said the young man in tones soft as silk, "you will be so good as to suspend judgment in my case until after you have seen my work."

"Cheeky young rascal!" thought Dave Holland; but aloud he said: "And what have you decided to tackle first?"

"Oh, some of the minor evils," replied Arthur lightly. "For instance, I have noticed that during the rush hours half the people who ride on the street cars are forced to stand up. Why not demand adequate service from the railway people?"

"Go ahead and demand it!" chuckled Holland. "Demand it till you're blue in the face. If you can make an impression on our street-car barons you'll be worth a lot more than fifteen dollars a week."

The earnest blue eyes widened a trifle.

"So that's the bottom, is it?" asked Arthur thoughtfully. "My worthy uncle's figure, I take it."

"It is. Mine would have been twelve. That's what we pay a cub as a general thing."

"Ah! . . . And then one wonders why intelligent young men are so seldom found in newspaper offices!"

With this Parthian shot the amateur crusader took himself off, leaving Dave Holland to swear into his paste pot. Later Dave hunted up Joe McInerney and relieved his feelings somewhat by predicting a speedy finish for Mr. Munn's nephew.

"All chest and cheek!" said he wrathfully. "And we both lose, Joe. He's big enough to be driving a truck."

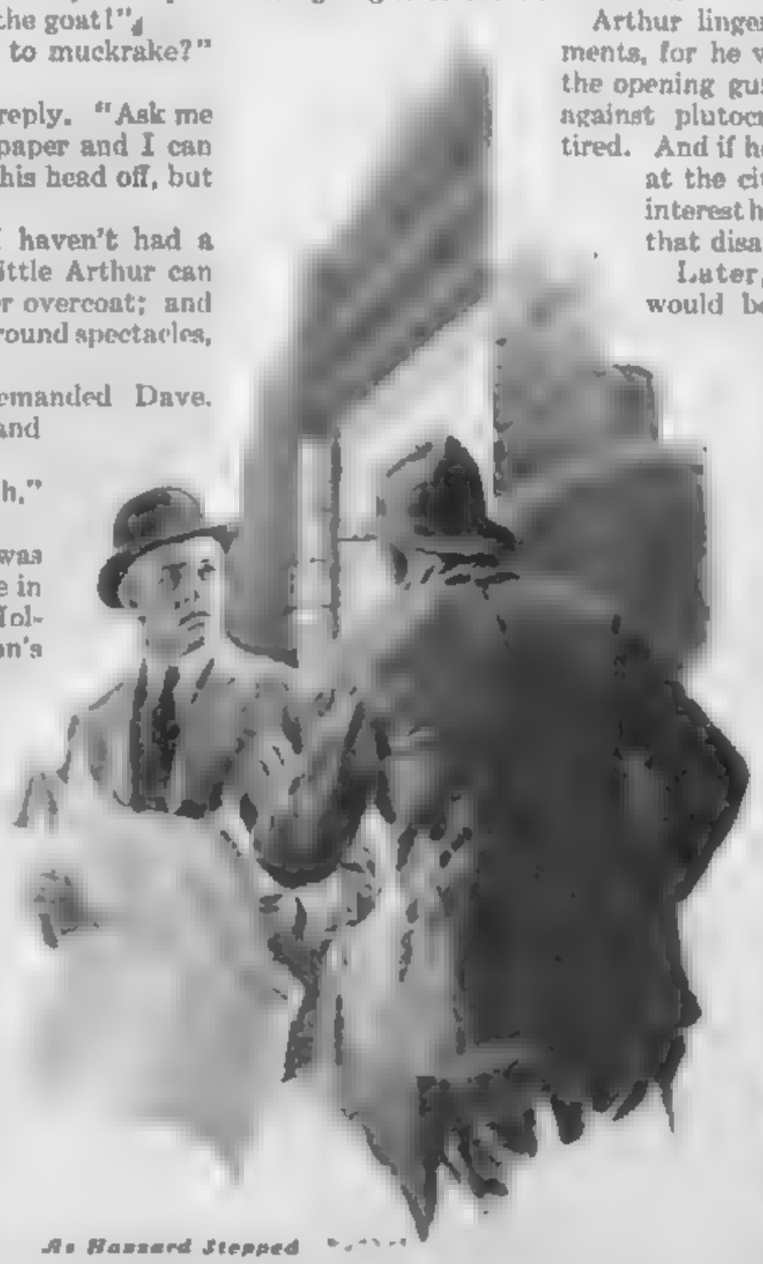
"Well," remarked the sporting editor, using the words of the eminent and only Fitzsimmons, "the bigger they are, the harder they fall."

The annoying thing about Arthur LaTelle was that he did not fall. He did not even slip. He examined the street-car system of the city with great care, and at the end of the second day he handed in six typewritten sheets of reasonably clean copy. Dave Holland received the contribution with a noncommittal grunt and crammed it into a pigeonhole, intending to glance over it before consigning it to the wastebasket.

Arthur lingered for a few moments, for he wished a report on the opening gun of his campaign against plutocracy; then he retired. And if he was disappointed at the city editor's lack of interest he managed to mask that disappointment.

Later, feeling that he would be the better for a laugh, Dave drew the six sheets from the pigeonhole and skimmed listlessly through the opening paragraph. Something he found there caused him to mutter an unflattering prophecy concerning his future state. He read the paragraph again slowly and critically, after which he lighted his pipe and studied Arthur's effort line by line, his amazement growing upon him. Finally he gathered up the sheets and carried them into the managing editor's office.

"Give a look at this dope, will you?" said he.



As Hazzard Stepped Into the Street a Tall, Dirty Scarecrow Accosted Him

Now Hazzard was more of a business manager than editor; but he was an excellent judge of journalistic style and had a keen nose for circulation and the things that make it. He read Arthur's copy carefully from end to end before he spoke.

"Wow! This is hot stuff, Dave. Who did it?"

"That nephew of Munn's—you remember I was telling you about him the other day."

"Why, you said he was a total loss, Dave—wouldn't do at all!"

"I talked too soon," admitted the city editor with a shamefaced grin. "I don't like a bone in his head; but I've got to hand it to the big boob—he can write."

"And not only that," agreed Hazzard, "but look at the way he lines up his facts and sums up his argument! He picks out the point he wants to make and hammers away at it till he drives it home. This attack fairly peels the hide off the traction gang; and the best part of it is that it's every word true. They can't answer it; can't alibi themselves out of it. A couple of articles like this and the whole town'll be on their backs, yelling murder. Better tell the young man to follow it up, good and plenty."

"That's my judgment," sighed Dave. "I've got as many personal prejudices as the next man, but I know a circulation getter when I see one. I suppose Sir Galahad will give me the horselaugh. He told me the other day that I'd better suspend judgment on him till after he came across with a sample of his stuff."

"Cocky, eh?" laughed Hazzard. "Well, I never blame an able man for knowing that he's able. These hypocritically modest boys make me sick. Old Man Munn's nephew has got the punch. Turn him loose."

Accordingly Arthur was turned loose, and even Joe McInerney was forced to admit that he had the punch—so much of a punch that the entire city sat up to watch the Oracle's fight for more street cars; so much of a punch that after the fourth installment Mr. Hazzard received a visit from a distinguished member of the local bar, privately known as the "fixer" for the traction interests.

"Cutting out all preliminaries," said the lawyer, "we want to know what's bit you all at once. What are you after? What does Old Munn want?"

"More street cars. The straphangers ——"

"We know all about the straphangers. They have written us a million letters since this fool campaign started. What do you want?"

"We don't want a thing," said Hazzard; "but the people want more street cars."

"On the level? If we provide more street cars during the rush hours will you let up on us?"

"When the cars are provided, yes."

"You win then. Call off your dog. And, by the way, who is he? Nobody seems to know anything about him. LaBlanche or LaTouche—or something like that. Who is he?"

"LaTelle," corrected Hazzard. "Arthur LaTelle. He's Old Man Munn's nephew."

"The dickens you say! Doesn't take after the old man much. This fellow can say more in one sentence than Munn can in a week. . . . And make it hurt worse! You've got no idea how many people he stirred up. Take his gun away from him, colonel. We'll come down."

When Mr. Achilles K. Munn heard of Arthur's first victory he bloated with pride and sent for Dave Holland, to whom he read a dreary lecture on the sin of snap judgment. This out of his system, he spoke of the inestimable value of youthful enthusiasm, clean hands and a pure heart, and closed with a tribute to good blood and respectable ancestry. But it was the matter-of-fact city editor who suggested that a crusader who could really crusade was worth twenty-five dollars a week, at least.

"A—hem!" coughed Mr. Munn. "Twenty at the outside! Mustn't spoil him, you know; mustn't spoil him. Twenty's enough for any single man."

As for the young man himself, he was not hypocritically modest with such as wished to express admiration for his foray upon the traction barons; and his frank self-appreciation cost him friends.

"No use telling that fellow how good he is!" growled Jimmy Haley, the news editor. "Paying him a compliment is just like going down to Newcastle with a nickel's worth of anthracite in a paper bag. Says I to him: 'That was good stuff you pulled on the street-car people.' Says he to me:

"'Yes; it was perfectly written, and it was a perfectly handled campaign.'

"What could I say after that? He'd seen my bet and raised me all the chips on the table!"

Almost immediately Arthur exhibited a distressing tendency to estimate his value in dollars per week.

"Only twenty?" said he to Dave Holland. "After I've shown what I can do—twenty for a circulation getter? Is this a joke?"

"If it is, your uncle is the comedian," was the grave response. "I don't mind telling you, my boy, that I'm in favor of giving you more. I'm in favor of giving everybody more, including myself; but when it comes to salaries, your uncle guesses last—and guesses close."

"But—I'm worth it!" expostulated Arthur.

"I know it," said Dave, jerking his thumb in the direction of Mr. Munn's private office; "but he doesn't. Run along and tell him. He's your uncle—not mine."

"Why twit me with something I can't help?" demanded LaTelle. "Sounds ungrateful, eh? Well, I'm going to show you which of us is the ungrateful one. I'll make my uncle owe me more than I can ever owe him—and meantime I'm getting practical experience."

As a matter of unpartial record, let it stand here that young Mr. LaTelle made generously good on his promise. Crusade followed crusade; the enemies of the common people were driven to cover; malefactors of great wealth were pilloried on the first page.

Circulation went up, advertising rates went up, everything went up. Last of all, the salary of the youth who was largely responsible for this era of prosperity went up also.

Mr. Munn, after a struggle with his natural instincts and many conferences with his city editor, finally consented to pay his nephew twenty-five dollars a week.

"He quoted Scripture at me!" complained the owner of the Oracle. "Yes; he went clear back to the Book of Deuteronomy, where it says: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.' Smart boy! Takes after his mother in some ways. Twenty-five is enough. If I should give him any more the reporters would say I was favoring a relative, and they'd all want a raise too."

"Nepotism," agreed Dave Holland with a perfectly straight face, "is a bad thing for any office."

"Worst evil in the world!" rumbled Mr. Munn, and would have said more had he not remembered that he did not know the meaning of the word; he looked it up afterward in the dictionary.

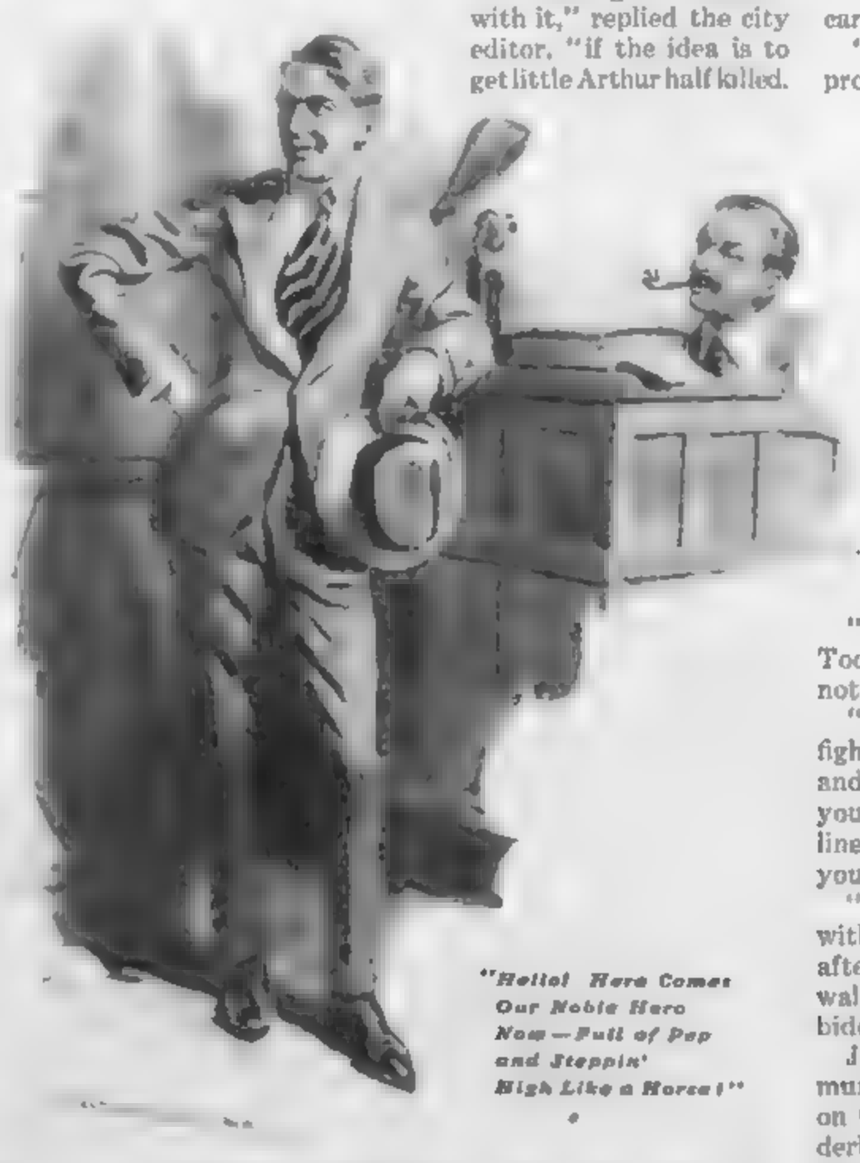
II

"I'VE got a regular job for Sir Galahad."

It was Hazzard speaking and Dave Holland pricked up his ears, for the managing editor's suggestions, usually few and far between, were always worth attention.

"Yes," continued Hazzard; "a man's-size job. What's the matter with turning him loose on old Jim Todd?"

"Nothing is the matter with it," replied the city editor, "if the idea is to get little Arthur half killed.



"Hello! Here Comes Our Noble Hero Now—Full of Pep and Steppin' High Like a Horse!"

A lot of people have gone after Jim Todd—big people; but he's still stealing the city elections, I notice. You remember what happened to J. Herbert Jones, don't you? Herbert was quite a reformer while he lasted, and he lasted until he went out to get Todd. He was in the hospital for three months afterward, and all he could ever remember was that he started a speech of protest outside one of the polling places down in Happy Valley. Todd's savages had orders to get him the first time he opened his mouth, and they got him good and plenty. It ain't healthy to make an open fight on that old rascal."

"It's the only kind of a fight to make," argued Hazzard, "and this is the time to make it—with the city election coming on, and all. LaTelle has a following with the public—a big name in the town; and if we turn him loose on Todd and the gang I believe we can lick 'em this time. More than that, we might even get 'em indicted. If we're ever going to smash Todd as a political boss, now's the time. These winning crusades have got the people all stirred up, and I'm for sending LaTelle out for blood. I'd have tried it before, only we didn't have the man to lead the attack and write the stuff."

"Jim Todd wouldn't stop at murder," said Holland; "and though I'm not exactly stuck on Munn's nephew I wouldn't want him laid up with a fractured skull, or something like that."

"They won't harm a hair of his head," said Hazzard with confidence—"not a hair of his head; and I'll bet you on it."

"They've harmed better men," persisted Holland.

"But they'll let this one alone—take it from me! Now listen, Dave: You get hold of Arthur and tell him I want to see him at four o'clock this afternoon, on the dot. Leave the rest of it to me."

After Dave had gone back to the city desk, Hazzard picked up the telephone and called a city number:

"Hello! . . . This Monahan's place? . . . Jim Todd there? . . . You tell him that Hazzard wants to talk with him. . . . H-a-z-z-a-r-d, of the Oracle. . . . No; he's not too busy. I'll hold the wire."

At three-fifty Mr. Arthur LaTelle entered the city room with the light and easy tread of a conqueror on an accustomed field. His appreciation of his powers had not suffered by a series of spectacular victories, and the greeting which he flung at the city editor was something less than casual.

"You want to see me?" asked Sir Galahad, leaning his elbow on the desk.

"No; but Mr. Hazzard does—at four o'clock."

"Oh, Hazzard, eh? Wonder what he's got on his mind!"

Arthur started for the managing editor's office, but Holland stopped him.

"At four o'clock, he said. There's a visitor with him now—Jim Todd. Ever heard of him?"

"Sure! What's he doing here?"

"Ask me an easy one," said Holland. "I know what you're here for, though! The Oracle is going to try to put Todd out of business and clean up Happy Valley. It's your next crusade; and a real one—believe me!"

The young man's nonchalant air deserted him; he became suddenly interested, alert—even anxious.

"Why—why," he stuttered, "you can't even get police protection against Todd and his gang!"

"Of course not! What's the good of being a political boss if you can't control the Police Department? You're out after a tough old bird this time, my son, and whatever happens you'll know you've been in a battle. It won't be any pink tea, but a regular knock-down-and-drag-out, slaughter-house rules. Jim Todd will give you a run for your money."

"Yes," said Arthur; "and maybe a sandbag in the dark."

Dave grinned maliciously. Sir Galahad was "showing a streak." This would be great news for Joe McInerney.

"They've sandbagged a lot of 'em down there in Happy Valley," continued Arthur.

"I see that you are familiar with Mr. Todd's methods," said Holland. "You're not afraid to tackle him, are you?"

"No-o—not that exactly; 'but when you go after Todd you've got every thug in town at your heels. It's—not a pleasant thought."

"Right you are! Up to date you've had it soft—been fighting people who didn't dare to fight back. Jim Todd and his savages dare to do anything or anybody. When you start in on the old boy the fur will fly all along the line. It'll be a scrap to a finish—and the more credit to you if you win."

"There's something in that," murmured Arthur, but without enthusiasm. "Something—in—that." Thereafter he watched the clock. At the appointed time he walked slowly toward Hazzard's office and, knocking, was bidden to enter.

Jim Todd, political boss of the city and czar of the municipal plague spot known as Happy Valley, was sitting on the extreme edge of a chair, nursing his flat-brimmed derby hat in his hairy hands and glaring at Hazzard. He did not even look up at the newcomer. There was something about his nervous, uncomfortable pose that suggested a great savage animal trapped and resentful.

Todd was a large man and looked all his evil reputation. A tremendous shock of stiff gray hair tumbled almost into his unblinking eyes, which were blue and cold. His beak of a nose was twisted far to the left, a mute tribute to the power behind someone's right fist; and his mouth, edging a close-cropped mustache, was cruel and forbidding. He had fought his way to leadership with his bare hands. Many a foe had marked him; none had stopped him. He was plainly not in a good humor, but Hazzard's manner was pleasant, even slightly jocular.

"Jim," said the managing editor, "this is the boy I've been telling you about. This is Arthur LaTelle."

Todd grunted, but continued to stare at Hazzard as if hypnotized.

"Better take a look at him, Jim. . . . That's right; size him up good. You'll want to tell your friends what he looks like, because you can't afford to make any mistakes in his case—or have any little accidents, either. . . . Now then, as I told you before, we're going down the line with you and your gang. LaTelle here will write the stuff, and if one of your thugs—listen, Jim, and get this—if one of your savages so much as knocks off his hat, or steps on his toes, or even looks at him cross-eyed, you'll be sorry for it. Happy Valley had better be as safe for this young man as a Sunday-school picnic; and if you know what's good for you it will be."

Todd's stubby fingers tightened on the brim of his hat.

"Ah-h, you gimme a lotta credit!" he snarled thickly. "What if this lad gets gay an' somebody takes a poke at um? It's a tough gang down in the Valley, Hazzard.

"You know that. I can't control um—can't keep um from fightin', can I? Why ain't you reasonable?"

"I'm always reasonable, Jim. I've been reasonable with you for years. I'm reasonable with you now. I know the Valley is tough. I know what makes it tough; and that's why I'm telling you again that it hadn't better be tough for LaTelle. That's about all I want to say to you, and—close the door quietly when you go out, will you, Jim?"

The boss bounced to his feet with an oath:

"You want me to go round drynursin' this young whelp while he knifes me in the paper, hey?"

"Oh, nothing like that, Jim," replied Hazzard coolly; "nothing like that at all. Just pass the word down the line that he's not to be molested. It's the closed season on crusaders and God help you if anybody breaks the game laws!"

Meantime Joe McInerney was hearing the news and chuckling as he hung over Dave Holland's desk.

"And so Artie showed a stripe of canary, did he? Wasn't lookin' for a match with a rough slugger, I'll bet. All these clever boxers lay off the boy with the wallop, don't they?"

"Well," said the city editor, "he wasn't exactly overjoyed at the prospect. From the looks of Jim Todd's face when he went through here a minute ago, he wasn't pleased either."

"I don't blame Artie, at that," remarked the sporting editor. "Jim Todd is tough game; and he hits below the belt for preference. Any time I go reformin' in Happy Valley, me for brass knucks on both hands and a steel helmet. . . . Hello! Here comes our noble hero now—full of pep and steppin' high like a horse! . . . Wot cheer, Arthur, old darling?"

Mr. Munn's nephew did not approve of Joe McInerney; he barely glanced at the sporting editor and addressed himself to Holland:

"Everything is all set. Hazzard has given me a lot of dope to start the campaign with—how they've stuffed the ballot boxes all these years; the methods they used, and so on. I'll write that for an opener—that and a red-hot roast for Jim Todd. To-morrow I'll take a trip through Happy Valley and show up the conditions there."

"Suit yourself," said Dave, looking at the young man curiously. "It's your party."

"Yeh," added McInerney dryly; "and unless you're goin' to wear false whiskers on that inspection tour you'd better tread light on that Todd stuff. Put your red-hot roast between the lines, where he can't find it. He reads coarse print fairly well without his glasses, that old boy does; and he's sensitive to harsh criticism—oh, terrible sensitive!"

"Rats!" was the inelegant response. "I've just met the man, and if I'm any judge of human nature he's a four-flusher and a coward at heart. Why, he let Hazzard bluff him out of his boots—a little chap like Hazzard!"

The crusader went away whistling, and Holland and McInerney looked at each other.

"He may have been scared when he went in there," said the sporting editor, "but he ain't scared now. He ain't got sense enough to be scared. . . . And what's this about Hazzard running a blazer on Jim Todd? Did anybody ever run a blazer on that old rip—and get away with it?"

"Not in my time," answered Holland thoughtfully. "Well, Joe, they say where there's no fear there's no danger."

"And where there's no brain there's no feeling," added the sporting editor; "but nevertheless, albeit and notwithstanding, Sir Galahad had better get out his armor and have the roof of his tin skypiece reënforced with boiler plate. Ignorant courage ain't any protection against a blackjack; and if our beloved Artie rips into Todd the way he's ripped into these other grafters—well, the Press Club Quartet will have to begin warming up on some slow music."

III

THE opening gun of the campaign against Jim Todd and his machine rocked the city from end to end. LaTelle had written the life history of the boss—written it in short, savage paragraphs, every one of which drew blood. He had stripped the last rag of decency from Jim Todd's fat back and bared it to the lash.

"Now Then, as I Told You Before, We're Going Down the Line With You and Your Gang"

The closing sentence was a promise that the article should also be Todd's political obituary. Nowhere was there greater excitement than in Happy Valley, where elections were stolen, where the cemeteries voted, where Jim Todd was the boss and the law rolled in one.

Todd read the article in the back room at Monahan's place, the field headquarters from which he governed the city—read it with long breaths, indrawn through his teeth. Smiley MacNabb, his lieutenant and adviser, watched Todd's face as his eyes traveled slowly down the double column. When he had finished Todd threw the paper upon the table with a snort of wrath.

"That's a fright, Mac—a fright! I been pecked at before—I ought to be used to it! But this—this kind of lifts the hide in spots, hey?"

"And that ain't all," said MacNabb. "LaTelle says he's going down the line with all of us—says this ain't nothing but the set-up for the meal he'll dish out later—soup, entrée and roast—mostly roast. You know how he licked the traction people and made the waterworks gang hunt their holes. Now he's after us. Soon as I got a peek at the paper this morning I sent a couple of strong-arms out to get a line on LaTelle. They'll ring up when they locate him; and then—well, maybe he won't do much writing for a while."

"Call um off," said Jim Todd quietly.

"Hey? What's that?"

"You heard me!" growled the boss. "I said to call um off."

"And let this guy get away with it?" cried MacNabb. "Why, Jim, what's biting you? You're crazy! We got to get him or he'll get us."

"Maybe he won't get us as bad as you think," said Todd. "It ain't the first time the papers in this town have panned me. With luck it won't be the last. Now you listen and pay attention to what I say: Nobody is goin' to lay the weight of a finger on this lad; nobody is goin' to make um any trouble. Pass the word down the line and call off the destroyin' angels—ain't that what he called um?"

"But—Jim ——"

"Do as I tell you! You got your orders; carry um out."

"But—can't we frame on him? Get him discredited or something? We could frame ——"

"You can't do nothing to um, I tell you!" barked Jim Todd with profane emphasis. "Get that through your nut, Mac. You got to leave um alone no matter what he does. If that ain't plain enough for you I'll sing it: Leave—um—alone!"

"What's the idea?" demanded the suspicious MacNabb. "Why is this guy different from anybody else?"

"He ain't, Mac. He ain't; but—he's protected; that's all."

"Protected! By who? By what?"

"By the game laws," answered the boss soberly.

"Oh, hell!" snapped MacNabb. "This ain't no time for kidding. This is serious, Jim—damn serious. First thing you know he'll have every long-hair in town sniffling at your heels. They read what he writes. They think he's a little tin god. They'll get together behind him ——"

"Let um!" snarled Todd. "It wouldn't be the first time they've done it. You pass the word like I told you, and make it strong. Tell um that if anybody so much as bats an eye at this lad he'll wish he never had no eye to bat. That goes; and no more chin music!"

This message, traveling by various underground channels, carried consternation with it. The boss, attacked as he had never been attacked before, was turning the other cheek; and right heartily Sir Galahad smacked it. The heelers and thugs marveled at Jim Todd's forbearance, but finally decided that he must have an ace in the hole.

As for Arthur LaTelle, he walked through Happy Valley as safe as if in a church. Perfect peace walled him round about—even in Monahan's place, where he might have stretched out either hand and touched men who thirsted for his warm young blood. He learned to swagger a bit; rumor had it that he carried a gun and knew how to use it.

Day by day he hung dripping scalps upon the city walls; day by day he went about the wrecking of Jim Todd's political machine; day by day he poured vitriolic broadsides into the boss himself—and still the peace order remained in effect. No man dared disobey the boss, whose hard old face turned gray under the strain.

"You see what he's doing?" cried MacNabb a few days before the election. "He's organizing the longhairs—waking 'em up; telling 'em what to watch and where to watch. This morning he said he was going to print some instructions for his Civic Volunteers. He'll make it awful hard for us to get away with anything—and now he's talking about indictments!"

"I know it, Mac," growled Todd. "I know it; but if he burned down the City Hall I'd have to let um alone."

"I don't get you, Jim," said the lieutenant.

"Sure, you don't! And maybe I ain't wanting you to get me. Did you ever think of that, Mac?"

"Well, young fellow," remarked Hazzard; "you're certainly rattling the dry bones this time!"

LaTelle had entered the managing editor's office, his hat on the back of his head, his hands rammed deep in his pockets, and a chip on each shoulder. It was late at night, and he had turned in his grist of copy and was free.

"You'll have to do your own rattling from now on."

The curt repayment of the compliment caused Hazzard to look up in some surprise.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing—only I'm going to quit."

The managing editor jumped in spite of himself.

"Going to quit! Oh, no; you're kidding about that, son! You must be kidding!"

"All right, I'm kidding; but my tip to you is to put someone else on this political stuff. I'm through!"

"But what has happened?" demanded Hazzard. "What's come over you all at once?"

"It didn't come all at once," replied LaTelle. "It has been piling up for weeks. You know how much my stuff has been worth to this paper. If you don't know it I do. I'm entitled to a decent salary; I ought to have more money. To-night I put it square up to my uncle, and what do you think he said? He told me that nepotism was the rock on which office discipline went down. Nepotism! Now where did the old skinflint get that, I wonder?"

"And then?" asked Hazzard.

"Then I got mad and he got mad, and we had it back and forth. I wanted fifty a week. He said I was crazy."

"Fifty a week is a big salary for this town," argued Hazzard—"a mighty big salary."

"Even so," was the sulky response, "I can get it."

"Oho! So that's the bug under the chip! You can get it, eh? . . . When did the Globe make you an offer?"

(Continued on Page 41)

THE FAT STRANGER

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

AN ELDERLY fat man arrived in Plum Hill the last day of October and, having secured a dingy front room at the Guffy House, with a lumpy bed and threadbare ingrain carpet, proceeded to solicit subscriptions to the Golden Library of Fiction, which comprised the works of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Bulwer Lytton, in cloth, half morocco or full law-calf binding.

For a week he solicited diligently from eight A. M. to supper time, visiting every business establishment in town at least once and trudging patiently across nearly every front porch. At the end of that time he had sold three sets of the Dickens, in cloth, on which his commissions—payable when the subscribers paid their fourth monthly installment—amounted to five dollars and a quarter. So far as he could see, the field was fully covered, and the yield was disappointing.

Whereupon he betook himself once more to the office of Truman A. Babcock, but this time without the heavy black oilcloth sack with a shoulder strap, which contained three sample volumes of the Golden Library, a ponderous prospectus, a sheaf of large colored prints showing how beautiful the books would look in one's parlor, and an envelope, full of facsimile recommendations signed by college presidents, preachers and other distinguished persons. Leaving the bag behind was a sign that he had abandoned literature.

Mr. Babcock's office was on the west side of Main Street in a one-story brick building about twenty feet wide by thirty long, which had been divided longitudinally into unequal portions. The ampler portion was occupied by a barber's shop. The other was only six feet wide, with a doorway so narrow that the fat man had some difficulty in squeezing through it. Above this narrow doorway hung a little blue sign on a rusty iron arm, which said: Truman A. Babcock, Loans and Insurance. The office contained a large safe at the farther end, an ancient black-walnut table with a nest of pigeonholes above it, and two plain chairs.

Beginning a week earlier, with an utterly hopeless attempt to interest Mr. Babcock in the Golden Library, the fat passenger had found various occasions for talking to him in a more or less discursive manner. He was a man who lapsed readily into familiarity; so there was already a certain air of intimacy between them. Thus he started the present conversation very candidly:

"I'm broke, Truman A.; I've gotta make a raise. I was hoping to play it Safety First from now on; and I'd 'a' done so if this blame burg of yours had loosened up some. My motto used to be: 'Give me a tight-wad!'—for it's your tight-wad that comes across best; but this burg ——" He shook his head so that his fat chops undulated and bit savagely into the gum he was chewing. "Gee! It's got Old Man Tight-Wad skinned to death. Maybe I wasn't cut out for a literary career."

He spoke in a discouraged manner; but it was plainly the discouragement of the patient soul, which merely humps its disappointed back and plods doggedly onward. He overflowed the chair; his stomach pillowed out nearly to his knees and his pudgy hands were clasped midway of the slope. His evenly red face was smooth-shaved, and the attentive observer might have surmised that he had once been a comely man—before his chops overran his collar and his double chin stuck out beyond the feature which had once terminated his face. His blue eyes, embedded in puffy flesh, were somewhat dim and watery now, and the fringe of close-clipped hair round the base of his skull was quite white.

He wore a plaid cap, which came down to the nape of his neck and rested across the tips of his ears, while its visor was pulled across his forehead at a rakish angle. His blue suit was well worn and baggy, but, like his frayed linen, quite clean. His voice was husky and generally monotonous, flowing on with dull evenness except when he paused now and then to chew gum, at which his jaws worked rhythmically while he was not speaking.

"There's something I can do, though, Truman A.," he proceeded, chewing with patient disappointment. "I can con farmers. There's some way to con every man living; but especially farmers. I might go ahead now and tell you a fine rigmarole—same's I used to—about how I'm doing business on the square, and how Mr. Rube got value received for his note, and so on and so forth. But that's played out. The banks and note shavers are onto guys like me. When I trot up with Mr. Rube's note for a couple o' hundred plunks they know well enough it's a ten-to-one shot I did him somehow or other, no matter what I tell 'em. If they're square they won't do business with me at all. If they're on the make they'll go right down into my bowels; and I'm blame lucky if I get out with the shirt on my back and my six-dollar watch.

"Slip That on the Muzzle of a Pistol and I Can Shoot You Right Here and the People in the House Will Never Hear a Sound"

"You guys have got all the best of it," he rambled on dispassionately—"forty per cent discount, and able to look the sheriff in the eye and tell him to go to the devil. Plenty of times I've done a hard week's work, with my neck in the halter every minute, and then beat it a thousand miles with the fear of God in my heart—and back there some respectable citizen who had discounted my phony notes, with half the swag in his pocket, whistling his Yankee Doodle and chucking the prosecuting attorney in the ribs, and dropping his half dollar on the contribution plate every Sunday. That's the right end of the game. My end is the sucker's end.

"You can look me over, Truman A. I'm sixty-four years old and stony broke in Plum Hill. Guess you'll have to go some to get farther below zero than that, won't you? I've got a daughter and some grandchildren back in Maine. At least, I suppose I have. I don't dare go anywhere near 'em. Of course she canned me long ago, when she got onto me; and, at that, her husband runs a drug store, where all the old soaks go to burn their insides out with patent medicines that's half poor booze. He gets his, all right, and whistles his Yankee Doodle every day in the week. But she wouldn't see me if I went back there; and I'd get pinched anyhow.

"My end of the game is the sucker's end. I ain't taken a drink in four years. I dassent take one! Probably you couldn't tell my liver from a hunk of slag if you'd see 'em side by side. I had to lay off tobacco a year and a half ago—bum heart. All I can do is chew gum. Can you beat that? They poison me with greasy potatoes and meat a young lion couldn't chew at this dump on the corner that you call a hotel. You guys have got the right end of it.

"You see, I got a wrong start. I struck West when I was a young man and, while looking for employment, broke into a strong-arm gang that was selling lightning rods to farmers. It was what they call a gay life—five of us, traveling over the country in two shiny wagons and a couple of bully teams. We'd round up Mr. Rube and get him to sign a contract for putting lightning rods on his house and barn. That's the way I found out you can get a farmer to sign anything. After we'd soaked him plenty we'd sell the note and move on—with poker and booze all along the line. Those lightning-rod years are what got me into the habit. I've been in twenty schemes since then, but always on the same principle—that there's some way to con every man living; but especially a farmer. You can get him to sign anything.

"Maybe it's demoralized me more or less. Anyway, I have the same sort of sentiments for a farmer that a dog has for a cat. I hate the rotten rubes. Just look 'em over for yourself—up at four o'clock in the morning and mucking round in the barnyard while the sun is coming up; and then tramping after a plow till noon, with the dust an inch thick in their whiskers; and then wading through the hog pen; and then coming in to eat dinner. What sort of a way is that for a man to live? If I was rich I'd con 'em just for the good it does 'em. Nothing puts the fear of God in a rube's heart like signing what he thinks is a receipt for a free-trial bottle of spavin cure, and then finding out it's a chattel mortgage on the team. But I can't afford to do it for philanthropy. I've gotta make a raise.

"As I was telling you, I'd about made up my mind to quit this game, for there's nothing in it. I work all the time with a halter round my neck, and at the end of a year if I have enough to flag a bread wagon with I'm lucky. I've always been willing enough to take a reasonable chance, but this is getting dangerous. I've left a pretty broad trail behind me, first and last, and identifying me is too easy. Only way I could disguise myself might be by putting on hoops and calling myself a tub of lard. Suppose I'm nabbed now? With my punk organs I shouldn't stand any more show in jail than a snowball in the sour by and by. So I thought I'd try another tack.

"You see, I've got interested in literature. I never read much when I was able to do something more exciting; but now I can't drink and I can't smoke, and I don't often have money enough to play cards more'n half an hour. So I've taken to reading. Lately I've read considerable. It's a nice way to pass the time for a man that can't do any better. Naturally that turned my mind to the subject of literature. Well, I fell for a bunk proposition over in Chicago—paid thirteen dollars for an agent's outfit for this Golden Library and spent two weeks learning the dope. If I could have made a living at it I'd 'a' stuck to the straight and narrow path; but there ain't even crackers and cheese in it.

"Now I've got another little outfit in my grip at the hotel—the one I used last before turning to literature. It's a good one. I brought it along with me in case literature didn't pan out—starting on the straight and narrow path with an anchor to the windward, as you might say. You can see I'm telling you all this straight out from the shoulder, with every card face up on the table. As I said before, nowadays there's no use in my going to a bank or a note shaver and telling him a fairy story; because he wouldn't believe it anyway. My plan is to go to a man with my heart in my hand and have a fair, square understanding with him. I've come to you in that spirit. You pick out three or four farmers that are good for two hundred dollars apiece and I'll get 'em to sign the notes; and then you and I'll split it between us, fifty-fifty."

Mr. Babcock had listened to this husky unemotional recital with astonishment. At its conclusion he swallowed his prominent Adam's apple twice over. He was a lank, neutral sort of man, just under forty, his bushy mustache and hair—combed straight back, without a part, from his high, sloping forehead—the dull color of straw that has lain outdoors all winter. His eyes were set close together and slightly crossed. He wore a plain gray suit, a turndown collar, and a small blue bow tie that was obviously ready made and fastened to his collar button with a rubber loop. He was a nervous person, his long, bony fingers fiddling with a massy gold-plated watch chain, playing with a lead pencil, or combing down his bushy mustache.

The dearest moments of his life were when he took a bulky leather wallet from the safe at the end of the room and made a careful list of the various evidences of indebtedness it contained. To this list he added the amount of his balance at the First National Bank; his modest story-and-a-half frame house with an L, conservatively valued at twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars; the furniture therein, estimated offhand at two hundred and fifty—for secondhand furniture didn't fetch anything like what it had cost, as he found whenever he foreclosed on a batch of it.

Such a list, made out the day before, footed up seventeen thousand four hundred and thirty-six dollars and twenty-eight cents.

The carefully penciled figures—after he had verified the addition a second time—brought a glow to his heart. The hoard had increased by slightly more than one thousand dollars since the beginning of the year. That also warmed him. After thirty-nine years of unremitting effort—or, say, thirty-four, for the acquisitive impulse could hardly have exercised itself effectively during the first five years—he had reached a point where the accretions were really beginning to count.

But he was an extremely cautious—not to say timid—man. If the matter contained in the fat man's statement had been presented to him in a more sinister manner he would very likely have flown from it like a startled fawn; but this childlike, placid, matter-of-course manner had a certain fascination.

He swallowed his Adam's apple again, combed down his mustache with a bent forefinger, and swung the large foot that was elevated by his legs being crossed.

"How," he said—his voice sounding weak, like that of a person in a fright—"how would you get 'em to sign notes?" He was saying to himself, amid a mental confusion: "I may as well find out what this game is."

"Why, if you want to know that," the fat man replied, breaking the speech in twain to chew vigorously, "I tell 'em I'm an agent of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, and I'm appointing farmers to report on crops—two dollars a day, and any odd half hour counting for a day's work.

"The dope's all right. I've worked it. Then I tell 'em the Department is sending out some swell nursery stock—rare varieties of imported fruit trees, and so on, which it wants to introduce among farmers. I've got a printed sheet as long as your arm with the names of these nursery trees on it. I help the farmer fill it out—so many of this kind, so many of that kind.

"You see, the time he spends with me counts for a day's work for the Government, and I pay him two dollars for it; but he's got to sign a voucher in triplicate—one for the Department of Agriculture, one for the Treasury Department and one for Congress. Then he's got to sign his application to be a crop reporter, and this application for fruit trees, and three sample crop reports, and the three vouchers—and I've got a dozen other papers mussed round on the table there; so when he gets through signing there's a nice promissory note for two hundred dollars, due in six months.

"I give you this signed order for imported fruit trees, along with the note. Then, if he goes to make a holler and says he didn't sign any note, you can show his signed order for fruit trees and say I told you I'd sold him an order of nursery stock; and that looked reasonable to you because there's his signed order for the stuff. There's no trouble. You can buffalo him into settling and the court'll give you a judgment if you sue. It works fine. Pick me out three or four good rubes now. Give me a tight-wad! That's my motto. If they think they're getting something for nothing the rest is easy."

Mr. Babcock swung his foot and combed his mustache, with that odd confusion in his mind—not at all admitting to himself that he was committed to this fat person's nefarious scheme, yet lingering agasp, so to speak, in the fascination of it. He was thinking guilefully that he'd select farmers who were not at all likely to be taken in. If they were not taken in that would be the end of it. But if they were taken in—well, if they were taken in that would prove the power of the snare and nobody could reasonably blame him for presuming that such hard-headed citizens knew what they signed. So, pondering, and with a confused mind, Mr. Babcock finally said in a toneless voice and with a little gulp: "Well, there's Frank Hogmeier—four miles west of town."

He considered further and mentioned three others, whose names the fat man wrote on the back of an envelope.

When the visitor had waddled out, squeezing through the narrow doorway, Mr. Babcock sat staring at his nest of pigeonholes and slowly cracked the knuckle of the middle finger on his left hand. He had virtually broken himself of that habit, because his wife said it enlarged his knuckles, which already set out on his doubled hand like hickory nuts; but he was so absorbed at present that he did it unaware.

There was fear in the absorption; it made him swallow and brought an odd fishy look into his crossed eyes; for if there was anything he had set himself to do, that thing was to keep well out of the reach of the criminal law—which, as everybody knows, involves dire possibilities of loss and the certainty of frightful expense. Yet he was calculating if there were three notes and the discount was one hundred dollars each, that would make three hundred dollars; while if there were four notes, that would be four hundred dollars.

Setting down sums of money in black pencil marks on white paper seemed somehow to help him realize them—to bring the money up so close that the touch of it fairly titillated his finger tips. So he wrote down the two sums now with heavy dollar marks in front of them, and stared at them for a long moment.

Going home to his midday dinner he paused to expend ten cents for a soup bone. Except for soup, the family had turned vegetarian since the price of meat had advanced so outrageously. It was while making this purchase that he got the painful confusion fairly out of his mind. The solution came to him convincingly.

"Why, pshaw!" he thought; "nothing will come of it. He can't swindle Hogmeier! Hogmeier will kick him out of the house!"

So, as he proceeded angularly down Main Street, with the trouble disposed of and the soup bone under his arm—he had haggled a bit to get a bigger one than the butcher intended giving him—he greeted such fellow citizens as he met with an amiable though somewhat brittle smile; and he entered the modest story-and-a-half frame house with an L, in the usual state of satisfaction therewith.

It was a neat little house with a rubber plant and a gay black-and-orange hammock on the front porch, and a neat little yard, with a white picket fence, in front. In discussing Mr. Babcock everyone admitted that he was a model of devotion to his family, and his wife was a model of devotion to him. She was a thin blond woman, prematurely faded and wrinkled, who was always in motion and talked incessantly—usually about her house, her husband or her daughter, the latter an anæmic, spindle-legged and solemn child of twelve, who wore spectacles and could repeat nearly half the Psalms.

Mrs. Babcock was always quoting her husband—"Mr. Babcock says"—as though there could be no room for argument after that, while a staple topic of conversation with Mr. Babcock was his wife's virtues as a household economist; and both would have been astonished at the notion that Luella could be a subject of criticism in any particular. It was probably the most harmonious, admiring and attached household in all Plum Hill. Luella and her mother wept together when it was discovered that moths had eaten a breadth in the skirt of Mrs. Babcock's otherwise untarnished wedding dress, which was to be made over for Luella when the latter graduated from the high school.

Naturally this household atmosphere fortified Mr. Babcock; yet when he was back in his office he couldn't, someway, help remembering that three hundred dollars would bring his possessions up to seventeen thousand seven hundred and thirty-six dollars and twenty-eight cents; while four hundred dollars—well, they would then be fairly within reach of a round eighteen thousand. He frowned, combed his mustache and cracked his knuckle again.

Sitting in his office on the second forenoon following, his heart sank when he saw a portly figure squeeze through the front doorway. And then, immediately and strangely, it fluttered up again, with a kind of half-smothered hope. Partly in spite of himself he had been thinking pretty continuously about that portly figure since he last saw it. As once happened to a more celebrated person, he had been haunted by the devil in the likeness of a fat old man. Torn between fear of trouble and hope of that three hundred—or four hundred, as the case might be—he had turned the problem round and round. Finally he had arrived at certain conclusions which seemed equal to all the contingencies that the case contained. So his heart sank and fluttered up, and he swallowed his Adam's apple.

"Well, here we are, Truman A.!" said the fat man, huskily wheezing a bit as he buried the chair at the end of the ancient black-walnut table.

The plaid cap, as usual, was drawn tightly over his bald head, with the visor slanted across his brow at a rakish angle, and he was chewing gum. Reaching across his chest with some difficulty, he drew several papers from the inner coat pocket and laid them on the table, saying:

"There's three notes. The other fellow was away from home."

Besides the three notes for two hundred dollars apiece, there were three long printed sheets, each containing an order for fruit trees, and duly signed. Mr. Babcock examined them minutely and with great deliberation, not only scrutinizing the fronts and backs of the notes but reading over each of the printed order forms. When, at length, he spoke, his close-set and slightly crossed eyes were directed not at the fat person but at the nest of pigeonholes behind the desk. His voice sounded weak and toneless, like that of a man in a fright.

"All right," he said, and swallowed, "all right; I'll give you fifty dollars apiece for them." That was the point to which his painful deliberation during the last two days had led him.

The fat man was plainly shocked. His husky voice rose high in astonished protest, as though he had sat upon a bent pin:

"Fifty nothing! A hundred dollars apiece! That was our bargain!"

Still gazing at the nest of pigeonholes as though he had been paralyzed in that attitude, Mr. Babcock replied tonelessly:

"You said fifty-fifty—fifty dollars apiece." He got a hand up, apparently with some difficulty, and combed his mustache. "I supposed, of course, you meant fifty dollars apiece. That's all I feel I can pay for 'em."

Perceiving from this monstrous statement that the first mention of fifty dollars had been no mere inadvertence on Mr. Babcock's part, the fat man sat for a moment as one stricken into stone, not even chewing his gum. In that moment a true comprehension of the kind of person with whom he was dealing dawned upon him.

"Aw, come on, now, Truman A.!" he pleaded with lacerated fervor. "Have a heart! Be a man, now! You know well enough it was fifty-fifty—half-and-half." A shattering sense of affliction moved him to blurt out:

"Be a human being for once in your life! Don't throw me down that way!"

But Mr. Babcock, merely shifting his gaze to the floor and tentatively feeling his left middle finger, as though he was going to crack the knuckle, replied dully in his toneless voice:

"Fifty dollars is as much as I care to give. Maybe," he added with a ghastly simulation of comfort, "the First National would give you more. You might try 'em."

(Concluded on Page 40)

"Give Me a Tight-Wad! If They Think They're Getting Something for Nothing the Rest Is Easy"

Uncle Sam Cleans Up Springfield

By HERBERT QUICK

"They've Already Begun Holdin' Meetings Like a Regular Campaign"

LET us see—where shall we locate this true story? It might have occurred anywhere. The writer has searched from Alpha, Idaho, to Omega, North Carolina; from Dan, Kentucky, to Beersheba, Tennessee; nay, even from Pillar, California, to Painted Post, New York, for a suitable location. He has considered our sixty-seven Unions, sixty-eight Washingtons, forty-five Madisons and forty-one Warrens—the Smiths, Browns, Joneses and Robinsons of American municipalities—but none of them seems to sound just right.

Ah, here is Springfield! There are thirty or more Springfields on our map; and the name suggests a substantial town in a rich country, inhabited by the ordinary American, who is very indignant about the treatment of the Belgians but ignorant as to the lives of the people living down across the track: a town which would repel with horror the suggestion that it lives filthily, unhygienically and, from the standpoint of health, barbarously. It points with pride to its beautiful lawns, its quiet homes, its prosperous factories, its Saturday afternoon country trade, its conservatism in business, its Carnegie library, its fairgrounds and its parks. Springfield is our place! We can prove an alibi on being indicted at the complaint of any Springfield on the map.

One day in the summer of 1914, Mrs. John Smith, president of the woman's club, sat at a mahogany escritoire in her library, laboring at her correspondence. The library is a fine room in the best house in Springfield, in the state of—and here we are up against it again! What state shall we select? Pennsyltucky? Coloridaho? Nebransas? No. On consideration it is perfectly clear that Mrs. John Smith lived in Springfield, in the state of Ohiowa. A wonderful state, Ohiowa, a typically American state. Her rivers run in silver ribbons into some great tributary or other of the Father of Waters. She is infested with brave women and fair men. Mrs. John Smith is one of the bravest of her women. Mrs. Smith is reading a letter from a club-convention acquaintance.

"My dear," runs the letter, "you should see what has been done in our county by the United States Public Health Service. It is simply marvelous. We never knew until these young doctors came into the county what an utterly dreadful life we were living. It cannot be as bad in Ohiowa; you people out there are so progressive. Not only our poor but some of our best people, I blush to say, were found living under hygienic conditions at which we all shudder, now that we know the real facts."

Getting Doctor Lumsden on the Trail

"DO WOMEN vote in Ohiowa? I really cannot remember. I have never taken much interest in suffrage; but when I think of the problems of our municipal housekeeping, and our rural as well as our urban sanitation, I really believe we ought to be permitted to vote on some questions anyhow. Perhaps I shall come to agree with you on the full program of Votes for Women. It is a splendid experience through which we have just passed. The county has been taken up by its four corners, shaken, brushed, fumigated, vacuum cleaned, and set down purified. Furthermore, we now have a public sentiment that will keep it clean, I am sure, in the future. We are quite in a condition of hygienic exaltation, and the typhoid-fever rate has fallen almost to nothing; whereas we used to have so much of it, my dear, that we all blush as we look back upon the record, realizing that it was all our fault. As for the dear little babies, they are safer here than ever before.

"But, after all, the most gratifying thing to me is the sense of freedom from the abominations in which we used to live without knowing it. I can imagine living voluntarily in a leper colony, although I never could understand how the holy men of the past could consent to be absolutely crawly in their cells, even for the sake of saving their souls; but they at least knew something about what they were doing, while we were in a dreadful state of ignorance, and that, too, in a county where the percentage of illiteracy is gratifyingly low.

"I am sure, my dear Mrs. Smith, that you of the boundless West, whose characters have taken on some of the freedom and bigness of your great open spaces, have long since passed the stage in which we existed until lifted out of our sins against sanitation by our benevolent Uncle Sam. But, if you have a single doubt as to things being exactly right in your county, I should advise you to write to Dr. Leslie Leon Lumsden, of the United States Public Health Service, in Washington. If you can just get him to make one of his rural sanitation surveys in your county, it will be a splendid thing for your community."

Doctor Lumsden is an epidemiologist, who is single mindedly—and with a sort of apostolic fervor—teaching the people of the United States the elemental facts as to the disposal of the wastes of the human body.

This is a task which did not much bother our nomadic forefathers, for several reasons. They followed their flocks seeking pasturage and did not remain long enough in one place to poison the waters or to contaminate the soil. Their birth rate was high; and eight children out of ten might die of enterocolitis, or several persons out of every hundred might be annually gathered to their fathers by typhoid, dysentery or hookworm, and still their tribes might increase like Abou ben Adhem's. Anyhow, when a person died, it was because God took him. But when Moses had the task of piloting the Israelites through the wilderness, he was obliged to look after sewage disposal—the camps were so large and the halts so long. So Moses promulgated sanitary rules, in Deuteronomy xxiii, 12, 13 and 14—which code, had our armies in the Civil and the Spanish wars had the sense to follow it, would have saved us hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars in pensions—so far was Moses ahead of our famous generals.

Now, however, we know the cause of typhoid and dysentery and enterocolitis and hookworm—and if there is any outbreak of the old zymotic scourges of the camps, in this present excursion to the Mexican border, some one ought to be shot at sunrise. For it will be some one's fault and cannot be attributed to any Divine displeasure. We make our own typhoid and dysentery and cholera infantum and hookworm, just as definitely as we make our own coffee. Doctor Lumsden wants these truths brought home to the nation, and especially to the small cities, towns, villages and farms, in demonstration and plain speaking and writing. So does Dr. Rupert Blue, his superior, Surgeon General of the Public Health Service. So the letter of Mrs. John Smith, of Springfield, Ohiowa, went straight to the desk of Doctor Lumsden.

"A sanitary survey of Grant County, Ohiowa, eh?" he said. "Well, if this woman's club is alive, there's one thing in favor of Grant County, Ohiowa—it already has a nucleus of awakened public sentiment. We will put Grant County, Ohiowa, through a course of sprouts."

The regular course of sprouts for a county which desires a public-health-service rural-sanitary survey was duly made plain to Mrs. John Smith. It would be necessary to have the county board of health, the county health officer or city health physician join in the request; and the Federal health bureau preferred to work also with the state health officer. Did Grant County have a whole-time health officer? Every county, according to Doctor Lumsden's view, ought to have a health physician giving all his time to the work. Unfortunately, in Ohiowa, Mrs. Smith learned, the law forbids the giving of more than some beggarly pay like twenty-five dollars a month to a county health officer. This makes the office a very small political plum, doled out to a doctor who does as little as possible of its duties. The county health physician of Grant County was a very inconspicuous person, making no disturbance save that caused by the scratching of his pen as he signed the stub of the book when he drew his county warrants. A full-time health physician, having a man's job, is likely to perform its duties.

However, the Springfield functionary knew about the work of the Public Health Service, wanted to know more, was solicitous to please Mrs. John Smith and joined heartily in her petition to the state health bureau. The latter office backed the Springfield movement to such effect that Grant County was soon in the midst of a series of events on which it had not reckoned. Sanitation seems like a very harmless and undisturbing thing—but try making your town really fit to live in, oh, ye of all the Springfields, Madisons, Washingtons, Warrens and Unions, and you will see what you will see.

Springfield, being a progressive city, has the commission form of government. One of the five commissioners acts as chairman and is by courtesy called the mayor—but that is only to preserve the title. He is really only a commissioner, exercising his twenty per cent of the power of the body which runs the town. Into his office, one day, came a gentleman in a sort of half-uniform, escorted by the county health physician and the city health officer. He was introduced to the mayor as an epidemiologist belonging to the United States Public Health Service, who was in the city to make one of those rural sanitation surveys which had produced such splendid results in other localities.

The Unsuspecting Mayor

"MIGHTY glad to welcome you to Grant County, doctor!" exclaimed his honor. "I've heard of you already. Made a speech or two, haven't you?"

"Several," said the epidemiologist. "I have addressed the Woman's Club and the Ministerial Association, and to-night I am addressing the Chamber of Commerce."

"Quite a whirlwind campaign," said the mayor. "Sanitation is a great thing. We have a very sanitary city here; but I suppose we should to a certain extent be interested in the conditions of the rural districts, where, as I understand it, your work will be done."

"No county," said the epidemiologist, "is a safe place in which to live, unless both towns and farms are in a sanitary state. We concentrate on typhoid fever, because when we fight that we not only fight the commonest of the malignant diseases affecting adults, but we also wage war against malignant dysentery and infant mortality, caused by enterocolitis or cholera infantum."

"Well," said the mayor, rubbing his hands, "that's fine! That's fine! Three birds with one stone, eh? Three diseases and bad ones, too, hit with one blow! That's very fine—but how do you explain it?"

"All three diseases," said the doctor, "are spread by the same cause—the failure to dispose adequately of human excreta. In other words, the failure to do properly the most important task which modern living conditions impose on the human race."

"Very important," said the mayor. "In Springfield we have one of the best sewerage systems in the country. You'd find us all right, doctor, if you had us to inspect instead of the poor farmers—ha, ha, ha! Well, anything the city can do for you we shall be glad to do. You may need an office. I dare say we can find you a place in the city building."

"We have opened offices in the county courthouse," said the doctor, "and are now mailing letters to every home in the county, telling the people what we are doing and warning them of our expected visitation. I understand that there was a good deal of typhoid in town last summer, Mr. Mayor?"

"Ah, hum! A little, a little," admitted the mayor. "Inevitable, I suppose. The irreducible minimum, as our health officer, Doctor Pepsin, will tell you. Eh, Pepsin?"

"I am not so sure about that," said Doctor Pepsin. "I am not prepared to say that over two hundred cases last year, and some thirty deaths, is the irreducible minimum."

"Well," said the mayor, "I hope the doctor will look us over—look us over. Eh, doctor?"

"All right," said the epidemiologist, "I will. And first, let us have a look at your water supply."

"Good!" chuckled the mayor. "That is what we pride ourselves upon—cold, clear, pure! I'll go with you. Let's go in my car to the reservoir and pumping station."

"I'd rather, if you please," said the epidemiologist, "go to the intake."

"The intake?" queried the mayor in astonishment. "Why, bless my soul, we scarcely ever think of the intake—rather uninteresting to visitors; but by all means—certainly—let us visit the intake."

The intake sucked water from a clear flowing stream, the watershed of which was a hilly, partly wooded, partly cultivated region. The water looked good, but was it good?

"We'll know in a day or so," said the epidemiologist. "I sent off a sample for examination. What are those huge buildings over the hill yonder?"

"One of our state institutions," replied the mayor. "Splendid institution too. You must visit it."

"How many inmates has it?" inquired the epidemiologist.

"Several hundred," said the county health officer.

"Regarded," said the mayor, "as one of the best-managed ——"

"And its sewage?" inquired the epidemiologist. "What is done with it?"

"Bless me!" exclaimed the mayor. "I haven't the faintest idea—do you know, Doctor Pepsin?"

"Really I do not," replied Pepsin.

"I know," said the county physician. "It discharges into this river."

"Below the intake, of course," suggested the epidemiologist.

"I never thought of it before in this connection," said the county physician, "but it discharges right up there above this bend—above the intake."

The Disease Detective on the Trail

"I WON'T need the report of the bacteriologist," said the epidemiologist. "Your people are drinking sewage!"

The mayor looked at the epidemiologist, a slow flush of anger spreading over his face, which gradually paled into dismay.

"Sir," said he, "it's a well-known fact that no city has a better water supply than Springfield. I cannot permit any outsider to come in ——"

These brave words accompanied the flush of anger. They terminated in the rhetorical pause which was emphasized by the look of dismay. He turned to Doctor Pepsin.

"This must be kept quiet," said the mayor.

"Why, everybody must already know it," said the epidemiologist.

"Everybody who has given it a thought," said the county physician.

"After all, beyond rinsing their drinking glasses and drinking out of tin dippers around next to the handle, where everybody else drinks," said the epidemiologist, "and noting the fact as to whether the water is clear and cold, people seldom have thought much about their water supply. If disease-producing bacteria could only be bred up to the size of mice, the work of the sanitary engineer would be rendered much easier."

"It must be kept quiet," said the mayor. "I dare say," he added, bracing up, "that the contamination is negligible; but it must be looked into, Doctor Pepsin—it must be looked into. Let us move as quietly as possible to remedy these evils."

"Sanitation," said the epidemiologist, "is a matter of public education. You cannot educate a people on the sly. I should suggest that the outlet of this sewer be extended at once to a point below the intake, that a really modern purification system be adopted for your city

"They're Goin' Round in Pairs, Looking Into Stables and Outbuildings"

water, and that you make just as much noise as possible about it, instead of keeping it quiet. I have a meeting of the labor council to address in about half an hour. Suppose we take up this matter at some future time. This water is the cause of some of your typhoid; but I shall be surprised, from what I have seen of the city, if we do not find other and more potent causes."

The mayor's car discharged the most disturbing—but the least disturbed—of its passengers at a rusty-looking building on a back street, which bore over its doorway the sign, Labor Temple, and proceeded with the remainder of the party to the city hall. The two physicians and the mayor stood for a moment on the curb, communing with each other in silence.

"This fellow," said the mayor, "is a disturber. You experts must show him he can't run roughshod over us with his finely spun theories, the way he did this morning. I was humiliated." And the mayor passed on into his office.

"That sewer outlet, Pepsin," said the county physician, "looked to me a little more substantial than a finely spun theory. It looked to me like a fact as big as a horse."

"I'm afraid," said Doctor Pepsin, "that it's a horse on me; but the blamed thing was there long before I took office. I can't see that I'm to blame."

"Say," said the deputy county auditor to the chief of detectives, "you think you are some fly cop, but that doctor in uniform has got you beat four ways from the jack."

"How's that?" asked the local Sherlock Holmes. "He's nothin' but one of Uncle Sam's doctors, earning a fat salary out here tellin' us folks how we ought to live."

"He's a real fly cop," said the deputy county auditor. "He's a detective who really detects. He's makin' a census of all the flies in Springfield. He's a regular fly hound. He's mapping the routes of travel of every fly in this town. He knows the post-office address of every fly that comes into the bakery, or the butcher shop, or the grocery store, or the kitchen. He knows just what outhouse and stable and hogpen each fly visited on his trip. He's going to get up a report on the fly industry of Springfield that will curl your whiskers."

The Surgeon General's Letter

"WELL, that's one way for a grown man to make a livin', ain't it?" exclaimed the detective as he departed.

"Say," broke in the sheriff, "when I run for office again, I'd like to have those fellows here to manage my campaign. Have you got one of their letters?"

"Sure," said the deputy county auditor. "Everybody's got one—farmers and people in the outside towns. Here's mine. The 'Treasury Department,' it says, 'Bureau of Public Health Service, Washington.'"

Dear Sir: On request of your state board of health, and in coöperation with it and the county authorities, the United States Public Health Service is undertaking a study of conditions in your county affecting health, with special reference to the prevention of diseases such as typhoid fever. The salaries and expenses of the Public Health Service officers engaged in the work are borne wholly by the National Government. These officers are to visit your home and every other home in your county. This letter is to let you know in advance about work which you can help to make of particular benefit to your home and to your neighborhood.

This study of health conditions in your county is part of a general sanitary survey being made by the Public Health Service in representative counties in a number of states. The main purpose of this survey is to determine the sanitary conditions existing in the rural districts generally of the United States and the best methods for their improvement. In the last two years similar studies have been made in Berkeley County, West Virginia; Lawrence County, Indiana; Union County, Mississippi; Dorchester and Anne Arundel Counties, Maryland; Orange County, North Carolina; Walker County, Alabama; Wilson County, Kansas; and Dallas County, Iowa. As a result of the surveys in those counties, sanitary conditions have been improved and sickness reduced.

The officers who will visit the homes in your county are trained in sanitation, and after making their studies they will be able to advise about health conditions, particularly as to water supplies and refuse disposal, in each neighborhood. These men will learn, from their studies in your community, facts which may be presented with advantage to other communities. You may be able to obtain from them information, gathered from their studies in other communities, which will be of use to you in further protecting your household against preventable diseases.

The benefit to your community from this undertaking by your National, state and county governments will depend upon the active interest of the individual citizens. If you and your neighbors will give to the workers and the work your cordial support and assistance, your county can be made one of the several most healthful counties in the United States.

Respectfully,
RUPERT BLUE,
Surgeon General.

Your county is exceedingly fortunate in being one of those selected for this vitally important work, and I urge you to take full advantage of the opportunity afforded our citizens by the United States Public Health Service.

A. GOODWIN, M. D.
State Health Officer.

"I wonder," said the sheriff, "if it's on the square, in what it says about visiting all the homes in the county."

"I guess it is," said the deputy county auditor. "They've already begun.

"They're goin' round in pairs, visiting the farmers, looking into their hogpens, stables and outbuildings, finding out whether their water supply is contaminated, and taking a regular census of the families' medical history, and holdin' meetings like a regular campaign."

"I thought," said the sheriff, "that it was going to be a survey of rural sanitation. I didn't expect

"We are Here," Said Mr. John Smith, "to Protest Against Having Such Legislation Rushed Through"

"I Urge You to Take Full Advantage of the Opportunity Offered Our Citizens"

they'd go to digging into things here in town, but they are."

They certainly were. They had already dug into the affairs of such towns as North Yakima, Washington; Martinsburg, West Virginia; Bedford, Indiana; New Albany, Mississippi; Cambridge and Annapolis, Maryland; Hillsboro, North Carolina; Jasper, Alabama; Fredonia, Kansas; Perry and Adel, Iowa; and dozens of other towns and villages, and in the first nine counties covered by these surveys had made a careful physical and statistical study of about forty-seven thousand rural homes.

Stamping Out Infectious Diseases

THROUGH their surveys they had practically eliminated typhoid fever from the town of North Yakima, Washington, although prior to the time of their survey in 1911, the deaths from typhoid in that little city had averaged between twenty-five and thirty a year. They had driven typhoid fever out of the rural districts of Yakima County, which in 1910 had lost twenty-five lives through death by typhoid. In 1911, the year of their survey, the death rate fell to eleven; in 1912, to three; and in 1913, deaths from typhoid disappeared from the county. Their survey had in Orange County, North Carolina, cut the death rate from typhoid in half. In Berkeley County, West Virginia, their survey, made in 1914, reduced the number of cases of typhoid in the county from two hundred and fifty-nine in 1913 to twenty in 1915, with no deaths at all in the latter year. In Dorchester County, Maryland, these gentlemen had seen their work reduce the number of cases in one year from one hundred and fifteen to twenty, and the number of deaths from fifty-one to three. Lawrence County, Indiana, a county which received one of their educational surveys in 1914, rejoiced in the fact that the number of cases had fallen from ninety-seven in 1913 to thirty in 1915, and the number of deaths from fourteen to five; while in Wilson County, Kansas, their survey had cut the typhoid rate exactly in two.

The Government officers knew they could do this thing in any county in the United States. Furthermore, they knew that they could leave any such county so thoroughly awakened and enlightened that the good results would be permanent. They knew, too, that while they were doing this they were warding off future attacks of tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases, that they were saving the lives of incalculable numbers of victims of dysentery and enterocolitis; and, believe me, it was some satisfaction to those young scientists to know they left every community not only healthier and stronger in body but cleaner in mind, conscious of having fought filth and conquered, exalted in the knowledge that they had put an ancient barbarism under their feet.

"I have come," said the epidemiologist to the mayor, after a few days, "to make a preliminary report on the sanitary conditions of Springfield."

"Very interesting," said the mayor; "but you know we are already letting a contract for that extension of the state institution sewer. Personally I felt very much humiliated that we had overlooked that matter so long."

"There are some other little matters," said the epidemiologist, "which I think you have overlooked."

"Not so important, however," replied the mayor, "as the sewer."

"Very much more important, I think," said the epidemiologist. "May I appear at your next meeting and report?"

"You astonish me!" exclaimed the mayor. "Come by all means."

The mayor was not prepared, when he gave this invitation, for the gathering by which the meeting of the commission was honored that evening. The ministerial association came in a body. There also came Mrs. John Smith, quite titivated at the great movement of which she was the prime mover, with the committee on civic progress of the Woman's Club. Peter Carroll, president of the Local Federation of Labor, drifted silently in, and slouched into a seat alongside the president and secretary of the Rotary Club; while in a compact group in the rear of the room sat the well-groomed and prosperous-looking delegation from the Chamber of Commerce. The epidemiologist and his aides had made no effort to secure this attendance; but the community was in the grip of a great idea—one of the sort of ideas which are the only legitimate field of municipal politics.

Nobody thought of Republican or Democrat there; they were too absorbed in the vision of little babies passing from convulsions into the coma which precedes death, of the crippled and killed from infantile paralysis, of the scourge of typhoid, of the murrains which afflict man through his failure to solve the primal problem of the disposal of the poisons from the body, of the horrible thought that the presence in their society of these diseases was proof positive that they were eating and drinking the forbidden and accursed thing. Party politics receded to its true insignificance as a city matter in the emergence in their midst, by the conjuration of a few days of truthtelling, of a long-neglected question of life and death in municipal housekeeping. But truth came as of old, not to bring peace to the earth but a sword; and the mayor and the other commissioners felt the prick of that sword, as they saw the grave but formidable group of their fellow citizens before them. They did not know what was coming; but they knew that when the people arise it always disarranges programs and makes trouble. At last the mayor announced that the epidemiologist had a report to make to them.

"You are all familiar," said he, "with the work which is being done by these gentlemen of the United States Public Health Service. It is, as Doctor Goodwin, our state health officer, says, a matter of congratulation that this work is to be done in Grant County, and I am sure we are all glad that a rather unexpectedly large proportion of it is awarded to our little city. We shall now listen to the report."

"This report," said the epidemiologist, "is, of course, purely unofficial so far as the city is concerned. We are here by invitation to make one of our studies in rural sanitation. We have studied a hundred thousand homes, we are beginning to know what the facts mean. The public health service is here in Grant County educating itself. In collecting data it finds out things that are of importance to the communities in which we work. I have taken the liberty, this being a public meeting, to invite some representative citizens, women and men, to come and listen, so as to save me the labor of presenting this report a multiplicity of times."

The commissioners exchanged glances and looked at the serried ranks of grave faces before them. The mayor scowled slightly at the epidemiologist, who pursued the even tenor of his way.

"First perhaps," he went on, "I may venture to explain why in a survey of rural sanitation we include so large a town as Springfield. The reasons are both statistical and sanitary. The census figures of the United States classify as rural population all the towns in Grant County except Springfield. From the sanitary viewpoint even this city and the country cannot be separated. A year or so ago an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out in a city by reason of infected food being served at a public dinner. Part of the guests lived in the country and part in the city. The infection was traced to a dish of Spanish spaghetti which was served with a sauce made mostly of milk. The sauce was prepared the preceding day by a typhoid-carrying person at her farm home, and baked at the dining hall on the morning of the dinner. The infection came from the country to the city, was disseminated over the city and back to the country by a city function. Country people buy food in the city. It is often contaminated. Milk comes from country to city and is easily and frequently contaminated. Diseases react from the city on the country, and vice versa. No community liveth unto itself alone, and still less does any community get sick unto itself alone, or die to itself alone. We are all members one of another."

The members of the ministerial association looked at each other and smiled. This scientist was stealing their thunder, and they liked it.

"Typhoid is the disease on which we lay greatest stress because it is easily diagnosed, and when you have it you know it. It is an unfailing clew to bad sewage disposal; for it never attacks a person who has not eaten or drunk the excreta of the human body. Now you have in Springfield a very good sewerage system—as far as it is good. Unfortunately a system which disposes of less than the whole of the body wastes of its population is not satisfactory. And Springfield falls far short of such complete disposal."

The Dotted Map of Springfield

"THERE are in the city of Springfield, by a rather incomplete actual count, two thousand three hundred and thirty closets which are not connected with the sanitary system."

There was a slight sensation. Mrs. John Smith's face registered horror and disgust.

"Where are they?" asked the mayor.

The epidemiologist exhibited a map of Springfield on which he had made a large number of dots—twenty-three hundred and thirty dots, to be accurate—representing the locations of the unsewered closets. The dots were, in the main, about where they would have been located if they had been shaken, upon a relief map of Springfield, out of a pepperbox, and rolled downhill into the hollows, ravines, river bottoms and out on the water front, along the railroad tracks, and about the outlying factories and industrial plants. On the hills where the well-to-do people lived the dots were very few, but in the suburbs, far out at the ends of the street-car lines, they appeared again, running over the hills and into the hollows, in all that belt which surrounds most cities and towns, occupied by people who have bought cheap lots, for which they are paying on the installment plan—the zone beyond the modern homes.

Mrs. John Smith and the other prominent people present sought out on the map their own homes and breathed sighs of relief. Sewer connections were universal in their neighborhoods. But the Reverend Charles Adair, who was pastor of the Calvary Mission, down near the slaughter-houses, and Pete Carroll, president of the Federation of Labor, looked askance at this map. Each of them had children, and each of them lived in a nest of dots.

"Certain areas of the city," said the epidemiologist, "are free from these dots. Here are the places of the well-to-do. Do not think, however, that this gives them any immunity from infection. Look at them! They are merely islands in a sea of disease centers. On Grand Avenue your very best homes are built. From Grand Avenue

(Continued on Page 30)

"He's Going to Get Up a Report on the Fly Industry of Springfield That Will Curl Your Whiskers"

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XII

THE *sultani* duly appeared the next morning, women brought in firewood and products of the country to trade; all was well. The entire day, and the succeeding days for over a week, Kingozi sat under his big tree, smoking his black pipe. The *sultani* sat beside him. For long periods at a time nothing at all was said. Then for equally long periods a lively conversation went on, through an interpreter mostly, though occasionally the *sultani* launched into his bastard Swahili, or Kingozi ventured a few words in the new tongue. Occasionally some intimate would saunter into view, and would be summoned by his king. Then Kingozi patiently did the following things:

(a) He performed disappearing tricks with a rupee or other small object, causing it to vanish, and then plucking it from unexpected places.

(b) With a pair of scissors—which were magic aplenty in themselves—he cut a folded paper in such a manner that when unfolded a row of paper dolls was disclosed. This was a very successful trick. The pleased warriors dandled them up and down delightedly in an *n'goma*.

(c) He opened and shut an opera hat. The ordinary "plug hat" was known to these people, but not an opera hat.

(d) He allowed them to look through his prism glasses.

(e) On rare occasions he lit a match.

This vaudeville entertainment was always a huge success. The newcomers squatted round the two chairs, and the conversation continued.

Bibi-ya-chui occasionally stood near and listened. The subjects were trivial in themselves, and repeated endlessly. Ten minutes of this bored her to the point of extinction. She could not understand how Kingozi managed to survive ten hours day after day. Only once was he absent from his post, and then for only a few hours. He went out, accompanied by Simba and a dozen *shenzis*, and shot a wildebeeste. The tail of this—an object much prized as a fly whisk—he presented to his majesty. All the rest of the time he talked and listened.

"It is such childish nonsense!" the Leopard Woman expostulated. "How can you do it?"

"Goes with the job. It's a thing you must learn to do if you would get on in this business."

And once more she seemed to catch a glimpse of the infinity of savage Africa, which has been the same for uncounted ages, impersonal, without history, without the values of time!

But had she known it, Kingozi was getting what he required. Information came to him a word now, a word then; promises came to him in single phrases lost in empty gossip. He collected what he wanted grain by grain from bushels of chaff. The whole sum of his new knowledge could have been expressed in a paragraph, took him a week to get, but was just what he wanted. If he had asked categorical questions he would have received lies. If he had attempted to hurry matters he would have got nothing at all.

About sundown the *sultani* would depart, followed shortly by the last straggler of his people. The succeeding hours were clear of *shenzis*, for either the custom of the country or the presence of strangers seemed to demand an *n'goma* every evening. In the night stillness sounds carried readily. The drums, no longer rubbed but beaten in rhythm; the shrill wailing chants of women; the stamp and shuffle of feet; the cadenced clapping of hands, rose and fell according to the fervor of the dance. The throb of these sounds was as a background to the evening—fierce, passionate, barbaric.

After the departure of the *sultani* Kingozi took a bath and changed his clothes. The necessity for this was more mental than physical. Then he relaxed luxuriously. It was then that he resumed his relations with the Leopard Woman, and that they discussed matters of more or less importance to both.

The first evening they talked of the wonder of the ivory stockade. Kingozi had not yet had an opportunity to find out whence the tusks had come, whether the elephants had been killed in this vicinity or whether the ivory had been traded from the Congo. "It is very valuable," he said. "I must find out whether old Stick-in-the-Mud knows what they are worth, or whether he can be traded out of them on any reasonable basis."

"You will not be going farther," she suggested one evening, apropos of nothing.

"Farther? Why not?" he asked rather blankly.

"You told me you were an ivory hunter," she pointed out.

"Ah—yes. But I have hardly the goods to trade—come back later," he stumbled, for once caught off his guard. "I'm really looking for new hunting grounds."

She did not pursue the subject; but the enigmatic smile lurked for a moment in the depths of her eyes.

Every night after supper Kingozi caused his medicine chest to be brought out and opened, and for half an hour he doctored the sick. On this subject he manifested an approach to enthusiasm.

"I know I can't doctor them all," he answered her objection, "and that it's foolish to pick out one here and there; but it interests me. I told you I was a medical student by training." He fingered over the square bottles, each in its socket. "This is not the usual safari drug list," he said. "I like to take these queer cases and see what I can do with them. I may learn something; at any rate it interests me. McCloud, at Nairobi, fitted me out, and told me what it would be valuable to observe."

She appeared interested, and shortly he became enough convinced of this to show and explain each drug separately. The quinine he carried in the hydrochlorate instead of the sulphate, and he waxed eloquent telling her why. Crystals of iodine as opposed to permanganate of potash for antiseptic he discussed. From that he branched into antisepsis as opposed to asepsis as a practical method in the field.

"Theory has nothing to do with it," said he. "It's a matter of which will work!"

It was all technical; but it interested her for the simple reason that Kingozi was really enthusiastic. True enthusiasm, without pose or self-consciousness, invariably arouses interest.

"Now here's something you'll never see in another safari kit," said he, holding up one of the square bottles, "and that wouldn't be found in this one except for an accident. It's pilocarpine."

"What is pilocarpine?" she asked, making a difficulty of the word.

"It is really a sort of eye dope," he explained. "You know atropine—the stuff an oculist uses in your eyes when he wants to examine them—leaves your vision blurred for a day or so."

"Yes, I know that."

"The effect of atropine is to expand the pupil. Pilocarpine is just the opposite—it contracts the pupil."

"What need could you possibly have of that?"

"There's the joke; I haven't. But when I was outfitting I could not get near enough phenacetin. I suppose you know that we use phenacetin to induce sweating as first treatment of fever."

"I am not entirely ignorant. I can treat fevers, of course."

"Well, I took all they could spare. Then McCloud suggested pilocarpine. Though it is really an eye drug, to be used externally, it also has an effect internally to induce sweating. So I have it."

She was examining the bottles.

"But you have atropine also. Why is that?"

"There's a good deal of ophthalmia or trachoma floating round some native districts. I thought I might experiment."

"And this?" She picked up a third bottle. "Ah, yes, morphia. But how much alike they all are."

"In appearance, yes; in effect most radically and fatally different—like people," smiled Kingozi.

But though Kingozi's scientific interest was keen in certain directions—as ethnology, drugs and zoölogy—it had totally blind spots. Thus the Leopard Woman kept invariably on her table the bowl of fresh flowers; and she manifested an unfailing liking to investigate such strange shrubs, trees, flowers or nondescript growths as flourished thereabouts.

"Do you know how one names these?" she asked him concerning certain strange blooms.

"I know nothing whatever about vegetables," he replied with indifferent scorn.

Several times after that, forgetting, she proffered the same question and received exactly the same reply. Finally it became a joke to her. Slyly, at sufficient intervals so that he should not become conscious of the repetition, she took delight in eliciting this response, always the same, always delivered with the same detached scorn:

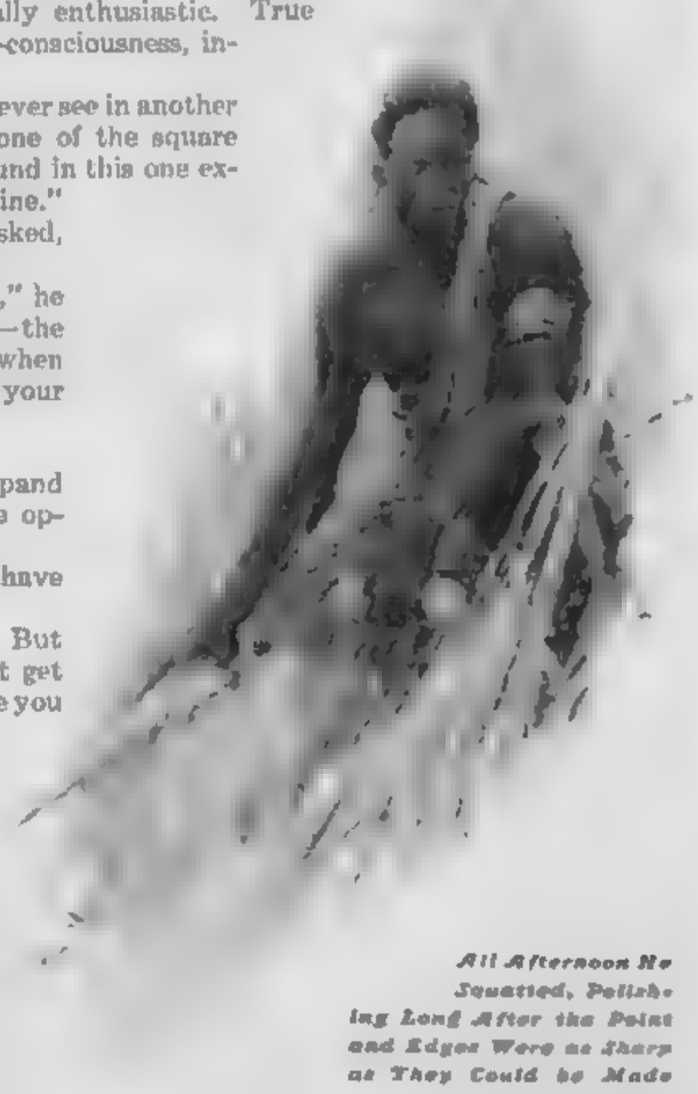
"I know nothing whatever about vegetables."

In the meantime, Simba, with great enthusiasm, continued his drill of the *askaris*. Kingozi gave them an hour early in the day. They developed rapidly from wild trigger yanking. An allowance of two cartridges apiece proved them no great marksmen, but at least steady on discharge.

The "business conversation" Kingozi projected with the Leopard Woman did not take place until late in the week. By that time he had pieced together considerable information, as follows:

The mountain ranges at their backs possessed three practicable routes. Beyond the ranges were grass plains with much game. Water could be had in certain known places. No people dwell on these plains. This was because of the tsetse fly that made it impossible to keep domestic cattle. Far, very far—perhaps a month, who knows?—is the country of the *sultani* M'tela. This is a very great *sultani*—very great indeed—a *sultani* whose spears are like the leaves of grass. His people are fierce, like the Masai, like the people of Lobengula, and make war their trade. His people are known as the Kabilagani. The way through the mountains is known; guides can be had. The way across the plains is known; but for guides one must find representatives of a little, scattered plains tribe. That can be done. *Polo* for two weeks can be had, and so on.

Kingozi was particularly interested in these Kabilaganis, and pressed for as much information as he could. Strangely enough, he did not mention the ivory stockade, nor did he attempt either to trade or to determine whether or not the *sultani* knew its value.



All Afternoon He Squatted, Polishing Long After the Point and Edges Were as Sharp as They Could be Made

At the end of eight days he knew what he wished to know.

"I shall leave in two days," he told the Leopard Woman. "I should suggest that you go to-morrow. I will send Simba with you to show you the water hole in the kopje. After that you know the country for yourself."

"But I am not going back!" she cried. "I am going on."

"That is impossible." He went on to explain to her what he had learned of the country ahead; omitting, however, all reference to M'tela and his warrior nation. "More plains; more game. That's all. You have more of that than you can use back where we came from. And with every step you are farther away. I am going on—very far. I may not come back at all."

She listened to all his arguments, but shook her head obstinately at their end.

"Your plan does not please me," said she. "I will go and see these plains for myself."

This was final, and Kingozi at last came to see it so.

"I was going to suggest that I relieve you of your *askaris*," said he, "but if you persist in this foolish and aimless plan you will need them for yourself."

"Cannot we go together, at least for a distance?"

But to this he was much opposed.

"I shall be traveling faster than your cumbersome safari," he objected. "I could not delay."

And in this decision he seemed as firm as had she in her intention to proceed. After a light reconnaisance, so to speak, of argument, appeal and charm, she gave over trying to persuade him, and fell back on her usual lazily indifferent attitude. Kingozi went ahead with his preparations, laying in *potio*, examining kits, preparing in every way his compact little caravan for the long journey before it. Then something happened. He changed his mind and decided to combine safaris with the Leopard Woman.

XIII

FOR several nights the plain below the plateau had been a sea of moonlight—white, ethereal, fragile as spun glass. Each evening the shadow of the mountains had shortened, drawing close under the skirts of the hills. In stately, orderly progression the quality of the night world was changing. The heavy, brooding darkness was being transformed to a fairy delicacy of light.

And the life of the world seemed to feel this change, to be stirring, at first feebly, then with growing strength. The ebb was passed; the tides were rising to the brim. Each night the throb of the drums seemed to beat more passionately, the rhythm to become quicker, wilder. The wailing chants of the women rose in sudden gusts of frenzy. Dark figures stole about in shadows; so that Kingozi, becoming anxious, gave special instructions, and delegated trusty men to see that they were obeyed.

"If our men get to fooling with their women they'll spear the lot of us!" he explained.

And at last, like a queen whose coming has been prepared, a queen in whose anticipation life had quickened, the moon herself rose serenely above the ranges.

Immediately the familiar objects changed; the familiar shadows vanished. The world became a different world, full of enchantment, of soft singing birds, of chirping insects, of romance and recollections of past years, of longings and the spells of barbaric Africa.

Kingozi sat with the Leopard Woman "talking business" when this miracle took place. When the great rim of the moon materialized at the mountain's edge, he abruptly fell silent. The spell had him, as indeed it had all living things. From the village the drums pulsed more wildly, shoutings of men commenced to mingle with the voices of the women; a confused clashing sound began to be heard. In camp the fires appeared suddenly to pale. A vague uneasiness swept the squatting men. Their voices fell; they exchanged whispered monosyllables, dropping their voices they knew not why.

The Leopard Woman arose and glided to the edge of the tree's shadow, where she stood gazing upward at the moon. Kingozi watched her. He, old and seasoned traveler as he was, had indeed fallen under the spell. He did not consider it extraordinary, nor did it either embarrass or stir his senses, that standing as she did before the moon and the little fires her body showed in clear silhouette through her silken robe. Apparently this was her only garment. It made a pale nimbus about her. She seemed to the vague remnant of Kingozi's thinking perceptions like a priestess, her slim, beautiful form erect, her small head bound with the golden fillet from which, he knew, hung the jewel on her forehead. As though meeting this thought, she raised both arms toward the moon, standing thus for a moment in the conventional attitude of invocation. Then she dropped her arms and came back to Kingozi's side.

Again it was like magic, the sudden blotting out of the slim, human figure, the substitution of the draped form as she moved from the light into the shadow. But on Kingozi's retina remained the vision of her as she was. He shifted, caught his breath.

As she came near him his hand closed over hers, bringing her to a halt. She did not resist, but stood looking down at him, waiting. He struggled for an appearance of calm.

"Who are you?" he asked unsteadily. "You have never told me."

"You have named me—Bibi-ya-chui—the Woman of the Leopards."

She was smiling faintly, looking down at him through half-closed eyes.

"But who are you? You are not English."

"My name—you have given it. Let that suffice. Me—I am Hungarian." She stooped ever so slightly and touched the upstanding mop of his wavy hair. "What does it matter else?" she asked softly.

She was leaning. The moonlight came through the branches where she leaned. The little fires—again the silken robes became a nimbus—and the drums of the *n'goma*, the drums seemed to be throbbing in his veins.

He leaped to his feet and seized her savagely by the shoulders. The soft silk slipped under his fingers. She threw back her head, looking at him steadily. Her eyes glowed deep, and the jewel on her forehead.

"You are wonderful, maddening!" Kingozi muttered. This sudden, unexpected emotion swept him away, as a pond, quiet behind the dam, becomes a flood.

"I knew we could be such friends!" she said.

With a Pair of Scissors He Cut a Folded Paper in Such a Manner That When Unfolded a Row of Paper Dolls Was Disclosed

And then one of those tiny incidents happened that so often change the course of greater events. In the darkness that still lingered the other side of the camp an *askari* challenged sharply some lurking wanderer. According to his recent teaching he used the official word.

"*Samama!*" said he.

The metallic rattle of his musket, and the brief official challenge, awakened Kingozi as would a dash of cold water. His instinct to crush to his breast this alluring, fascinating, willing goddess of the moon was as strong as ever. But across that instinct lay the shadow of a former day. A clear picture flashed before his mind. He saw a man in the uniform of a high office, and heard that man's words of instruction to himself. The words had concluded with a few informal phrases of trust and confidence. While these were being spoken, outside a sentry had challenged: "*Samama!*"

With a wrench Kingozi turned, dropping her shoulders. He deliberately ran away. At the edge of his own camp he looked back. She was still standing as he had left her. The moonlight, striking through the opening in the branches, fell across her. At this distance she was merely a white figure; but Kingozi saw her again as she had stood in invocation to the moon. As though she had only awaited his turning, she raised her hand in grave salutation and disappeared.

Kingozi was too restless, too stirred, to sit still. After a vain attempt to smoke a quiet and ruminative pipe, he arose and began to wander about. The men looked up at him furtively from their little fires where meat roasted perpetually. He strode on through the camp. His feet bore him to the narrow lane leading to the village. Down the vista he saw flames leaping, and figures leaping wildly, too, and the drums beat against his temples. He turned back seeking quiet, and so on through camp again, and past the Leopard Woman's tent. His mind was in a turmoil. No perception reached him of outside things, once the disturbance of human creatures was past. His feet led him unconsciously.

It was the old struggle. He desired this woman mightily. That he had been totally indifferent to her before argued nothing. He had been suddenly awakened; and he was in the prime of life. But the very strength of his desire warned him. If he had really been on a hunt for ivory—well!—he wrenched his mind savagely from even a contemplation of possibilities. Still, it would be a very sweet relation in a lonely life—a woman of this quality, this desirability, this understanding, able to travel the wilderness of Africa, eager for the life—young, beautiful, tingling with vitality. In spite of himself Kingozi played with the thought. The fever was in his brain, the magic of the tropic moon was flooding his soul.

Some warning instinct brought him back to the world about him. His steps had taken him down the cañon trail. He stood at the edge of the open plain. Facing him and not twenty yards distant stood a lion.

The sight cleared Kingozi's brain of all its vapors. For the first time he realized clearly what he had done. He, a man whose continued existence in this dangerous country had depended on his unfailing readiness, his ever-present alertness and presence of mind, had committed two of the cardinal sins. In savage Africa no man must at any time stir a foot into the veldt or jungle unarmed; in savage Africa no man must go at night fifty feet from a fire without a torch or lantern.

By day a lion is usually harmless unless annoyed. Game herds manifest no alarm at his presence, merely opening through their ranks a lane for his indifferent passing. But at night he asserts his dominion.

Kingozi realized his deadly peril. The beast bulked huge and black—a wild lion is a third larger than his menagerie relative—looking as large as a zebra against the moonlight. His eyes glowed steadily as he contemplated this interloper in his domain. After a moment he sank prone, extending his head. The next move, Kingozi knew, would be the flail-like thrash of the long tail, followed immediately by the rush.

Nothing was to be done. The immediate surroundings were bare of trees, and in any case the lightning charge of the beast would have caught his victim unless the branches had happened to be fairly overhead.

The glowing eyes lowered. A rasping gurgling began deep in the animal's throat, rising and falling in tone with the inhaling and exhaling of the breath This increased in volume. It became terrifying. The long tail stiffened, whacked first to one side, then to the other. The moment was at hand.

Kingozi stood erect, his hands clenched, every muscle taut. All his senses were sharpened. He heard the voices of the veldt, near and far, and all the little sounds that were underneath them. His vision seemed to pierce the darkness of the shadows, so that he made out the details of the lion's mane, and even the muscles stiffening beneath the skin.

And then at the last moment a kongoni—panic-stricken, running blind, its nose up—broke through the thin bush to the left and dashed across the trail directly between the man and the lion.

African animals are subject to these strange, blind panics, especially at night. The individual so affected appears to lose all sense of its surroundings. It has been known actually to bump into and knock down men in plain and open sight. What had so terrified the kongoni it would be impossible to say. Perhaps a stray breeze had wafted the scent of this very lion; perhaps some other unseen danger actually threatened; or perhaps the poor beast merely awakened from the horror of a too vivid dream.

The diversion occurred at the moment of the lion's greatest tension. His body was poised for the attack, as a bow is bent to drive forth the arrow. Probably without conscious thought on his part instinctively he changed his objective. The huge body sprang; but instead of the man the kongoni was struck down!

Kingozi stooped low and ran hard to the left. When at a safe distance he straightened his back and set his

footsteps rapidly campward. The incident had thoroughly waked him up. His brain was working clearly now, and under forced draft. The magic of moonlight had lost its power. Habits of years reasserted themselves. His usual iron common sense regained its ascendancy; though, strangely enough, there persisted in his mind a mystic feeling for the symbolism of this missed danger.

"Settles it!" he said in his usual fashion of talking aloud. "I'm on a job, and I must do it. Came near being a messy ass!"

He saw plainly enough that a mission such as his had no place in it for women, even such women as Bibi ya-chui. She must go back—or stay here—didn't matter much which. The call of duty sounded very clear. By the time he had reached the level of the upper plateau his mind was fully made up. As far as he was concerned, the Leopard Woman had definitely lost all chance of going on.

The frosted moonlight still lay across the world. It meant nothing but illumination to Kingozi. By its light he discerned a paper lying against a bush; and since paper of any sort is scarce, he picked it up.

At camp he lighted his lantern and spread out his find on the table. It proved to be a map. A glance proved to Kingozi that it was not his property. He remembered a sudden wind squall early in the afternoon. Evidently it had swept the Leopard Woman's table.

The map was in manuscript, very well drawn, and the text was German. From long habit Kingozi glanced first at the scale of miles, then raised his eyes to determine what country was represented. After a moment he arose, took his lantern into his tent, and there spread his find on his cot.

For it was a map of this very locality!

Kingozi examined it with great attention, finally getting out for comparison his own sketch maps. The German map was a more finished product, otherwise they were practically the same. Kingozi searched for and found records of the various waters along his back track. Each was annotated in ink in a language strange to him—probably Hungarian, he reflected. At the dry donga where he had overtaken and rescued the Leopard Woman's water-starved safari he found the legend *Wasser* also.

"Explorations for this map made after the rains," he concluded.

Here the Leopard Woman had written the German word *nein* underscored several times.

So far Kingozi's sketches and the German map were the same. But the German map furnished all details for some distance in advance. This village was indicated, and the mountains and plains beyond. The three practicable routes were plotted by means of red lines. These lines converged at the far side of the ranges, united in one, and proceeded out across the plains. Kingozi counted day's journeys by the indicated water holes up to eleven. Then the map ceased; but an arrow at the end of the red line was explained by a compass bearing, and the name M'tela. And, as far as Kingozi could see, the sole purport of the whole affair was not topography but a route to the country of M'tela!

Here was a facer! As far as anyone knew the country he had just traversed was unexplored. Yet here was a good, detailed map of just that route. Furthermore, a copy was in the hands of this woman who claimed she was out for sport merely and had no knowledge of the country. Yes, she had made just that statement. Of course she might be out merely for adventure, just as she said. If she were of prominence and influence she might easily enough have obtained a copy of a private map. But then, why did she pretend ignorance? She seemed never to have heard of the name of M'tela; yet this map's sole reason for being was that it indicated at least the beginning of a route to M'tela's country.

Could she be on the same errand as himself? That sounded fantastic. Kingozi reviewed the circumstances. M'tela was a formidable myth, gradually taking shape as a reality. He was reported as a mighty chief of distant borders. Tales of a hundred thousand spears drifted back to official attention. Allowing the usual discount, M'tela still loomed as a powerful figure. Nobody had paid very much attention to him until this time, but now his distant border had become important. Through it a new road from the north was projected. The following year the route was to be explored. The friendship of M'tela and his umpty-thousand spears became important. His hostility could cause endless trouble and delay. Kingozi's present job was to lay the foundations for this friendship.

"You have a free hand, Middleton," the very high official had said to him. "We are not going to suggest or advise. Choose your own men; take as many or as few as you please. Take your own time and your own methods. But get the results."

"I appreciate your confidence, sir," Kingozi had replied.

"You and that man Winkleman are the best hands on earth with natives, and we know it. Requisition what you want."

This woman was a Hungarian; she possessed a German official map. Could she be on official business? It did not seem likely. Women are not much good at that sort of thing in Africa. What official business could she be on? The same as his own? That seemed still more unlikely; but, if so, why should they not work together? Germany and England had an equal stake in the opening of this new route. An amicable Boundary Commission had just completed a satisfactory survey between the German and British East African Protectorates. But she had lied to him, and she had acted lies of apparent ignorance. Why that?

Having examined the subject from all sides, and having discovered it as yet incapable of solution, Kingozi characteristically decided to go slow. If she were on the same mission as himself that fact would develop in due time and then they could work together. If she were still on some mission, but a mission other than his own, that fact, too, would in due time develop. If she were merely traveling in idle curiosity—well, she ought not to be!

At the Edge of His Own Camp He Looked Back. She Was Still Standing as He Had Left Her

For Kingozi had changed his mind. No longer was he determined that she must turn back at this point. Now he was equally determined that she must accompany him.

"I'll keep an eye on you, young woman," said he. "You pretend to be very eager to go on with me. We'll see! But now you'll find it difficult to quit this game. You may get more of it than you bargained for. If you are really out just for sport and curiosity I'm sorry for you. But you shouldn't lie!"

He copied the map roughly; then returned it to the spot under the bushes where he had found it.

Next morning he announced to the Leopard Woman his changed decision. He was self-contained and direct. She smiled secretly to herself. She thought she understood both the change of decision and the brusqueness. One was the magic of the tropic moon; the other was the shy, half-ashamed reaction of the strong man whose emotions have controlled him. The proof—that she was going with him.

She was wrong!

XIV

WHEN the day came for departure the Leopard Woman was indisposed and could not travel. At the end of that period eight bags of *posho* disappeared. They had to be replaced. Kingozi occupied the time on the details of his preparations. Then three men deserted, and all loads had to be redistributed. At last they were off.

A horde of savages accompanied them at first. These dropped off one by one until there remained only the guides appointed. The trail led steeply upward. It soon shook free of the thorn tangle and debouched on grassy, rolling shoulders from which a wide, maplike view could be had of the country through which they had passed. Shortly they skirted a deep, cleft cañon in which sang a brook, and at its head came to a forest. The trees were tall, their cover dense; long, ropelike vines hung in festoons. It was very still. A Colobus barked somewhere in the tops; the small green monkeys swung from limb to limb or scampered along the rope vines, chattering. Silent, gaudy birds swooped across dusky spaces. The dripping of water reached the ear; the smell of dampness the nostrils.

This was as far as they went the first day. The climb had been severe; and at the end of three and a half hours the woman announced that she was done up. Nothing remained but to make camp. This was done, therefore; and all the afternoon Kingozi lay flat on the cot he had caused to be brought into the open air, and blew smoke upward, and stared at the maze of limbs in the forest roof. The Leopard Woman kept her tent; but he did not offer to disturb her. He was thinking.

Next day they marched for hours through the forest, and at last came out on more rolling grass shoulders. Evidently this side of the mountains was not abrupt,

(Continued on Page 45)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.
Foreign Subscriptions For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 19, 1916

Good Roads

THE country is now spending well toward two hundred million dollars a year on rural roads—perhaps twice what it was spending for that purpose ten years ago. Faith in good roads has probably increased during the decade in an even greater ratio, and it will be surprising if the expenditure ten years hence is not double two hundred millions.

This is mainly, of course, an effect of the automobile; but a lot of people misjudge the automobile because they forget—or do not know—that in all the more prosperous rural regions a gasoline vehicle nowadays is just about as standard an implement as a mowing machine. The day has long gone by when good roads agitation could be discredited by ascribing it to bloated urban plutocrats who wanted to ride comfortably.

By an act that became law last month the Federal Government purposes to contribute seventy-five million dollars for good country roads used by the postal service, sharing the expense equally with the states or other local units. The work is to be done on specifications approved by the Department of Agriculture, duly inspected and approved.

The Federal Government ought to contribute, for highways are a legitimate national interest. Under this law it helps no community that does not first help itself. Its participation will tend powerfully to standardize road-building and to distribute the results of experience; so it should tend to give a better quality of road for no greater cost.

Twenty-five years ago any given so-called public highway was usually the exclusive affair of a board of supervisors or commissioners who ruled for a year over a territory three or four miles square. Presently the counties came in; then the states; now the Federal Government—which is as it should be.

Credit

THERE are nine and a half million checking accounts in national banks. As state banks hold substantially the same volume of deposits subject to check, the number of checking accounts is probably as great, giving a total of nineteen millions. A very great part of all payments are made by checks drawn against these nineteen million accounts. Against many of them numerous checks are drawn daily. Perhaps they average a check a day. At any given moment millions of checks are afloat, passing from the drawer to his bank. Those drawn in cities big enough to maintain clearing houses and that were deposited in some bank other than the one upon which they were drawn amounted in the first half of this year to one hundred and twenty billion dollars. The total of all checks drawn was certainly a good deal in excess of that.

The Federal Reserve Banks have lately inaugurated a universal system of check clearance, or check collection, by which virtually a check drawn anywhere and sent anywhere will be collected without cost to the man who accepts it in payment of his bill.

It has been proposed to render this collection system still more efficient by requiring postmasters in towns with limited banking facilities to collect checks upon their local banks and to remit cash to the payee's bank.

Of course this enormous business all goes on faith. Occasionally the faith is disappointed. A special report by the Comptroller of the Currency shows that national banks handle about a thousand checks a day that are protested for nonpayment, averaging, perhaps, one check out of ten thousand. The average amount of the protested check is about a hundred and forty dollars. There are a few deadbeats in the country.

Government Aid to Ships

THERE is an exaggerated notion about the extent to which foreign governments aid merchant ships, as a recent comprehensive report by the Department of Commerce shows. Much the greater part of ocean freight is carried in ships that get no government aid. This would include nearly all of the tramp steamers, which are the great freight carriers. Out of a world's tonnage of forty-five million tons, England has nineteen millions, and it is calculated that not over three per cent of it gets government aid.

The government aided in the construction of the Lusitania and its sister ship by lending the company twelve million dollars at two and three-quarters per cent interest—probably two per cent less than the company would have had to pay in the market.

These ships, however, were not only very fast, involving additional expense both for construction and for operation, but were especially built with a view to conversion into naval auxiliaries in wartime. The biggest German line has received virtually no direct aid from the government, and its chief rival has received direct aid only for services to Australasia and the Orient, which comprise a rather small part of its business. England, it should be noted, does not even aid its shipping indirectly by restricting the coasting trade to British bottoms.

France, on the other hand, with a merchant marine about one-tenth the size of England's and less than two-fifths that of Germany, has probably been the most liberal and persistent of governments in paying bounties, subsidies and subventions to shipping. Holland, with a merchant fleet nearly as large as France's, has paid no bounties or subsidies, and has directly aided shipping only by granting mail subventions to improve communication with distant colonies.

In fine, this report shows very conclusively that money aid from the government, whether by advances of capital or payment of subsidies or of mail subventions, is of itself no solution of the merchant marine problem.

Women in Politics

ABOUT nine times out of ten, politics that really counts in the United States is local politics. National politics means mostly whether import duties shall be thirty-three per cent, as in 1915, or forty per cent, as in 1912; whether we shall build twelve fighting ships this year and eight next or eight this year and twelve next; whether the machinery that coördinates banking shall be called a Central Bank or a Federal Reserve Bank.

But, in cities especially, local politics actually touches your life on every side; and when you turn, with a practical mind, to improve the lot of urban American humankind, you are pretty sure sooner or later to run into local politics at some angle or other. There will be a badly conducted public hospital; waste of public poor funds; incompetent school management; a jail in which youths and adepts in vice, or mere suspects and practiced criminals, are herded together; there will be firetrap factories that burn now and then, with a slaughter of girls; tenement ordinances to amend; an intolerable enlistment of militia and police as strike breakers.

There is very little sporting interest in local politics. Yelling one's head off in a convention does not get anywhere with it.

What it requires is an enormous amount of patient, unremitting drudgery; forever agitating and organizing, pegging away at this salient and that sector day in and day out, coming up smiling after every defeat.

Experience here and there indicates that women will do better than men with local politics. Perhaps this is because, being new to politics, they are willing to do the drudgery. Perhaps it is because a great many more intelligent women than men have time for politics, or will take time.

Perhaps it is because they are more sympathetic. We should like to turn part of our local politics over to women. The normal masculine interest in politics is a sporting interest. Applied to local politics, which is much the more important branch, it functions badly.

Farm Mortgage Rates

THE rural credit act which became a law last month provides for two sets of institutions. In the first set the Federal Government may be a stockholder—may, in fact, be the only stockholder; so that may come round to the same thing as lending Government money on farm mortgages. The second set is to be privately owned, but under Government supervision. Neither set can charge more than six per cent on farm loans, or increase that rate indirectly by charging a commission, bonus or fee for making the loan. Both sets must make amortized loans. The rate being strictly limited to six per cent, it rather looks as though private capital, if it goes into the scheme at all, would go in only in those regions where the going rate on farm mortgages is not above six per cent.

However, it is an experiment the outcome of which nobody can predict with assurance. To the extent that it gets farmers cheaper money without lowering the quality of the security and without simply taking the money out of the Federal Treasury, it will justify itself. But how it will materially assist tenants to become landowners, as the loan cannot exceed fifty per cent of the value of the land and twenty per cent of the value of the insured improvements, we are unable to see.

Trade Foundations

YOU are hearing a good deal about our enormous exports in the fiscal year that ended recently; but imports also broke all records, and that fact is promising. From Europe we imported even less than in the year before and roughly only two-thirds as much as in 1914; but from Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, China, the East Indies, Japan, Australia, the Philippines we imported much more. These roughly are the countries to which we are turning for new or broader markets. No doubt last year's big imports imply the making of stronger, broader credit relations, and so promise well for future trade.

There are factors that do not show in the trade returns of the Department of Commerce. That is, during the last year or so many foreign banks have, for the first time, opened accounts in this country; a good many importers and exporters abroad who formerly relied on London to finance their business have turned to New York; the prime instrument of international trade, the banker's acceptance, has come increasingly into use here.

Incidentally, in the latter part of the year about two-thirds of all the imports came in duty-free. For raw materials at least we can now offer a big free market.

Anything to Fight About

NIETZSCHE was of opinion that a good war justifies any cause. A distinguished American has pointed out that invidious patriotism is simply the modern substitute for religion as a cause of war.

There has been a great change of emphasis in comparatively short time. It is but little more than one generation since Borrow died. In early manhood he cheerfully suffered imprisonment in one of the worst jails in the world for a considerable period rather than obey an order to cease selling copies of the Bible.

As to politics, he wrote: "My good man: I am invariably of the politics of the people at whose table I sit or beneath whose roof I sleep; at least I never say anything which can lead them to suspect the contrary."

Our politeness consists in not disputing anybody's religion and in fighting over politics.

Ships and Protection

IN 1860 England's merchant marine exceeded ours by only a quarter of a million tons. Since then she has accumulated about two-fifths of the world's total tonnage and we have slidden far down the scale as to oversea carriers, the not unnatural result of our shortsighted and vacillating treatment of our shipping interests.

Prosperity, protection, and a shortsighted, unstable attitude on the part of the Government have been our chief handicaps. Rapid pioneering development of the country gave opportunity for more profitable employment of capital and enterprise on land than at sea. During the Civil War, besides the large amount of tonnage destroyed, about seven hundred and fifty thousand tons—relatively much more important then than now—was transferred to foreign registry.

A protectionist law prevented its coming back to American registry. Protection helped to make shipbuilding materials dearer here than abroad and to direct enterprise landward.

Protection has run to such extremes as to make it unlawful for American ships damaged by storm or fire to make more than absolutely necessary repairs in foreign ports without payment of a quasi tariff on the material and labor employed.

The Government has had no intelligent, persistent policy. It has granted subsidies and withdrawn them; granted others that were ineffectual. It now proposes to set up a line of Government ships—not as a permanent provision, but only temporarily, as one more makeshift in an unsettled attitude.

SENTINEL RHEUMATISM

By George Pattullo

SENTINEL rheumatism has reared its sinister head on the Rio Grande. It is an insidious disease that spares neither young nor old, neither fat nor lean. It would as soon go for a long Guardsman as a short one. And its suddenness is appalling. It creeps upon its victim at any hour of the day or night, laying him low in the flush of his manly strength.

One minute he may be romping happily with his fellows in the sunshine—he may be playing second base for Company C against the mutts of Company A—or mayhap he sits peacefully in one of the Life-Saving Stations with beer licenses that they have at the edge of town, cussing the weather and the quartermaster, with side remarks on the captain—he may be doing any of these things—nay, he may even be writing home to his mother—when along comes the dread sentinel rheumatism and crumples him.

The first symptom appears when he is detailed for outpost duty right on the Line. It consists of a silly, feeble grin designed to give the lie to the glint of apprehension in his eyes. Away out there in the brush, where a Mex could pick him off with a pot shot in a second, he reflected. He goes softly to his tent and sits down with a dejected air, like a man who has been punched in the stomach and wishes time to think it over.

After a while he rises to mingle with the others; but he is a changed person. Anyone can see that he is sick. He mopes round, dragging his feet. Anon, he rubs his arm and shoulder; he groans and utters piteous complaints. Those who don't have to go on outpost either pay him no heed whatever or give him the laugh.

The progress of the ailment is bewilderingly rapid. A nurse's chart of it would show an almost vertical line. Before nightfall he has a well-developed case of sentinel rheumatism, and is wearing a heaven-is-my-home expression to impress the company commander with his misery.

He slinks up to the door of the latter's tent and says in a weak, whining voice:

"Cap'n, I'm just too sick to do anything. My laigs hurt when I move 'em, and one's all swelled up. And this arm's so sore I can hardly bear the shirt to touch it."

The captain is unsympathetic.

"How about your feet? Aren't they crippled too? Cold, for instance?" He eyes the sufferer grimly a while and then continues: "Forget it, Lem. I'm disappointed in you. I honestly thought you could do better than that old stuff. Why, you're the tenth man to pull rheumatism on me this week, and it doesn't go any more.

"Now buck up and be a man. To let a Mexican scare you! Haven't you as good a gun as he has, and better? Then what're you bellyachin' about? Besides, what if one of 'em did shoot you? It'd be for your country!"

False Alarms

SO IT ends by Lem's going on outpost duty with a detachment. They are distributed about in couples, and he and another man are put to watch a certain road and challenge anybody moving along or near it.

The night is darker than usual. On both sides of them is a dense jungle of mesquite and cactus and juncus, through which a billion bandits could sneak without betraying a sign. The two sentinels are not far from the river, and sometimes when the moon peeps out through the clouds they catch a glimmer of water.

Look! What's that? Both come erect with rifles ready, muscles taut, flesh prinkling.

"I see somebody," whispers Lem. "There's a bunch trying to cross over, Ed. See that blur? Right where my finger is? It's Mexicans sure enough, Ed. You wait here till I run back and tell the captain. We need more men."

"No," Ed replies firmly; "I'll go. You've got rheumatism, Lem, and it would hurt you to run."

But Lem is already streaking back to the detachment's barricaded camp. He comes tearing in with the news just as the captain is dozing off for the third time.

"Holy Smoke!" bellows that officer. "If you can run like that in your delicate state, I wonder how fast you'd do a quarter if you were feeling right?" Then peevishly: "Go on back there and stay with Ed. Bandits nothing! I had a report on those logs an hour ago, farther up."

Upon which Lem returns to his post, but wasting all the time he can en route. He finds Ed in a bad humor, consumed with curiosity as to how he has been spending his vacation. The two sit down on a bank and argue this point in fiery whispers.

Presently there is a soft stirring amid the brush to the right, a crackle of twigs.

"Halt!" Lem yells in a voice you could hear eight miles.

No response; the noise continues.

"Halt, I say! Who goes there?" Ed is close beside him, gripping his weapon.

A vague shape is outlined against the gloom, and both fire together. A crash of boughs, a snort and silence. The two start for camp at the same instant, but Ed noses out first place by a hair.

"Bandits!" he gasps. "Bandits, cap'n! They tried to creep up on us, and me and Lem killed some. Hurry up!"

Out of his cot comes the captain in one mad leap, and shortly the detachment has deployed and is approaching the spot cautiously. The captain is in the lead with an automatic trained on the body in the brush.

"All right," he calls reassuringly. "It's only a cow."

So now you know what sentinel rheumatism is and why so many are afflicted with it.

Yet it is only one of the scores of complaints from which Guardsmen suffer when they wish to secure certificates of disability in order to return home. Excuses have become so numerous that every application is rigidly investigated and many who might have escaped service in the early days of mobilization are now brusquely sent back to the ranks.

Of course there are genuine cases of disability. There is the case of the private in the Minnesota Guard. His regiment is encamped at Llano Grande in a grove of mesquite trees near a pretty little lake. He had made no request for a discharge, but on a morning his company commander was amazed to perceive this man moving aimlessly about camp, picking up stray bits of paper. These he would examine carefully, only to toss aside; and he talked to himself and snickered. The captain called the attention of a sergeant to the performance and ordered him to keep an eye on the fellow.

The Paper He Was Looking For

"HE DOES that all the time, captain, every day," reported the sergeant at the end of a week. "He seems harmless enough, and he's perfectly willing, but he persists in walking round all his spare time like he'd lost something, picking up pieces of paper."

"It's very strange," said the captain thoughtfully. "I expect we'd better send him home before he grows worse."

Accordingly a certificate of disability was secured for the private. When summoned to the captain's tent to receive it a slow grin broke over his face. With that in his fingers he was a civilian again, and could speak his mind.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed genially. "This is the very paper I've been hunting for all week, cap'n."

The order of the War Department to the effect that all men with families dependent on them might secure permission to go home threatened for a while to play havoc with some units. Many tried to take advantage of it, but not so many succeeded. A few hundred have been allowed to return, but the applications of many more hundreds have been rejected. In these cases it was discovered that, though the men had families, they were not dependent on the men's presence at home. That is to say, the employers of these men were paying their full wages to those left behind.

The result of this order may become very serious within the next six weeks and possibly demoralize whole regiments. By that time it is possible that some employers who anticipated drastic action toward Mexico will have tired of paying for military training, and will cut off the allowances. A Chicago man whose concern has been turning loose seven thousand dollars a month to absent employees in the Guard told me the other day in Brownsville that he would order all that stopped at the end of sixty days.

Should such payments cease, the married men and others with dependent relatives will be able to take advantage of the Department's ruling. It may leave a big hole in the Guard.

The National Guard has come along well in ten days. The men have lost their callow look and are rapidly getting used to their uniforms. While that is far from being the chief function of a soldier, it is often an excellent indicator of condition and morale. At first they wore the khaki as a backwoodsman does a new suit of store clothes, but now it is beginning to sit on them comfortably; they are less awkward.

They are rounding into shape in every respect—in camp organization, hospital work, drill, sanitation and discipline. The regulars are helping them. An officer from the Army is attached to each regiment as an inspector instructor, to have charge, under the regimental commander, of the training of the troops, and they are doing excellent work.

Much of the red tape that hampered mobilization has been cut. One alert district commander issued the following order:

"In connection with the supply arrangements of militia troops, quartermasters, ordnance officers, medical supply officers and other supply officers are informed that it is their first duty to see that militia troops are properly supplied. To accomplish this it is not sufficient to wait for the arrival of requisitions. They or their agents must visit the camp of the militia and ascertain in what respect the militia organizations are deficient, and see that the articles are supplied. If the requisitions submitted by the militia contain errors, and the emergency warrants it, issue will be made first and the requisition corrected afterward."

The regulars are going at it in that spirit. Either the Army has been seized with affection for the National Guard, or they have stringent orders from higher-up, for they are aiding with might and main. And judging from the precautions taken to safeguard the health of the troops, and the manner in which they are being fed, there exists somewhere an earnest desire that Brother Bill shall be properly cared for on service. There will be no repetition of 1898.

You cannot either condemn or praise the Guard as a whole. A criticism that applies to some units would be unjust to others, and there are regiments that assuredly do not deserve the bouquets certain others have earned. In fact, any general comment on the National Guard as a whole is always subject to exceptions.

There are regiments in the New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois and Wisconsin Guards that stack up well in training and equipment with troops of the regular army; and again, there are units elsewhere that remind one of the militia rabble of bygone generations. The Illinois Cavalry look like real soldiers and act like them. On the other hand, eighty of the one hundred and twenty-seven men in one company of the Arizona Guard were still wearing civilian clothes on July fifteenth, because they could not get uniforms. Also, their shoes were worn through the soles.

I have seen sixty thousand of the National Guard in their camps along the Border, and I'm strong for them. They have been slow in mobilizing; their mistakes have been numberless and many of them costly; inefficiency has been glaring in spots. But what did the nation expect of raw troops?

Good Soldier Material

There is as good material among them as could be found in any corresponding number of men anywhere. It stands to reason they will make good soldiers. They have intelligence and initiative. Any man who can hold down a fair job in civil life is bound to make a fine soldier when he turns his attention to it in earnest. All he needs is the training. And he shouldn't be jeered at in the process of acquiring it.

Granted that the motives impelling some to join were social—that they went in to get to the annual encampments, or for rifle practice—assign any motives you like. The fact remains that they are there, and a sense of duty must be back of it with the bulk of them.

Surely there was much more than a desire for excitement in the impulse that sent so many staunch citizens to the Border. Put yourself in their place. It's a rotten place to spend the heated term. No man would voluntarily abandon a comfortable livelihood to go soldiering in times like these unless imbued with a stern sense of patriotism. It would be well to remember this when criticizing the Guard. Bear in mind that it is a volunteer organization, and there is nothing in it for most of them but sacrifice.

You never saw human beings more disappointed than were the Guard when they detrained to settle down to camp life. Hardly a man of them but expected to spring blithely from the train, ford the Rio Grande and strike into Mexico without foolish delays. Instead, they were sent out to grub underbrush and wield axes and picks and shovels, they had to drill and take long hikes. In leisure hours they built regimental streets and hauled sand.

Sore is their spirit. They see nothing ahead but routine work during weeks of punishing heat and rain and months of punishing heat and dust, and a lot of them are sick of their job already. They figure that they could do that sort of thing at home, near the folks and business.

"Why," exclaimed a major of infantry hotly, "were we called down here? Was all this designed to be a sort of training camp? It works a hardship on the Guard. Ninety per cent of them are on the Border at a severe sacrifice.

"Take my own case. I came because I thought there was need of my services and it was my duty to come. Every week I'm here sees my law practice slipping away from me. If we are kept down here six months I'll have to start all over again. And if we are sent home without the Mexican trouble being finally settled with it looming as a menace that may draw us back again—well, look out! We're up in the air. That's the plain truth of it. We don't know where we stand or what'll come next. And it naturally makes us a bit dissatisfied."

Little Alcohol Consumed

I found this temper wherever I went. The Guard came down from the North and East and West and South in confident expectation of a scrap, and so were able to yell and cheer when their trains drew in after a hundred hours on the road in day coaches. That spoke volumes for their endurance. But now they have no inclination to cheer. Officers and men who were called out in 1898 tell me that nothing like the zeal exists to-day that existed then. In 1898 they went whooping because there was war and they anticipated getting into it. Wild scenes ensued all along the line of troop movements. It was a frenzy of patriotism.

In eleven towns visited, where units of the National Guard are stationed, we found creditable sobriety. Of course prohibition prevailed in some of these by local ordinance or state law, but it was possible to secure drinks; and even where there were saloons, the Guard went at it moderately. The soda fountains did many times the business of the bars, and there were more of them. At Pharr, McAllen and Mission we saw drug stores and soft-drink stands besieged by crowds of khaki-clad men from sundown until nearly ten o'clock. The bars had their quota, too, but in the ratio of about two to five. Indeed, in a fortnight of moving along the Border I saw fewer drunken Guardsmen than civilians, although the troops far outnumbered the local male adult populations.

It is growing to be the same with the soldier as with every other calling: He finds that booze does not pay, that it is a losing game and hurts his health. He has discovered that commanders frown on it, and people with whom he would like to associate are temperate and prone to shy off from a hard drinker. Therefore he has cut it out in large measure.

The effect of this has been noteworthy. Up to time of writing there have been no epidemics. Some of the Pennsylvania infantry ate too much canned beef on board train and fell ill of malnutrition, and forty of the Massachusetts were poisoned by tinned goods; but there were no fatalities. Fever and sore arms have been general because of vaccination and the typhoid prophylactic; and there have been other ailments, and a few deaths from accidents and a variety of causes. But those were only to be expected in the mobilization of a hundred thousand men. On the whole, the health of the Guard has been excellent.

It is to be devoutly hoped that they maintain their temperance toward both soft drinks and hard. That is no excuse for drinking cold stuff of any description. To do so results in dysentery and kindred troubles. Of course there is not the same tendency to over-indulge in ice cream and sodas as in beer, but the effects of them can be almost as harmful.

From all quarters of the United States have they come, and they represent every nationality on the globe. The Guard faithfully reflects the nation. It is a wonderful policy of

Sergeant Winslow desired to frame up a little poker game by the light of a lantern, with Trooper Callahan and Privates Schwengel, Dubose, Kahan and Albertini abetting him. They invited me to sit in, said they wanted a Scotchman for luck. And in the Arizona Guard they have a company of American-born Mexicans, enlisted to fight Mexico if it ever comes to that; and another of Indians.

There is an entire regiment of negroes at San Antonio. From the colonel to the youngest lieutenant all the officers are colored. They created an awkward situation. When the Southern troops heard of this regiment they hoped to be led out and shot in the Atlantic if they ever saluted a dog-goned one of its officers.

There was every prospect of unpleasantness, until "The Little Man" tactfully arranged the difficulty. He brigaded the colored troops with the Wisconsin and Illinois infantry beyond Fort Sam Houston, and issued an order drawing the attention of all whom it might concern to the fact that this regiment had not come to the Border because they fancied the trip, but in order to serve their country, and at the same time reminding the colored troops that they were in Texas and must comply with state laws and customs respecting their race.

Companies G and E, from Pine Grove and Hamburg, in Pennsylvania, are what the proletariat call Pennsylvania Dutch. All the commands are given in low German, to the huge wonder and delight of the El Pasoans who visit their camp.

Go and see the National Guards from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Michigan at Camps Cotton, Pershing and Stewart, near El Paso; drop in on the First New Jersey Brigade, south of Pirtleville, on the Arizona border; or the Montana National Guard, below the smelter at Douglass; or the boys from California, Connecticut and Idaho, at Nogales, farther west on the Line; or spend a few days with the New Yorkers, at Pharr, McAllen and Mission in the Lower Valley; or sit in the shade of the mesquite trees with the Nebraska, Indiana and Minnesota men, at their Llano Grande camp; or continue your journey to Brownsville and take a peep at the Virginia Guard, on Victoria Heights, or the Illinois Cavalry in their private swamp when it rains; or run up from the Border to San Antonio and browse along the lines of the Illinois Infantry and the Wisconsin National Guard—go anywhere you like along the Mexican Border and you will return with two hard and fast conclusions:

1. Each regiment was the first to mobilize in its state.

2. Each regiment has been pronounced by the general in command of that district to be easily the best he has seen, although he cannot afford to say so publicly lest he hurt the feelings of the others.

How the Cows Keep Cool

Bless 'em! Everywhere it was the same tale. And I believed them all. If it wasn't true in every case it certainly ought to have been.

There are enough stories going the rounds of the camps to stock an almanac. The Nebraskans tell one on Private Worrell, of the 4th. It seems that when he left home the corn was late and only half grown. He went to bed on the train, and next morning gazed out across fields where the waving stalks stood seven feet high. Worrell rubbed his eyes.

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" he exclaimed in amazement. "I never did see corn grow so fast in a night."

A Douglass man tells this one. He says that while a troop train was toiling through New Mexico a New Jersey Guardsman spied a windmill.

"What's that?" he demanded of a comrade.

The other scrutinized the object long and carefully.

"I guess it must be an electric fan for the cows," he announced at last.

There are portions of this yarn that to my mind violate the verities. Frankly, I don't believe all of it. But here is an actual happening: In the Arizona Guard, as I have said before, is an Indian company from Phoenix, which claims to be the first organized in the United States; also a company of Mexicans born in this country. The latter are the sons of Texas pioneers.

One afternoon a Mexican, answering to the familiar name of Villa, was locked up in the guardhouse for a minor offense. They threw in an Indian with him during the night, and when he had got settled to his satisfaction the Indian soberly inquired his companion's name, as one gentleman to another. The guileless Mexican told him.

"What?" cried the Indian. "Villa? Then you're the man I came down here to lick."

It took the entire guard to quell the ensuing disturbance.

Some of the bands have had their troubles on account of high and low altitude. Sergeant Whitcomb, of a Nebraska band, was conducting practice one afternoon and the musicians were sweating over it. Nobody perspires down there. Perspiration is a misnomer on the Border. Well, Sergeant Whitcomb was waving his baton, grievously disgruntled over the volume of sound. There was altogether too much gurgling and tooting for rhythm.

"A little stronger with the trombone there," he shouted to a little man who was already purple in the face.

The trombone artist dropped his instrument with a gesture of despair.

"It ain't my fault," he retorted, mopping his brow. "I blow and I blow, and comes nothing but wind."

The sergeant tested the trombone for himself; then all the other wind instruments, one after the other. It was even so. Their camp was only forty-two feet above sea level, and far greater lung capacity was required than at home.

What about the heat? A perfect flood of twaddle has gone back home about the Border climate. Of course it is hot. The thermometer will range from one hundred to one hundred and twelve in the shade in the middle of the afternoon almost anywhere along the Line at this season. The natives are unanimous in explaining that this is most unusual—but it has been about that way every year.

Tropical Temperatures

A temperature of one hundred and twelve sounds terrific, but temperature is not always a fair gauge of heat in relation to its effect. It is far more oppressive in Chicago and New York with the thermometer at eighty-eight than it is on the Border with it reaching for one hundred and ten. The humidity must be taken into account; also pavements, tall buildings and congested humanity.

Heat prostrations are rare in the Southwest.

On the very days the correspondents accompanying the Guard sent back disturbing reports of the boys' sufferings under the pitiless Texas sun, there were more heat prostrations in New York and Philadelphia than in all the divisions along the Line.

Don't misunderstand me. The weather is hot down there—hot as blue blazes—but it is not the sort of heat that knocks a man out if he is otherwise fit and has taken care of himself on preceding days. I have flanked calves in just such July weather without ill effects, and with rather less discomfort than I experienced years ago in chasing down a newspaper story in Boston.

Then, too, the nights are invariably cool. In the high altitudes of the Arizona and New Mexico Border the temperature takes a long drop after nightfall, and sleeping is not generally attended with discomfort. The change is not so pronounced during the rainy season, yet there is always relief from the rigors of the day.

Down in the Lower Valley of the Rio Grande they get a breeze from the Gulf which makes amends.

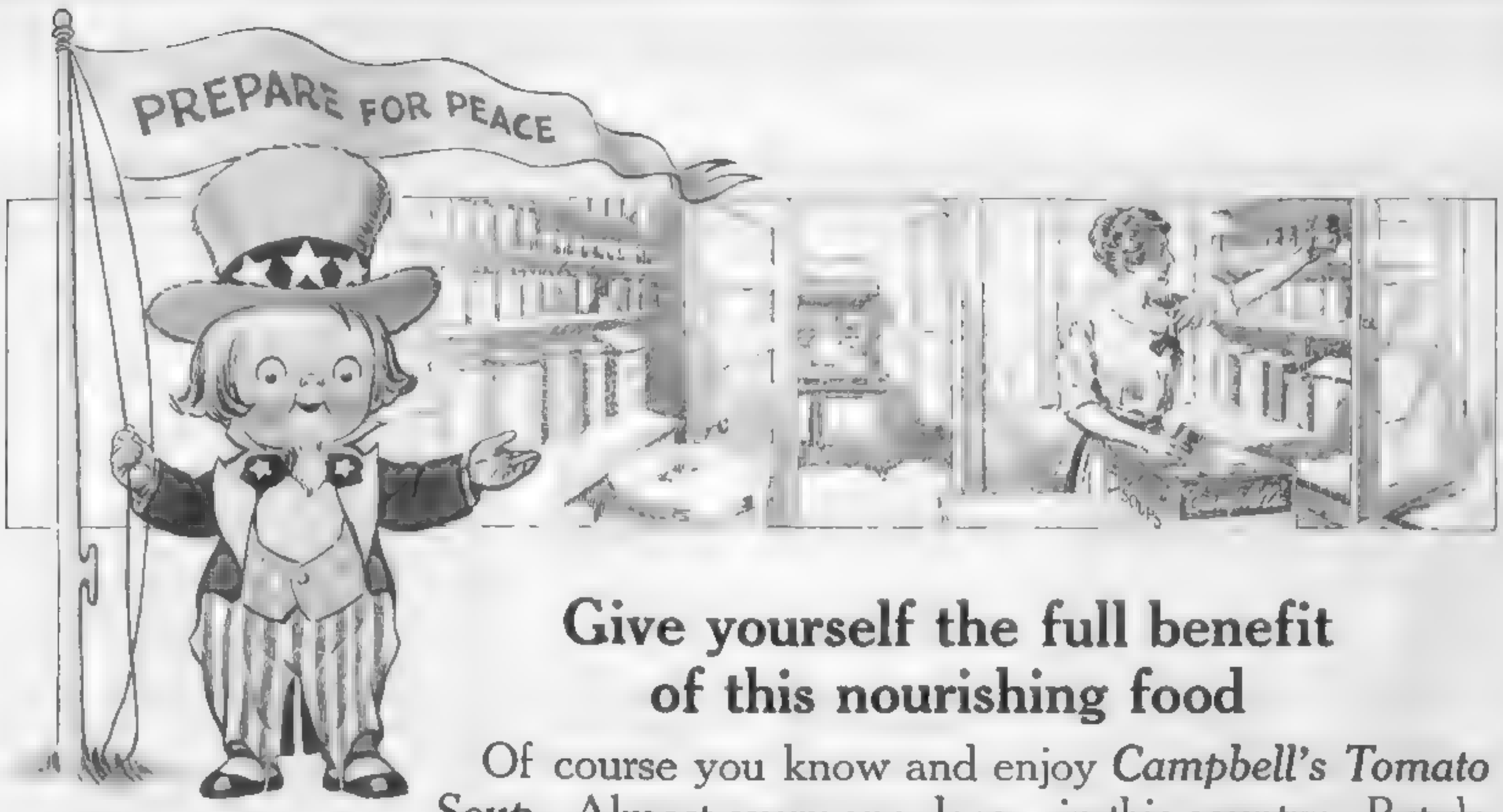
Rains have been heavy and of daily occurrence along portions of the Border since July first. They get their rainy seasons twice a year—in May and September for some areas; in June and October for others.

The National Guard ran into delayed rains. When the first regiment reached the Border it found the country in the grip of a drought. There hadn't been a sure-enough rain in fourteen months. The land was burned brown, the earth was cracked; the dust piled ankle deep in every road.

Then the troop trains came steaming in, and with their advent the heavens opened of their blessed treasure. Day after day there were perfect deluges. The Border sky is slow to make up its mind on rain, but when once started, how she do rain!

The citizens of those parts emitted a long sigh of relief, and gave the soldiers credit for bringing the luck that brought the rain. The Guard could not be persuaded to view happenings in the light of luck. Every twenty-four hours, and sometimes twice in twenty-four hours, the bottom of the sky seemed to fall out and let go of everything it held. All the camps were flooded.

(Continued on Page 27)



Give yourself the full benefit of this nourishing food

Of course you know and enjoy *Campbell's Tomato Soup.* Almost every one does—in this country. But do you get the full advantage of its wholesome and invigorating quality?

There is practically no end to the variety of tempting ways of preparing

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The favorite way is, probably, as a Cream of Tomato. This is perfectly simple. A child can follow the easy directions on the label. And in about three minutes you have a soup which is literally unsurpassed in richness and appetizing flavor.

A sprinkling of finely chopped celery or parsley adds to its attractive appearance. A few crisp croutons dropped in each plateful give an agreeable effect, or a little American cheese grated over the surface varies the flavor and gives a pleasing touch.

Simply adding water to the soup just as it comes to you in the can and bringing the combination to a boiling point makes a delicious and satisfying soup. You can make this as hearty as you like by adding noodles, vermicelli or boiled rice. Or the addition of a larger proportion of water gives you a refreshing tomato bouillon to be enjoyed at any time of day—morning, noon or night. Try a cup of this for breakfast some morning and see if you haven't made a pleasing discovery.

The practical housewife well knows the advantage of having a supply of this inviting Campbell "kind" always at hand on the pantry shelf. And it's a wise husband who suggests it.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

One Coat Won't Fit Every Man

Nor will one type of tire suit all types of cars.

That is why United States Tire Company makes five types of tires — the only complete line made by any one company.

A tire for every type of car — for every need of price and use.

One of the "five" is made exactly to fit your needs.

Any United States Tire Dealer will tell you why.

United States *balanced* Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 24)

Some regiments swashed round in mud to their shoetops for a solid week. The water invaded their tents at night. They spoke feelingly of these conditions, until informed that farther up the Valley the 7th and the 71st and all the others were in as sorry a plight, or worse; upon which they grinned with quiet satisfaction and grew reconciled. It is curious how much a fellow can endure so long as he knows that the other man is getting just as bad and maybe worse.

The rains have probably ceased by now, and the boys will be remembering them with aching hearts. How they will pine for the September Morn baths they enjoyed in July! Those September Morn stunts, by the way, roused much comment from dwellers in divers towns. After these July rains will come a dry season of nothing but sun and wind and dust storms until September, when another month of wet may be expected.

Now as to the food, another item about which reams have been written. Weird tales have gone the rounds of the stuff doled out to the men in transit, but we will confine ourselves to the "chow" in camp.

It is better probably than the majority of them are accustomed to at home, both in quality and quantity. It is infinitely better than you can obtain at country hotels. Whatever other departments have fallen down, the commissary has so far stood the test well. Uncle Sam feeds his soldiers better than any other government on earth.

Here is a sample menu, picked at random. A great many are improvements on this; others may not be so good. It was what Troop C of the Illinois Cavalry ate on July fourteenth, and may be accepted as a fair average for the entire National Guard:

Breakfast—Corn-meal mush, stewed prunes, bread and honey, coffee.

Dinner—Fried bacon, macaroni and cheese, fried potatoes, bread and sirup, lemonade.

Supper—Corned beef, baked potatoes, rice pudding, bread and honey, tea or coffee.

And just across the Rio Grande the average Mexican's daily menu runs about like this:

Breakfast—Frijoles and water.

Dinner—Water and frijoles.

Supper—Thinking about the frijoles they had for dinner.

Heaven pity the Mexican peon! Contractors employ thousands of them on the American side at grubbing and clearing land; and when they first arrive from across the river the natives are so weak from want of food that they are incapable of work. It usually takes three weeks of feeding to give them the necessary strength. They rest in the camps, gloating over the coffee served at meals, and hungrily devouring the goat meat. Their pay for grubbing and similar forms of labor runs from forty-two and a half to sixty cents a day.

No frijoles and water diet for Brother Bill. Should you happen to take a trip to the Border for the purpose of seeing him, eat a meal with Bill, and you'll agree with me that the only thing lacking appears to be finger bowls.

Democratic Officers

In some companies of the Guard the boys have established funds for extra grub. Each man contributes a dollar a week out of his pay, and they obtain corn on the cob, cantaloupe, ice cream, and such. At one outpost guarding a pumping plant on the Rio Grande below Donna, we had a dinner of fried chicken, fried fish, barbecued deer alias goat, sweet potatoes, peas, chowchow, bread and honey, lemonade, apple pie, iced tea and cake. There was some kicking because napkins had been overlooked, but otherwise it was an enjoyable meal.

In a previous article attention was directed to the readiness and ease with which the average Guardsman adapts himself to wholly new conditions. That is one of the hopeful signs. They are not afraid to tackle anything, and they go at it unhampered by tradition or precedent.

Their everyday, horse-sense viewpoint crops out in a multitude of little happenings. At Llano Grande I saw Lieutenant Colonel W. E. Baehr fixing the ditches round his tent with a spade. Now that was horrible, viewed from a strictly military standpoint. It was calculated to destroy the morale of all the onlooking soldiery and render them contemptuous of authority; it was subversive of discipline; it was a heinous thing to do, against every rule of Hoyle. I suspect that the colonel ought to have been led out and shot at sunrise; or preferably, hanged.

But, curiously enough, those benighted rookies seemed to like it. They did not lose an iota of respect for the colonel, but watched with a sort of affectionate interest while he labored with the spade. You see, their notion was that the colonel was not afraid himself to tackle any job he might give them to do, and it heartened them in their work. Probably they said in their coarse, American way: "He's a good old scout."

Officers are doing things like that in every unit of the Guard every hour of the day. Lieutenant Colonel Baehr is no exception; he is merely cited as an instance.

The Critical Correspondent

It may be that in professional armies such proceedings would utterly destroy the relation between man and officer deemed necessary to discipline and accomplishment, but luckily the Guard is recruited from all classes, and they like that attitude of their leaders toward them and their work. They will follow such men through thick and thin; and a follower is worth three that you have to drive. Somehow the thought will persist that an officer who loses the respect of his men by meeting them on a comradely footing can hardly be deserving of it anyway.

It is a popular pastime to hammer the Guard. Everybody feels privileged to take a wallop at it. They are just now the favorite butts for some editors and politicians, and critics swarm everywhere, even in their own ranks and among the officers of the regular army.

We had a wild-eyed critic with us on an inspection of an infantry brigade. He was a war correspondent. He had seen it all in Europe, even to a trench in France, and he was fairly boiling with contempt for the paltry showing made by Uncle Sam.

"Look at everything!" he cried. "Why, it's disgraceful!"

"What's the matter with it?" somebody ventured to pipe.

"Tents, equipment, everything's the matter with it!" he shouted. "Why, all you see in the Guard is so out of date that the only possible comparison, gentlemen, is to the dark ages of the open sewer.

"See those kitchens? And those incinerators? They'd be far removed from the lines in the English and French Armies. No smoke, no offensive odors there. Uncle Sam ought to hang his head in utter shame. This mob an army! Why, the Canadians at Valcartier ——"

Right there we had him. No finer troops can be found in the world than the Canadian overseas forces, but when they were first enrolled—well, I was up there and saw some of them. And I pointed out that the Guard compared very well indeed with the Canadians at the same period of their training. He was daunted only for a moment.

"Look at that camp!" he thundered, pointing to the mud. It had been raining several days. "It's a perfect disgrace. Why, I've seen prison camps abroad in which conditions were better. Yes, sir, in the worst Russian detention camps things were better organized than here. Look at it. Look!"

We did so. There was considerable mud, but it was an honest, sticky mud; and we saw long rows of orderly tents with comfortable cots in them; drain ditches ran everywhere to carry off the water; there were wooden shelters with shower baths in them; a Y. M. C. A. tent for reading and recreation and picture shows; screened kitchens, where the best meals ever served to an army are cooked three times daily. That is what we saw.

So I said to this war correspondent: "Well, if conditions are better in the Russian prison camps than they are here, I don't blame the Austrians for surrendering."

Yet there are many things in connection with the mobilizing of the Guard that will take a lot of explanation. Regiments made the entire trip to the Border in day coaches; others traveled in cars that hadn't seen the light of day in ten years and had sufficient reasons for seclusion; nearly all of them went down by roundabout routes. If there is a railway in America that didn't get a whack at some of them its management ought to be probed.

And why were whole brigades sent down to the Border climate in the hot woolen, instead of the cotton, khaki uniform? There has been some bad bungling in the quartermasters' end of this business. I understand that the cotton is obsolete in the Guard; but they had it on hand, and to send thousands of men into a semi-tropical land in the middle of summer in uniforms designed to meet the extremes of a cold climate is little short of criminal. And now, after ten days, some of them are still sweltering in it. It seems impossible to hurry army arrangements the same way other big business is expedited.

Ignorance is responsible for much of what neglect and delay there may be. One regiment from New Jersey reached El Paso on its way through to Arizona without any food on the train except hardtack. The men had eaten nothing but that for forty-eight hours. The quartermaster explained it by saying that he had supposed it would be possible to feed the twelve hundred soldiers at stations along the way!

Next come the field hospitals. They have as yet neither the space nor the equipment nor the organization required. In two I saw there were not even cots, although that may be remedied by now; patients had to make their beds on the ground. Facilities were totally inadequate for the handling of a rush of sick, should such have occurred. Where one good field hospital has been organized, such as that a young doctor developed from an old hotel building at Llano Grande, there are a dozen lacking in almost every essential. At El Paso the new buildings built for the base hospital have corrugated iron roofs. Now, the radiation of heat from an iron roof beats Hades, and the ceilings are low, with no paper or wood to absorb it.

The Boys From Massachusetts

So unprepared have the field hospitals been, that men are being sent back to the base hospitals who have no right to go there. There were some of these invalids on our train from Harlingen to San Antonio One of them had an ingrowing nail; another had a swelled arm due to vaccination. Both should have been given attention at the field hospitals, as their troubles were trivial.

Another case was different entirely. He was a private in a New York regiment and he was too sick to be sent on a journey. When he and his escort boarded the train the boy was delirious. He lay neglected in a berth all night and all next morning, and died at noon. They were investigating the circumstances when I left San Antonio.

As mentioned before, no general praise or criticism of the National Guard as a whole is possible. Some units went hungry on the trip down, while others, such as the Montana regiment, arrived full-fed.

The same differences exist in organization, esprit de corps, marksmanship. Some are crack shots; some couldn't hit a barn door.

About seventy-five per cent of the Eighth Infantry, of Massachusetts, are expert riflemen or sharpshooters or marksmen. The total number of enlisted men from the Bay State is 5046, of which 1057, or 21 per cent, are expert riflemen, 18 per cent sharpshooters, and 35 per cent marksmen. In the United States Army, numbering theoretically 95,000 men, there are 2180 expert riflemen, or two per cent; 8236 sharpshooters, or nine per cent; and 12,423 marksmen, or 13 per cent.

There is plenty of amusement for Brother Bill, had he only the time for it. But he is busy raising the floor of his tent when he isn't drilling; or, if he is a trooper, topping the new mount bought for the cavalry down there. Whole regiments of cavalry had to be mounted after they reached the Border. Along with the good horses, scores of culls have been wished on them. The buying was done through the quartermaster's department, and the cavalry saw their horseflesh for the first time when it was unloaded from the cars.

Buyers for the English and French Governments would have rejected a large percentage of these animals. I saw them turn down better ones repeatedly last year. A lot on the Border had ticks, a few suffered from screw worms, all were run down and in poor condition. Their new owners proceeded to fatten them by grazing, and of course they made the rations too heavy for grass-fed stuff. The horses did not thrive as expected, so their feed was cut down; and now they are doing better.

Perhaps it is fortunate that so many of them were poor and in low spirits. Otherwise rookies from various sections of these United States would have been spread

Seasonable Service

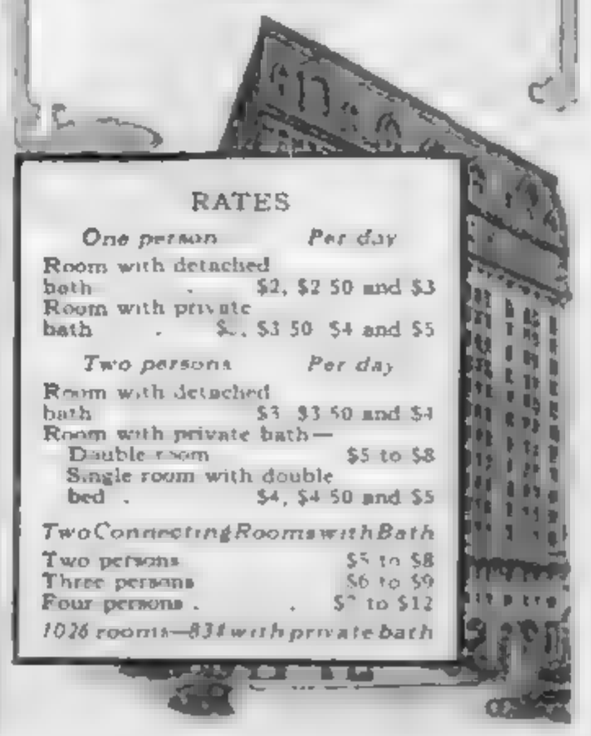
On the way to the summer playground one finds in the moderated temperature and restful surroundings of Hotel La Salle a foretaste of vacation enjoyments. The cuisine, appointments, decorations, service—all conform to the needs of the season.

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

A few hours, or a few days, spent at Hotel La Salle afford a refreshing relief from the tedium of the business or pleasure trip. The most exacting guest finds his wishes anticipated, both in the essential comforts and in the finer points of service.

HOTEL LA SALLE
La Salle at Madison St.
CHICAGO
ERNEST J. STEVENS
Vice-President and Manager
The Only Hotel in Chicago Maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on Every Floor



RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3 50 $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4 50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

"I'd jes' as soon hol' ma maouth open and let the sun shine into hit as smoke them thar red tobaccos."

Madison, Wisconsin, Dec 8, 1915.

Larus & Bro. Co.

Gentlemen:

I "discovered" Edgeworth out in Colorado in 1907, and since that year have used it in my pipe almost exclusively whenever I have been located anywhere near an Edgeworth coaling station. Today I tried at two of the best tobacco shops in Madison to get a tin of sliced plug, and was told at each place that there was none in stock. If you should be planning to stop making the sliced plug Edgeworth you are going to disappoint a whole lot of expert and discriminating smokers all over the country. I know some men to whom the evening pipe of Edgeworth cut plug is a sort of sacrament rather than a dissipation or even a mere harmless indulgence. One man always has a 25 cent tin standing open outside his north den window because his experience has taught him that in this way he can keep the tobacco in the very pinkest of condition to afford the ultimate effect in smoking. Another man, a university "prof.", has discovered that he can get the best out of his sliced plug by loading his pipe with the slices folded instead of rubbed in the palm. He places two slices side by each, breaks them, thus placed, into three sections, and then folds the stack of six pieces secured by the breaking process, longitudinally, thereby obtaining a little bundle of tobacco that just fits into his pipe snugly and evenly all around.

By means of the two instances just cited I am attempting to establish the point that Edgeworth smokers, and especially those who cling to the sliced plug, are not ordinary smokers; but that they make up a sort of cult of super-smokers whom you should under no circumstances deprive of the means of carrying out their sacred rites.

Before closing, let me relate this incident:

Down in North Carolina is a construction camp, the store of which sells only two brands of pipe tobacco. An old mountaineer neighbor dropped into camp one day and, being unable to secure his favorite "Twist," was compelled to invest in one of the two brands kept in stock. Some time later on he came back and insisted on trying the other stock brand of smoking. It happened that I was present when he loaded the first pipe of this second tobacco. It was apparent at once that the old timer was not at all delighted with his smoke. After a very few minutes of unsatisfactory puffing he knocked out his pipe, heaved the new tin of tobacco half way across the nearby river and remarked to the wide world in general: "I'd jes' as soon hol' ma maouth open and let the sun shine into hit as smoke them thar red tobaccos."

Sincerely,

(Signed) A. G. BARNETT.

There is not the slightest possibility that the manufacture of Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco will ever be stopped.

On the contrary, it is being discovered by hundreds of new smokers every month who, on trying it, recognize it as their own.

It is easy to try Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

A sample of both tobaccos will be mailed free to anyone who asks for them.

These two tobaccos differ only in form.

The Plug Slice should be broken up before smoking, and the Ready-Rubbed is ready for the pipe, a slightly more convenient form.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, take this opportunity to get acquainted.

If you are one of the super-smokers described above, you will always be glad you sent for those samples—and if you do not care for the rare Edgeworth flavor, it will be all right anyway. The samples are not given grudgingly and they do not obligate you in any way.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you will accept the proffer of the samples, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

broadcast over the peaceful Texas scenery. As things fell out, the boys had little trouble with their mounts. Where the company did not possess a professional "buster," there was always some lusty amateur able and willing to top the bad ones and take the pep out of them.

In the way of recreation, Brother Bill has swimming and fishing, baseball, boxing, moving pictures and games of all kinds. One district commander issued an elaborate program of amusements, with the avowed intention of improving the "esprit" and "morale" of the organization, and to foster a sentiment of fellowship between civilians, regulars and state troops. This order comprised a baseball league, band concerts, moving-picture shows, military dances, polo and tennis for the officers, and athletic contests at frequent intervals.

The long hikes are a necessary hardship to toughen Brother Bill. He cordially dislikes them; there is scarcely anything in the way of duty that he dislikes more. Marching over rough roads in uniform, with a rifle on your shoulder and the sun fierce enough to fry eggs on a rock, is not a form of endeavor that appeals to a sane man. But he is growing accustomed to the stunt and does his fifteen miles without noticeable fatigue.

"Did you ever feel the weight of a rifle after ten miles on the road?" a private asked me. "It runs into tons."

Several of the Guard have set out on hikes on their own account—the personally conducted kind. They call it "going over the hill." Nearly all of these deserters, however, have been returned. There is a standing reward for each one caught, and deputies along the Line have added substantially to their incomes this summer.

Homesickness is at the root of the trouble. The men find conditions wholly different from their expectations, grow disgusted, brood sullenly for a day or two, and then flit. We overtook one plodding along the road between Mission and McAllen. He didn't know where he was going, but he was on his way—ultimate destination, New York. And we gave him a lift and argued with him, pointing out the futility of attempting to get out of the Valley. He finally agreed to return to his regiment.

His chief complaint was: "It's a dog's life, and I'm sick of it. And probably somebody'll get my job." In all likelihood there was a girl in the background.

Did you ever run across anything, from a church social to a dog fight, to which there was not a political aspect sooner or later?

A Massachusetts officer:

"The sending of the troops to the Border will help the Republicans. At least ninety-five per cent of the soldiers from our state are Democrats. The Republicans march in the preparedness parades, and stay at home."

The colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment:

"Our troops are at least ninety-eight per cent Republicans. The Democrats are home, talking about theoretical preparedness. They don't go in for fighting. The result is the mobilization will help the Democrats."

Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and take your choice!

Brother Bill may not like it, but his service on the Border will be the making of him. Boys who have never known discipline are learning it now. And they are getting a physical training that ought to set them up for life. The heat and unaccustomed work go hard with some; they cuss, and doubtless hate it with a bitter hatred. But when it is all over, and they can look back over the experience, not one will wish he had missed it. All will be better men.

What they see, hear and meet with on the Border has already broadened the members of the Guard. There is no rube in the whole world like the man who knows only one section. One of the most pronounced I ever knew lived all his life in New York. He was a rube because he was unaware that any other portion of America counted in the scheme of things.

This year each state gets a chance to look over the others and appraise them. That is an invaluable aid in appraising itself. A hundred thousand men are at school along the Line, the school of rubbing elbows with one's fellowmen, and they are learning priceless lessons.

What will be the outcome of it all? The National Guard is asking at breakfast, again at dinner, and just as the sun goes down:

"What're we going to do down here? How long do we have to stay?"

No man knows. Some of the Indiana boys were grumbling about the climate of Texas in summer, and I endeavored to console them:

"Oh, well, you'll have a chance to make up for this later. It's delightful down here in the winter."

Their colonel reached for a handy tent peg, and I came away.

What the Guard wants to know is: "Are we going to see a fight, or is it just preparedness training?"

That question may not be settled until October or November, or it may be settled before this article appears. Villa has a saying: "The man who hits first hits twice."

AUTOMOBILE CAMPING

A FRIEND of mine consulted me one day as to the outfit required for a motor-car camping trip. When I had expressed my views at some length, he told me of a few items in his own personal equipment, which he had found useful.

"My wife and I," he said, "sometimes go canoeing. We take a guide. I am bow paddle and the guide sits in the stern, with the lady amidships. The seat amidships is made of two fiber cases, which I have had constructed to order. Each of these cases is twenty-eight inches long, eleven inches wide, and about a foot high. The lids lap over five inches and a half, and there are straps which lock so that each case may be used as a telescope case. They have metal reënforcing corners; and they are really very durable, watertight and practically dustproof—strong enough to check or to be used in any kind of transportation.

"I set these two narrow cases side by side in the middle of the canoe. We carry our grub in these cases—flour, bacon, and so on—and each is about heavy enough when packed full to make a handy package in camp or on the portage. A man can reach in and pick up a case by the straps and carry it up from the canoe very comfortably. In camp they are used as a table. I drive down eight sticks to the same height and just put the two tops of the cases side by side on top of the sticks—the sides of the tops sticking down. This makes a firm and even table."

An idea! Why not use the top of the automobile trunk as a table? It is sometimes difficult to find any boards round a camp, and yet it is easy to be seen that in a camp that is at all elaborate there must be a table of some sort.

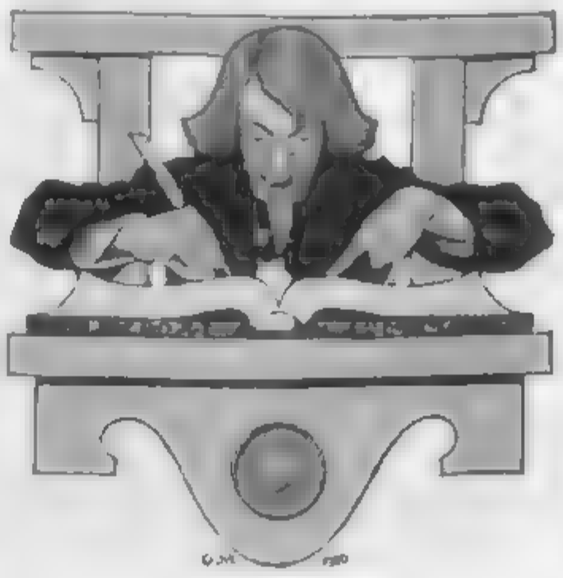
I am now trying to invent a collapsible woodsaw, with coarse teeth, which may be fitted into some sort of handle in the woods. This ought to save considerable labor in cutting firewood. Moreover, there might be some boards handy, and the saw blade would help to construct a table or other things needed in the camp. Of course there will be a hammer, with nails, screws, pliers, and so on, in the automobile tool box.

Although our outfit, if I should undertake to outline it to you, would probably seem rather formidable, it is not so extensive as I have seen carried by a far lighter and less powerful car than the one we shall use. I saw a party of five people touring from Los Angeles to Clinton, Iowa, in a small and cheap car. They had their entire outfit for camping with them, and plenty of grub, such as potatoes, onions, and so on, racked up in sideboards built on the car. As they had already crossed the Sierra Mountains, going East, when I saw them, the chances are that they made the entire transcontinental journey without any trouble; in fact, the automobile of to-day is an almighty practical camp wagon.

True, there are yet more comprehensive camp outfits that may be used on an automobile trip. As my tentmaker said, there are tents that go over the entire car and keep it dry in any weather. I have heard mentioned a little trail car, a two-wheeled contrivance to go behind the car as a trailer does on a street car. This carries the entire outfit of the automobile party. When unfolded and expanded it serves as a tent, beds, cook outfit, kitchen, and all.

I have never used one of these trailers; but, granted good roads, they ought to be practical as aids on a hunting trip. *Facilis est descensus!* When you once start becoming effete there is no telling where you will stop. I should not be surprised if I shall be wearing my handkerchief in my shirt-sleeve before long.

What is the hardest thing in a sporting outfit to pack? In my own belief it is a fish basket or creel. I have just bought a new one, made in Japan, and it is so good that I want to take it along with me. But it takes up more room in the car than the family dog—there never is a place to put a creel when you are traveling with it anywhere but in a trout stream. You cannot check it, it is a nuisance in the sleeping car and a worse nuisance in a wagon. Of course when the top of a car is let down you can put a creel, as well as a sweater, a hat, a bundle of rods, and a lot of other things, in the folds of the top. Perhaps that is where this creel eventually will turn up. Inside of it, of course, may go such fly books and leader boxes as have not gone into the suitcase. I may pack the dog in it. On the whole, packing a car or planning for the packing of one is not such bad sport after all.



Yet another friend makes a suggestion in regard to a camp stove, and one quite worth considering, since it is inexpensive and practical.

The camp stove mentioned by this informant is constructed of two tin water pails, one a little larger than the other. One is inserted into the other, its bottom having several holes punched in it, so that ashes may fall through. Between the two bottoms of the pails there is a chamber or air space. Into this a door is cut by opening the side of the larger pail just enough to make a draft and to allow room to take out the ashes under the bottom of the inside pail.

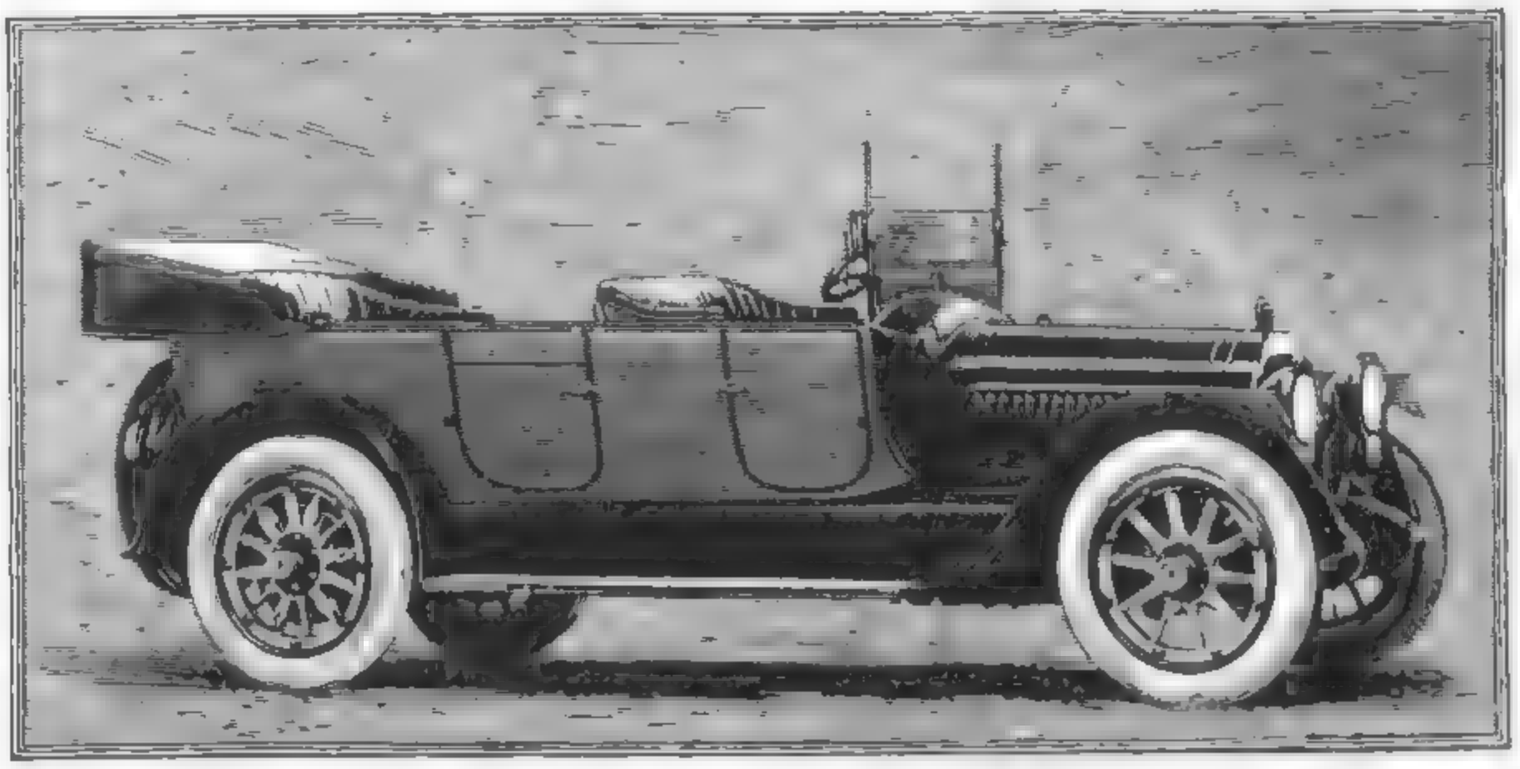
This camp stove is, in effect, a charcoal brazier, familiar to all who have seen French cooks at work. It requires the use of charcoal, but a goodly bag of charcoal may be had for ten cents. It will not smut through the cloth, will not weigh very much, and will supply enough fuel to last for two or three weeks in camp.

In use this double pail or brazier is simply carried to the place where it is needed, and a little charcoal fire is lighted in it. This offers heat without much smoke. If necessary it will warm up a tent; but, of course, in the use of charcoal there should be plenty of ventilation provided—the charcoal fumes have an asphyxiating quality.

On top of this simple contrivance one can fry, broil or stew. The coffeepot may be supported above it by putting a broiler across the upper opening. A charcoal fire is excellent for broiling or for the slow simmering of a stew. When through with the stove, all you have to do is to take it up by one handle and carry it away.

Of course any number of practical camp stoves may be made by the use of steel legs and a sheet of iron. Two or three steel bars make a practical stove. A few rocks thrown together serve the same purpose, as every camper knows.

But if you have a car and wish to be very dilettante, you easily may have a charcoal brazier or a collapsible stove such as has been mentioned. The main trouble with the brazier is that it is bulky and difficult to pack in a car.



And here now is a new fulfilment of a *great idea*—an idea that won in an unprecedented way

Up—up to still higher levels the Twin-six advances—time tested by nearly eight thousand exultant owners.

Fine has been *re-fined*—by an added year's development.

And the new series 2–25 and 2–35 are here announced.

A *transcendent* Packard—unchanged in essentials—enriched in details—fixes new standards of usefulness and luxury.

To better the best Packard—has been the aim—and the inspiration—of the day's work.

How well we have succeeded is told in the fact that our *threefold* output has not kept pace with the ascending demand.

Changes?

A little lower body—with lines more flowing—refinements of the mechanism—and removable cylinder heads!

But—you must see the new car itself, to appreciate the significance of the unmatched success of the Twin-six idea—and what these newer developments mean for you. Prices—open cars—$2865–$3265, f. o. b. Detroit.

Ask the man who owns one

Packard TWIN-6

Make Your Wife's Dream Come True

Wash day the old way is a nightmare—a bugaboo womenfolk dream of escaping some day. In your home make that dream come true *now*. Install a

Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer
Swinging Reversible Wringer

It is more than a good washing machine—it is new, [illegible] that does all the housework where power should be [illegible] No is no attention. Absolutely safe. Runs quietly—smoothly—cleanly. Wonderfully thorough. It is a fact.

Can Churn While You Wash

Its engine operates on gas—gasoline—kerosene or alcohol. It has a belt which [illegible] to run the churn [illegible] food chopper—[illegible] small machine—[illegible] washing if desired.

FREE [illegible] for The Maytag Laundry Manual." [illegible] valuable formulas on washing and fabrics.

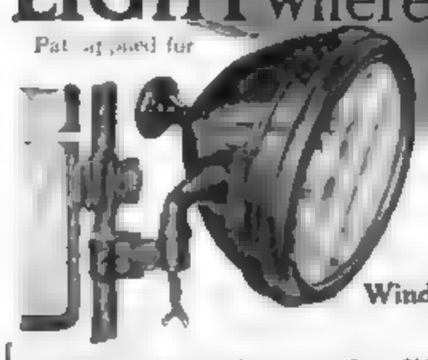
THE MAYTAG CO., Dept. 90, Newton, Ia.
Branches and Warehouses in Principal Cities.
Dealers: Maytag proposition is different. Write.

SEE THAT ENGINE

20

LIGHT where you *need* it

Pat. [illegible] for



The One *Satisfactory* Windshield Spot-light

The Usefulness of a "Windshield Searchlight" depends entirely on its bracket. The big distinctive feature which puts the Howe Searchlight in a class by itself, apart from all other lamps, is the Howe "Universal Joint" Bracket.

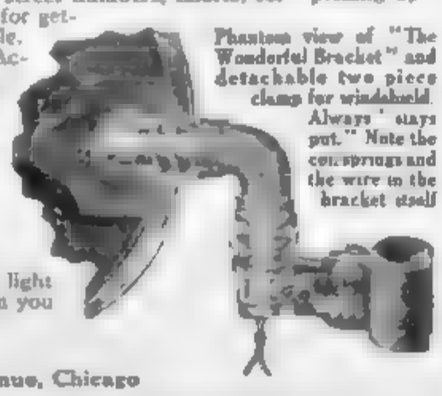
This wonderful bracket enables the Howe Searchlight to be moved up or down, forward or back at any angle and in every direction—wherever you can point your finger you can throw the powerful penetrating ray of the

HOWE *Searchlight*

"The Lamp with the Wonderful Bracket"

Provides the motorist with what he most needs—a Safety Lamp" giving a bright **undimmed** light right where and when he wants it. For reading road signs, street numbers, names, for "picking up ditches, bad turns, railroad crossings, for "backing up" and for getting out of a "tight place," the Howe Searchlight is invaluable.

On and off switch in knob. Front diameter 7¼ inches. Accurate Parabolic Reflector. Mazda Nitrogen-Tungsten Bulb, [illegible] Black [illegible] Windshield [illegible] to clamp windshield. [illegible] can be [illegible] detached from its [illegible] so that with a extra [illegible] it may be used as a big powerful "trouble lamp" anywhere [illegible] car—an ideal light for the camp.



Phantom view of "The Wonderful Bracket" and detachable two piece clamp for windshield. Always "stays put." Note the coil springs and the wire in the bracket itself

Price $7.50—with Rear View Mirror attached $9.00

Ask to see the Howe before you buy your windshield spot light—any good dealer can supply you. Insist on the Howe when you buy your new car.

Descriptive Literature Sent on Request

HOWE MANUFACTURING CO., 1732 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

UNCLE SAM CLEANS UP SPRINGFIELD

(Continued from Page 18)

the ground descends abruptly into neighborhoods of wage earners. The dots flank Grand Avenue on both sides. Let us suppose, Mr. Mayor, that you live on Grand Avenue!"

The mayor moved uncomfortably. He did live on Grand Avenue. So did Mrs. John Smith.

"You have servants who live in the unsewered area. They go back and forth. These closets are unprotected from flies, rats, cats, dogs or poultry. A fly, a thousand flies, may come—and undoubtedly do come every day—from these masses of poison to your kitchen or into your dining room. I need not dilate upon this. You know what the results may be. Flies are the worst enemy of the human race—except possibly mankind—but they are not the only carriers of disease germs. Cats, dogs, domestic animals, sparrows, all the unnoticed living things which feed upon ordure and migrate from place to place by night, by day, through the air, under ground—all these creatures are coadjutors with the fly. There is no way of making a city a safe place in which to live without making everybody and everything sanitary in that city, high and low, poor and rich, members of Grace Episcopal Church and of the Calvary Mission. I have spoken of the sewage in your city water, but here we have twenty-three hundred and thirty dangers which are a much greater menace."

The epidemiologist sat down. He had made his point. Not one person was unconvinced. Many were excited and alarmed. Peter Carroll spoke for the folks in what he called the spotted districts. He was backed up by the Reverend Mr. Adair. Mrs. John Smith made one of her most effective speeches. The city solicitor, being called in, was found opportunely provided with a proposed ordinance for the conversion of the insanitary dry closets into sanitary ones, on plans provided by the epidemiologist. The people charged the entrenchments of conservatism, and the entrenchments gave way. The commission passed the ordinance through two readings without debate. There was no argument against it. On the next Thursday evening the law permitted the ordinance to be given its third and last reading and final passage.

Mrs. John Smith congratulated the epidemiologist warmly.

"You have enabled us to do a wonderful thing," said she. "I feel a sense of horror and uncleanness whenever I think of the condition we are in, but it will be all over in a very short time now."

"I hope so," said the epidemiologist; "but I shall not be sure until after next Thursday night."

"Your telephone has been ringing frequently for half an hour," said the mayor's secretary to him the next morning. "Several people are very anxious to talk with you. There's one now."

"Yes," said the mayor over the telephone. "Who's this?"

"It's John Smith," was the reply. "What's this I see in the papers about forcing us to build sanitary closets?"

"I have not read the papers, Mr. Smith," replied the mayor.

"But have you time to see a few of us, if we come to your office?"

"Certainly," said the mayor. "Always at your command, Mr. Smith."

The Delegation of Slum Owners

It was one of those formidable delegations which gives city officers so much and such definite pause—large men; men with double chins, ruddy complexions and hair brushed up over their bald spots; bank directors; inner-circle men in the business world. There were several of them. The mayor felt that he needed help.

"In order to save time," said he, "I have asked the other commissioners to come in. They will be here in a moment." And even as he spoke they came in.

"We are here," said Mr. John Smith, "to protest against having such legislation as this new sanitary ordinance rushed through without our being heard."

Well, you know what followed. John Smith had hundreds of little houses scattered about the city, which he rented at from five dollars to twenty dollars a month each. The taxes on his property were already burdensome. He had held these properties for many years. They were a losing proposition. He was land poor anyhow, and if the city was going to jump on him just because a lot of outside theorists had come to town, working up excitement as to the health conditions in good old healthy Springfield, a man with a little property might just as well give up and go into bankruptcy first as last. So said they all. It was unanimous.

A special meeting of the commissioners was called for the next Monday night, for the purpose of killing the new sanitary ordinance. The mayor, however, as the conference broke up, fired at Mr. John Smith this Parthian arrow:

"I suppose you know, Mr. Smith, that your wife has had more to do with putting this ordinance through as far as it has gone than anybody else."

"My wife!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "No, I did not know it; but I am not surprised! These women's clubs have got to have something to do. Of course she had no idea how it would affect our interests. I think you will find that the women will see the business side of this thing, when it is presented to them."

Hot Shot from the Pulpit

This was the counter-attack of the business interests, the selfish, narrow business interests of Springfield, upon sanitary progress. The epidemiologist knew it would come. Prior to that time the thing had been too easy. No great public achievement can be permanently made, except it be founded on the firm basis of battle. He was, therefore, not surprised when next morning the Reverend Charles Adair entered his office in the court house and said: "Do you know, doctor, that there is treachery abroad?"

"Treachery?" repeated the epidemiologist. "I do not understand."

"Your ordinance," said the minister excitedly, "is going to be repealed. The big landlords, the owners of our slums, have already turned the tide against you. The ordinance will be killed at a special meeting on Monday evening."

"My ordinance?" said the epidemiologist. "I have no ordinance. I am merely making a sanitary survey and telling you people here in Springfield what I find. The ordinance is your ordinance. If it is killed, it will be killed by your representatives."

"What can we do?" asked the minister. "My people are the first to die in the attack which disease makes on us every summer. What can I do?"

"I should think," said the epidemiologist, "that you might first pass the word along the line to the people who are interested, especially to the head of the Chamber of Commerce, the head of the Federation of Labor, the women's clubs and the Rotary Club. You might tell that bright young reporter for The Clarion that if he will come to me he can get a good interview for his Sunday morning paper. Also you might call the Ministerial Association together and invite me to attend."

The Reverend Mr. Adair was out of the office at the first pause in the discourse of the epidemiologist. Before evening the Ministerial Association had convened at the Public Health Service office in the court house.

"I would suggest," said the epidemiologist, "that each of you preach a sermon on Sunday on sanitation. There are plenty of texts, and if you will announce your subjects in the Saturday evening and Sunday morning papers I anticipate that you will have good audiences. The young men who are making this survey report to me that the public interest in sanitation is becoming extraordinary."

"I must go to church to-day," said the epidemiologist on Sunday morning. "Let me see. What sanctuary shall I attend? I believe that Mr. and Mrs. John Smith are members of Grace Episcopal Church. I think I shall go there."

The sermon of the rector of Grace Episcopal Church was one of the best of the

fourteen sermons preached on sanitation in Springfield that day. One passage from it furnished headlines for both morning and evening papers on Monday.

"There is such a thing in law," said the minister, "as actual malice, and another thing called constructive malice. Actual malice is that which actuates the man who does an evil deed through definite hatred or enmity toward its object. This is the malice which trails its victim and stabs him through settled hatred. Constructive malice is a different thing, a more ignoble thing. Constructive malice is that cold sort of cruelty which would drive an automobile at full speed into a party of helpless children. Constructive malice is that devilishness of spirit which would throw a bomb with lighted fuse carelessly from a window into a crowded street. We have in this city, now on exhibit, a display of the constructive malice of which I speak. We have here the spectacle of business men who are willing to shut their eyes to sanitary truths, to keep their premises in such a condition that they are a menace not only to the lives of the people occupying them but to the health of the city itself. An ordinance is before our city commissioners for rendering sanitary the twenty-three hundred unsanitary closets now in existence in this town. We have sinned in the past through lack of public knowledge of these facts and of their deadly significance. If we sin in the future, we sin against light; and I wish to close my sermon to-day with the statement that, if there is a man in our midst who is willing, in the light of what this city has learned of its sanitary condition, to continue those conditions, for the sake of saving himself the expense of building sanitary closets, that man is a murderer!"

And John Smith and Mrs. Smith sat and took it! Well, Springfield was considerably "het up" on Monday. The Federation of Labor had passed a resolution in favor of the ordinance. The Rotary Club had held a special meeting at which it declared that the good name as well as the morality and intelligence of Springfield was hanging in the balance; and the Chamber of Commerce appointed a delegation to attend the special meeting on Monday.

The epidemiologist was not officially invited to the meeting, but fifty people asked him to go and, as it was a public meeting, he went. The commission was in a solemn frame of mind, but they saw the handwriting on the wall. As between a community, up in arms and clearly in the right, they could not possibly allow their course to be shaped by the desires of a few business men clearly in the wrong. The minor interest wins in a small and obscure fight; and, as a matter of fact, our government is swayed, nine times in ten, by small and obscure contests, where it is affected once by the large open-and-above-board battle over principles.

To be forced into one backdown is unpleasant for a public officer. To be driven into two in succession is disgusting. Therefore, as the people spoke their pieces, the commission were five disgusted men. When the time came to act, either on the motion to kill the ordinance or that to adjourn until Thursday evening for the purpose of passing it, the mayor, hoping for the conclusive word, asked if there was anyone else who wished to speak.

"Let us hear from the doctor," said Peter Carroll.

"By all means," said the Reverend Charles Adair. "Let us hear from the doctor."

The epidemiologist rose and gave the conclusive word.

"I have nothing to say," said he, "except this: There are in this city from two hundred to two hundred and fifty people who will have typhoid, and an incalculable number of adults who will have dysentery and of infants who will have enterocolitis this summer if this ordinance is killed, who will not have it if it is passed and enforced. There are thirty people in this town who will be dead of typhoid fever before January first, if this ordinance is killed, who will be alive if it is passed and enforced; and nobody knows how many children will be saved from suffering and death. Such being the case, and there is no doubt of it, I feel that it would be an insult to this commission for me to set these facts up against the expense, either to home owners or to landlords, of making the cheap but necessary improvements required by the ordinance. It is your matter, not mine. An argument by me would be improper."

Springfield was cleaned up. Her disease rate and her death rate were cut down exactly as those things are cut down in any community which is cleaned up. She became very proud of what she had done. Mrs. Smith, who had retired from the fight after her husband found out what she was doing, was emboldened to take it up again, and now, through the State Federation of Women's Clubs, is leading what promises to be a successful movement to change the law of Ohiowa, so as to authorize full-time county health officers in counties which desire to employ them. It is making Mrs. John Smith very prominent in club work in the state, and Mr. John Smith, having already paid his shot for cleaning up Springfield, is greatly interested in his wife's work. Grant County as a whole was cleaned up; a new era dawned in farm sanitation.

The Public Health Service does not expect that this work will be carried into every county in the United States, but if the people generally will carefully consider the matter they will demand that it be done. The reduction in deaths from typhoid fever alone, in the counties already surveyed, averages from forty to fifty persons a year. Let us say forty-five. In the three thousand counties in the United States, therefore, one hundred and thirty-five thousand people die annually of typhoid fever, who would not die if the Public Health Service could extend its service effectively over the entire field.

I do not like to express loss of life in terms of money; but economists often do this, and they estimate the value of a life at the average age at which persons die of typhoid at six thousand dollars. This loss of life, therefore, amounts to eight hundred and ten million dollars annually, not to mention such valueless things as bereavement, tears, pain, sorrow, and the like. This figure does not include losses from dysentery, enterocolitis or hookworm, all of which would be directly affected, or losses from tuberculosis, scarlet fever and other diseases which are sure to be affected indirectly.

The expense of saving this eight hundred and ten million dollars a year, in money loss alone, would be about six thousand dollars a county, or eighteen million dollars for the complete survey of the United States. It would almost seem that a nation which can afford to spend one billion six hundred and fifty million dollars a year might add eighteen million dollars to the budget for this work. Because it is a sort of work which, when once done, effects a permanent change in conditions, and may almost be said to have been done forever.

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS

(Continued from Page 6)

"More people goes there than comes here. It ain't so expensive there, I guess."

"You're some guesser," says the Missus and freezes up.

I ast Jake if he'd been to Florida before.

"No," he says; "this is our first trip, but we're makin' up for lost time. We're seein' all they is to see and havin' everything the best."

"You're havin' everything, all right," I says, "but I don't know if it's the best or not. How long have you been here?"

"A week to-morrow," says he. "And we stay another week and then go to Ormond."

"Are you standin' the trip O. K.?" I ast him.

"Well," he says, "I don't feel quite as good as when we first come."

"Kind o' logy?" I says.

"Yes; kind o' heavy," says Jake.

"I know what you ought to do," says I. "You ought to go to a European plan hotel."

"Not w'ile this war's on," he says, "and besides, my mother's a poor sailor."

"Yes," says his mother; "I'm a very poor sailor."

"Jake's mother can't stand the water," says Mrs. Jake.

So I begun to believe that Jake's wife's mother-in-law was a total failure as a jolly tar

Social intercourse was put an end to when the waiter staggered in with their order and our'n. The Missus seemed to of lost her appetite and just set there lookin' grouchy and tappin' her fingers on the tablecloth and actin' like she was in a hurry to get away. I didn't eat much, neither. It was more fun watchin'.

"Well," I says, when we was out in the lobby, "we finally got acquainted with some real people."

"Real people!" says the Missus, curlin' her lip. "What did you talk to 'em for?"

"I couldn't resist," I says. "Anybody that'd order four oyster cocktails and four rounds o' bluepoints is worth knowin'."

"Well," she says, "if they're there when we go in to-morrow mornin' we'll get our table changed again or you can eat with 'em alone."

But they was absent from the breakfast board.

"They're probably stayin' in bed to-day to get their clo'es washed," says the Missus.

"Or maybe they're sick," I says. "A change of oysters affects some people."

I was for goin' over to the island again and gettin' another o' them quarter banquets, but the program was for us to walk round town all mornin' and take a ride in the afternoon.

First, we went to St. George Street and visited the oldest house in the United States. Then we went to Hospital Street and seen the oldest house in the United States. Then we turned the corner and went down St. Francis Street and inspected the oldest house in the United States. Then we dropped into a soda fountain and I had an egg phosphate, made from the oldest egg in the Western Hemisphere. We passed up lunch and got into a carriage drawn by the oldest horse in Florida, and we rode through the country all afternoon and the driver told us some o' the oldest jokes in the book. He felt it was only fair to give his customers a good time when he was chargin' a dollar an hour, and he had his gags rehearsed so's he could tell the same one a thousand times and never change a word. And the horse knowed where the point come in every one and stopped to laugh.

We done our packin' before supper, and by the time we got to our table Jake and the mourners was through and gone. We didn't have to ask the waiter if they'd been there. He was perspirin' like an evangelist.

After supper we said good-by to the night clerk and twenty-two bucks. Then we bought ourself another ride in the motor bus and landed at the station ten minutes before traintime; so we only had an hour to wait for the train.

Say, I don't know how many stations they is between New York and San Francisco, but they's twice as many between St. Augustine and Palm Beach. And our train stopped twice and started twice at every one. I give up tryin' to sleep and looked out the window, amusin' myself by readin' the names o' the different stops. The only one that expressed my sentiments was Eau Gallie. We was an hour and a half late pullin' out o' that joint and I figured we'd be two hours to the bad gettin' into our destination. But the guy that made out the time-table must of had the engineer down pat, because when we went acrost the bridge over Lake Worth and landed at the Poinciana depot, we was ten minutes ahead o' time.

They was about two dozen uniformed Ephs on the job to meet us. And when I seen 'em all grab for our baggage with one hand and hold the other out, face up, I knowed why they called it Palm Beach.

IV

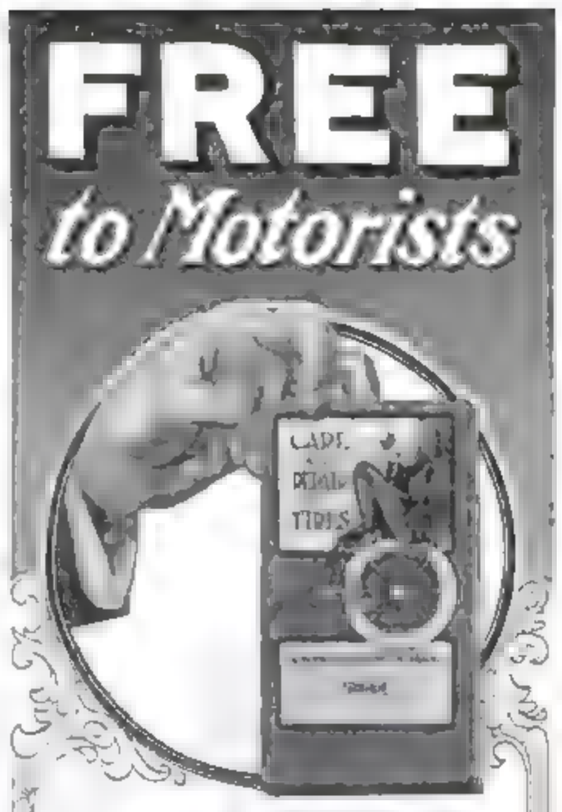
THE Poinciana station's a couple hundred yards from one end o' the hotel, and that means it's close to five miles from the clerk's desk. By the time we'd registered and been gave our key and marathoned another five miles or so to where our room was located at, I was about ready for the inquest. But the Missus was full o' pep and wild to get down to breakfast and look over our stable mates. She says we would eat without changin' our clo'es; people'd forgive us for not dressin' up on account of us just gettin' there. W'ile she was lookin' out the window at the royal palms and buzzards, I moseyed round the room inspectin' where the different doors led to. Pretty near the first one I opened went into a private bath.

"Here," I says; "they've give us the wrong room."

Then the wife seen it and begin to squeal.

"Goody!" she says. "We've got a bath! We've got a bath!"

(Continued on Page 34)



DO you know why some car owners get over 15,000 miles from their tires?

Do you know how Maurice Costello, the popular movie star, secured over 25,000 miles from his tires and won the $300 Ajax prize?

Do you know why the hot weather affects your tires and reduces your mileage?

Do you know the proper inflation for all seasons?

Do you know why sand pockets appear? Why oil and grease injure the rubber and fabric? Why spare casings and tubes deteriorate?

All these questions and 19 other vital ones on tires are answered and explained fully in this valuable book, "Care and Repair of Tires," which we send to all interested car owners free.

SHALER Vulcanizer

Reduce Your Tire Expense

The Shaler Vulcanizer is very easy to use because the heat control is automatic No chance to over-cure or under cure No need to watch it or regulate it No dangerous exposed blaze or liquid fuel to spill The Shaler is standard and is the only complete line for every requirement Besides the model illustrated, there are other motorists models from $1 75 up, as well as complete plants for public repair shops Ask your dealer to show you a Shaler.

C. A. Shaler Co., 1403 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.
Largest Vulcanizer Mfrs. in the World

Canadian Distributors — John Hilton & Son, Limited
Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Vancouver

Send This Coupon

C. A. SHALER CO., 1403 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.
Send me your free book "Care and Repair of Tires" and catalog of Shaler Vulcanizers.

Name

Street

City State

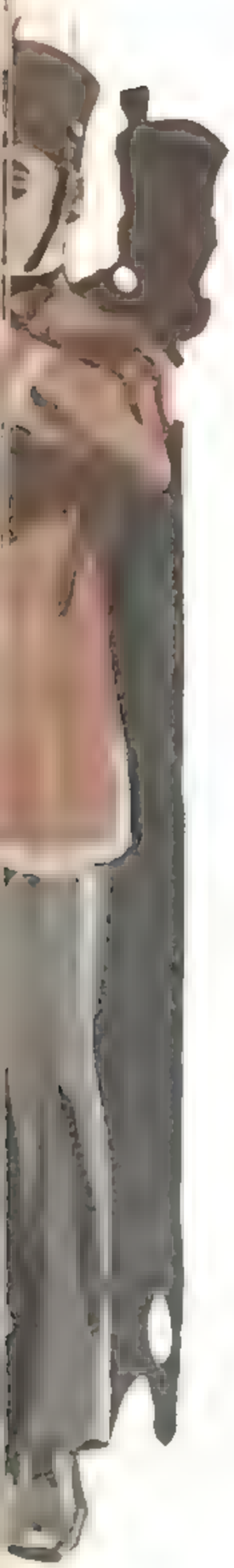
From whom do you buy your Auto Supplies?

The parade

To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice". It is on every Victrola and every Victor Record. It is the only way to identify genuine Victrolas and Victor Records.

Vic

e world's greatest bands before you on the Victrola



You'd stand on a corner or rush to a window any day to hear a band go by.

With a Victrola you can sit in your easy chair and hear Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, Vessella's Band, Conway's Band, U. S. Marine Band, Banda de Alabarderos of Madrid, Black Diamonds Band of London, Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards, Garde Républicaine Band of France, German Cavalry Band, Kryl's Bohemian Band, Police Band of Mexico City—the greatest bands and orchestras of all the world.

You can have them play for you any music you wish to hear. And you hear it as only these great bands can play it—as only the Victrola brings it into your home.

Any Victor dealer will gladly show you the complete line of Victors and Victrolas—$10 to $400—and play the music you know and like best.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Important warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with *Victor Needles or Tungs-tone Stylus* on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers' on the 28th of each month

Victrola XVI, $200
Victrola XVI, electric, $250
Mahogany or oak

trola

Why Endure a Noisy Closet in Your Home?

BAD enough to have to endure it, but to deliberately let one go into your new house, in this day and age, is cruel indifference to the comfort of your family and guests.

The Si-wel-clo operates so quietly that outside the bathroom door no one can tell that it is being flushed. It is made of Vitreous China. Its highly glazed surface will not tarnish, crack nor peel.

The Trenton Potteries Company

SI-WEL-CLO

Silent Closet

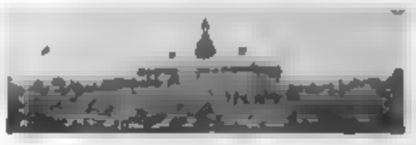
All The Trenton Potteries Co. china and porcelain sanitary fixtures, the Bath Tub, the Lavatory, the Kitchen and Laundry Fittings, have a durability, a smoothness of surface, a freedom from stain, and an attractiveness of finishes that make them a good investment.

We want you to know our sanitary fixtures so well that when you consider building or remodeling you will be familiar with the advantages which others have recognized in them.

The Trenton Potteries Company
Trenton, N. J.

Largest Makers of Sanitary Pottery in U. S. A.

Write for Booklet M-5, "Bathrooms of Character"



The Tome School

The Boy's Ideal of a School

Midway between Philadelphia and Washington on a bluff overlooking the Susquehanna River. 200 acres of ground and school buildings representing an expenditure of $1,500,000.

Five athletic fields, quarter-mile cinder track, nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, batting cage, and gymnasium.

Separate department for little boys.

Write for Catalog, Book of Views, Athletic and Manual Training Bulletins.

THOMAS S. BAKER, Ph. D., Port Deposit, Md.

FREE—HAWAIIAN UKULELE instruction book and music with every UKULELE purchased from us. Latest musical craze. Easy to play. Anyone can learn.

Genuine Hawaiian Ukulele

music and instruction book sent postpaid to you for $5.00. Send money-order.

UKULELE COMPANY

SALES OFFICE: 312 American Bk. and Tr. Bldg., Savannah, Ga.

GTD

These are not pyramids; they're a symbol of precision.

AGENTS, men and women to sell Blaisdell Paper Pencils. You can be self-supporting in your own home town or on these world-wide routes. Write

Anderson & Co. Germantown Phila., Pa.

(Continued from Page 31)

"But," says I, "they promised we wouldn't have none. It must be a mistake."

"Never you mind about a mistake," she says. "This is our room and they can't chase us out of it."

"We'll chase ourself out," says I. "Rooms with a bath is $15 and $16 and up. Rooms without no bath is bad enough."

"We'll keep this room or I won't stay here," she says.

"All right, you win," I says; but I didn't mean it.

I made her set in the lobby downstairs w'ile I went to the clerk pretendin' that I had to see about our trunk.

"Say," I says to him, "you've made a bad mustake. You told your man in Chicago that we couldn't have no room with a bath, and now you've give us one."

"You're lucky," he says. "A party who had a bath ordered for these two weeks canceled their reservation and now you've got it."

"Lucky, am I?" I says. "And how much is the luck goin' to cost me?"

"It'll be $17 per day for that room," he says, and turned away to hide a blush.

I went back to the wife.

"Do you know what we're payin' for that room?" I says. "We're payin' $17."

"Well," she says, "our meals is throwed in."

"Yes," says I, "and the hotel furnishes a key."

"You promised in St. Augustine," she says, "that you wouldn't worry no more about expenses."

Well, rather than make a scene in front o' the bellhops and the few millionaires that was able to be about at that hour o' the mornin', I just says "All right!" and led her into the dinin' room.

The head waiter met us at the door and turned us over to his assistant. Then some more assistants took hold of us one at a time and we was relayed to a beautiful spot next door to the kitchen and bounded on all sides by posts and pillars. It was all right for me, but a whole lot too private for the Missus; so I had to call the fella that had been our pacemaker on the last lap.

"We don't like this table," I says.

"It's the only one I can give you," he says.

I slipped him half a buck.

"Come to think of it," he says, "I believe they's one I forgot all about."

And he moved us way up near the middle o' the place.

Say, you ought to seen that dinin' room! From one end of it to the other is a toll call, and if a man that was settin' at the table farthest from the kitchen ordered roast lamb he'd get mutton. At that, they was crowded for fair and it kept the head waiters hustlin' to find trough space for one and all.

It was round nine o'clock when we put in our modest order for orange juice, oatmeal, liver and bacon, and cakes and coffee, and a quarter to ten or so when our waiter returned from the nearest orange grove with Exhibit A. We amused ourself mean-w'ile by givin' our neighbors the once over and wonderin' which o' them was goin' to pal with us. As far as I could tell from the glances we received, they wasn't no immediate danger of us bein' annoyed by attentions.

They was only a few womenfolks on deck and they was dressed pretty quiet, so quiet that the Missus was scared she'd shock 'em with the sport skirt she'd bought in Chi. Later on in the day, when the girls come out for their dress parade, the Missus' costume made about as much noise as eatin' marshmallows in a foundry.

After breakfast we went to the room for a change o' raiment. I put on my white trousers and washed to heaven that the sun'd go under a cloud till I got used to telun' people without words just where my linen began and I left off. The rest o' my outfit was white shoes that hurt and white sox, and a two-dollar silk shirt that showed up a zebra, and a red tie and a soft collar and a blue coat. The Missus wore a sport suit that I won't try and describe—you'll probably see it on her sometime in the next five years.

We went downstairs again and out on the porch, where some o' the old birds was takin' a sun bath.

"Where now?" I says.

"The beach, o' course," says the Missus.

"Where is it at?" I ast her.

"I suppose," she says, "that we'll find it somewheres near the ocean."

"I don't believe you can stand this climate," says I.

"The ocean," she says, "must be down at the end o' that avenue, where most everybody seems to be headed."

"Havin' went to our room and back twice, I don't feel like another five-mile hike," I says.

"It ain't no five miles," she says; "but let's ride anyway."

"Come on," says I, and pointed to a street car that was standin' in the middle o' the avenue.

"Oh, no," she says. "I've watched and found out that the real people takes them funny-lookin' wheel chairs."

I was wonderin' what she meant when one o' them pretty near run over us. It was part bicycle, part gocart and part African. In the one we dodged they was room for one passenger, but some o' them carried two.

"I wonder what they'd soak us for the trip," I says.

"Not more'n a dime, I don't believe," says the Missus.

But when we'd hired one and been w'isked down under the palms and past the golf field to the bathhouse, we was obliged to part with fifty cents legal and tender.

"I feel much refreshed," I says. "I believe when it comes time to go back I'll be able to walk."

The bathhouse is acrost the street from the other hotel, the Breakers, that the man had told us was full for the season. Both buildin's fronts on the ocean; and, boy, it's some ocean! I bet they's fish in there that never seen each other!

"Oh, let's go bathin' right away!" says the Missus.

"Our suits is up to the other beanery," says I, and I was glad of it. They wasn't nothin' temptin' to me about them man-eatin' waves.

But the wife's a persistent cuss.

"We won't go to-day," she says, "but we'll go in the bathhouse and get some rooms for to-morrow."

The bathhouse porch was a ringer for the Follies. Here and down on the beach was where you seen the costumes at this time o' day. I was so busy rubberin' that I passed the entrance door three times without noticin' it. From the top o' their heads to the bottom o' their feet the girls was a mess o' colors. They wasn't no two dressed alike and if any one o' them had of walked down State Street we'd of had an epidemic o' stiff neck to contend with in Chi. Finally the Missus grabbed me and hauled me into the office.

"Two private rooms," she says to the clerk. "One lady and one gent."

"Five dollars a week apiece," he says. "But we're all filled up."

"You ought to be all locked up!" I says.

"Will you have anything open to-morrow?" ast the Missus.

"I think I can fix you then," he says.

"What do we get for the five?" I ast him.

"Private room and we take care o' your bathin' suit," says he.

"How much if you don't take care o' the suit?" I ast him. "My suit's been gettin' along fine with very little care."

"Five dollars a week apiece," he says, "and if you want the rooms you better take 'em, because they're in big demand."

By the time we'd closed this grand bargain, everybody'd moved offen the porch and down to the water, where a couple dozen o' them went in for a swim and the rest set and watched. They was a long row o' chairs on the beach for spectators and we was just goin' to flop into two o' them when another bandit come up and told us it'd cost a dime apiece per hour.

"We're goin' to be here two weeks," I says. "Will you sell us two chairs?"

He wasn't in no comical mood, so we sunk down on the sand and seen the show from there. We had plenty o' company that preferred these kind o' seats free to the chairs at ten cents a whack.

Besides the people that was in the water gettin' knocked down by the waves and pretendin' like they enjoyed it, about half o' the gang on the sand was wearin' bathin' suits just to be clubby. You could tell by lookin' at the suits that they hadn't never been wet and wasn't intended for no such ridic'lous purpose. I wisht I could describe 'em to you, but it'd take a female to do it right.

One little girl, either fourteen or twenty-four, had white silk slippers and sox that come pretty near up to her ankles, and from there to her knees it was just plain Nature. Northbound from her knees was a pair o' bicycle trousers that disappeared when they come to the bottom of her Mother Hubbard. This here garment was a thing without no neck or sleeves that begin bulgin' at the top and spread out gradual all the way down, like a croquette. To top her off, she had a jockey cap; and—believe me—I'd of played her mount acrost the board. They was plenty o' class in the field with her, but nothin' that approached her speed. Later on I seen her several times round the hotel, wearin' somethin' near the same outfit, without the jockey cap and with longer croquettes.

We set there in the sand till people begun to get up and leave. Then we trailed along back o' them to the Breakers' porch, where they was music to dance and stuff to inhale.

"We'll grab a table," I says to the Missus. "I'm dyin' o' thirst."

But I was allowed to keep on dyin'.

"I can serve you somethin' soft," says the waiter.

"I'll bet you can't!" I says.

"You ain't got no locker here?" he says.

"What do you mean—locker?" I ast him.

"It's the locker liquor law," he says. "We can serve you a drink if you own your own bottles."

"I'd just as soon own a bottle," I says. "I'll become the proprietor of a bottle o' beer."

"It'll take three or four hours to get it for you," he says, "and you'd have to order it through the order desk. If you're stoppin' at one o' the hotels and want a drink once in aw'ile, you better get busy and put in an order."

So I had to watch the Missus put away a glass of orange juice that cost forty cents and was just the same size as they give us for breakfast free for nothin'. And, not havin' had nothin' to make me forget that my feet hurt, I was obliged to pay another four bits for an Afromobile to cart us back to our own boardin' house.

"Well," says the Missus when we got there, "it's time to wash up and go to lunch."

"Wash up and go to lunch, then," I says; "but I'm goin' to investigate this here locker liquor or liquor locker law."

So she got her key and beat it, and I limped to the bar.

"I want a high ball," I says to the boy.

"What's your number?" says he.

"It varies," I says. "Sometimes I can hold twenty and sometimes four or five makes me sing."

"I mean, have you got a locker here?" he says.

"No; but I want to get one," says I.

"The gent over there to the desk will fix you," says he.

So over to the desk I went and ast for a locker.

"What do you drink?" ast the gent.

"I'm from Chicago," I says. "I drink bourbon."

"What's your name and room number?" he says, and I told him.

Then he ast me how often did I shave and what did I think o' the Kaiser and what my name was before I got married, and if I had any intentions of ever runnin' an elevator. Finally he says I was all right.

"I'll order you some bourbon," he says. "Anything else?"

I was goin' to say no, but I happened to remember that the wife generally always wants a bronix before dinner. So I had to also put in a bid for a bottle o' gin and bottles o' the Vermouth brothers, Tony and Pierre. It wasn't till later that I appreciated what a grand law this here law was. When I got my drinks I paid ten cents apiece for 'em for service, besides payin' for the bottles o' stuff to drink. And, besides that, about every third high ball or bronix I ordered, the waiter'd bring back word that I was just out of ingredients and then they'd be another delay w'ile they sent to the garage for more. If they had that law all over the country they'd soon be an end o' drinkin', because everybody'd get so mad they'd kill each other.

My cross-examination had took quite a long time, but when I got to my room the wife wasn't back from lunch yet and I had to cover the Marathon route all over again and look her up. We only had the one key, and o' course couldn't expect no more'n that at the price.

The Missus had bought one o' the daily programs they get out and she knowed just what we had to do the rest o' the day.

"For the next couple hours," she says, "we can suit ourself."

"All right," says I. "It suits me to take off my shoes and lay down."

"I'll rest too," she says; "but at half past four we have to be in the Cocoanut Grove for tea and dancin'. And then we come back to the room and dress for dinner. Then we eat and then we set round till the evenin' dance starts. Then we dance till we're ready for bed."

"Who do we dance all these dances with?" I ast her.

"With whoever we get acquainted with," she says.

"All right," says I; "but let's be careful."

Well, we took our nap and then we followed schedule and had our tea in the Cocoanut Grove. You know how I love tea! My feet was still achin' and the Missus couldn't talk me into no dance.

When we'd set there an hour and was saturated with tea, the wife says it was time to go up and change into our Tuxedos. I was all in when we reached the room and willin' to even pass up supper and nestle in the hay, but I was informed that the biggest part o' the day's doin's was yet to come. So from six o'clock till after seven I wrestled with studs, and hooks and eyes that didn't act like they'd ever met before and wasn't anxious to get acquainted, and then down we went again to the dinin' room.

"How about a little bronix before the feed?" I says.

"It would taste good," says the Missus.

So I called Eph and give him the order. In somethin' less than half an hour he come back empty-handed.

"You ain't got no cocktail stuff," he says

"I certainly have," says I. "I ordered it early this afternoon."

"Where at?" he ast me.

"Over in the bar," I says.

"Oh, the regular bar!" he says. "That don't count. You got to have stuff at the service bar to get it served in here."

"I ain't as thirsty as I thought I was," says I.

"Me, neither," says the Missus.

So we went ahead and ordered our meal, and w'ile we was waitin' for it a young couple come and took the other two chairs at our table. They didn't have to announce through a megaphone that they was honeymooners. It was wrote all over 'em. They was reachin' under the table for each other's hand every other minute, and when they wasn't doin' that they was smilin' at each other or gigglin' at nothin'. You couldn't feel that good and be payin' seventeen dollars a day for room and board unless you was just married or somethin'.

I thought at first their company'd be fun, but after a few meals it got like the Southern cookin' and begun to undermine the health.

The conversation between they and us was what you could call limited. It took place the next day at lunch. The young husband thought he was about to take a bite o' the entry, which happened to be roast mutton with sirup; but he couldn't help from lookin' at her at the same time and his empty fork started for his face prongs up.

"Look out for your eye," I says.

He dropped the fork and they both blushed till you could see it right through the sunburn. Then they give me a Mexican look and our acquaintance was at an end.

This first night, when we was through eatin', we wandered out in the lobby and took seats where we could watch the passin' show. The men was all dressed like me, except I was up to date and had on a mushroom shirt, w'ile they was sportin' the old-fashioned concrete bosom. The women's dresses begun at the top with a belt, and some o' them stopped at the mezzanine floor, w'ile others went clear down to the basement and helped keep the rugs clean. They was one that must of thought it was the Fourth o' July. From the top of her head to where the top of her bathin' suit had left off, she was a red, red rose. From there to the top of her gown was white, and her gown, what they was of it—was blue.

"My!" says the Missus. "What stunnin' gowns'"

"Yes," I says; "and you could have one just like 'em if you'd take the shade offen the piano lamp at home and cut it down to the right size."

Round ten o'clock we wandered in the Palm Garden, where the dancin' had been renewed. The wife wanted to plunge right into the mazes o' the foxy trot.

"I'll take some courage first," says I. And then was when I found out that it cost you ten cents extra besides the tip to pay for a drink that you already owned in fee simple.

Well, I guess we must of danced about six dances together and had that many quarrels before she was ready for bed. And oh, how grand that old haypile felt when I finally bounced into it!

The next day we went in the ocean at the legal hour—half past eleven. I never had so much fun in my life. The surf was runnin' high, I heard 'em say; and I don't know which I'd rather do, go bathin' in the ocean at Palm Beach when the surf is runnin' high, or have a dentist get one o' my molars ready for a big inlay at a big outlay. Once in a w'ile I managed to not get throwed on my head when a wave hit me. As for swimmin', they was just as much chance as if you was at State and Madison at the noon hour. And before I'd been in a minute they was enough salt in my different features to keep the Blackstone hotel runnin' all through the onion season.

The Missus enjoyed it just as much as me. She tried to pretend at first, and when she got floored she'd give a squeal that was supposed to mean heavenly bliss. But after she's been bruised from head to feet and her hair looked and felt like spinach with French dressin', and she'd drank all she could hold o' the Gulf Stream, she didn't resist none when I drug her in to shore and staggered with her up to our private rooms at five a week per each.

Without consultin' her, I went to the desk at the Casino and told 'em they could have them rooms back.

"All right," says the clerk, and turned our keys over to the next in line.

"How about a refund?" I ast him; but he was waitin' on somebody else.

After that we done our bathin' in the tub. But we was down to the beach every morning at eleven-thirty to watch the rest o' them get batted round.

And at half past twelve every day we'd follow the crowd to the Breakers' porch and dance together, the Missus and I. Then it'd be back to the other hostelry, sometimes limpin' and sometimes in an Afromobile, and a drink or two in the Palm Garden before lunch. And after lunch we'd lay down; or we'd pay some Eph two or three dollars to pedal us through the windin' jungle trail, that was every bit as wild as the Art Institute; or we'd ferry acrost Lake Worth to West Palm Beach and take in a movie, or we'd stand in front o' the portable Fifth Avenue stores w'ile the Missus wished she could have this dress or that hat, or somethin' else that she wouldn't of looked at if she'd been home and in her right mind. But always at half past four we had to live up to the rules and be in the Cocoanut Grove for tea and some more foxy trottin'. And then it was dress for dinner, eat dinner, watch the parade and wind up the glorious day with more dancin'.

I bet you any amount you name that the Castles in their whole life haven't danced together as much as I and the Missus did at Palm Beach. I'd of gave five dollars if even one o' the waiters had took her offen my hands for one dance. But I knowed that if I made the offer public they'd of been a really serious quarrel between us instead o' just the minor brawls occasioned by steppin' on each other's feet.

She made a discovery one night. She found out that they was a place called the Beach Club where most o' the real people disappeared to every evenin' after dinner. She says we would have to go there too.

"But I ain't a member," I says.

"Then find out how you get to be one," she says.

So to the Beach Club I went and made inquiries.

"You'll have to be introduced by a guy that already belongs," says the man at the door.

"Who belongs?" I ast him.

"Hundreds o' people," he says. "Who do you know?"

"Two waiters, two barkeepers and one elevator boy," I says.

He laughed, but his laugh didn't get me no membership card and I had to dance three or four extra times the next day to square myself with the Missus.

She made another discovery and it cost me six bucks. She found out that, though the meals in the regular dinin' room was included in the triflin' rates per day, the real people had at least two o' their meals in the garden grill and paid extra for 'em. We tried it for one meal and I must say I enjoyed it—all but the check.

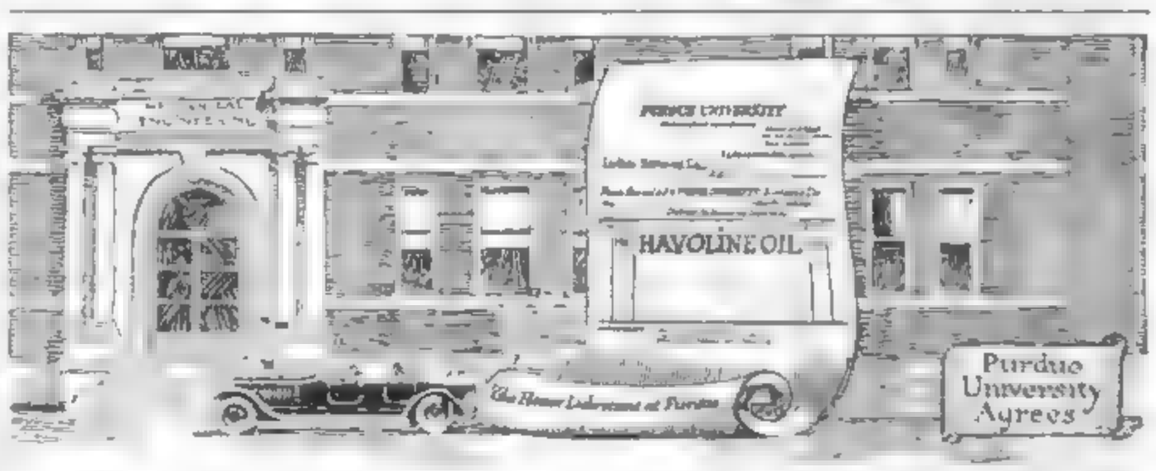
"We can't keep up that clip," I says to her.

(Concluded on Page 38)

WHEN a group of men set out to reach a certain attainable end and devote half a century of thought and labor to its attainment, success is the usual result. This is the story of the Billings & Spencer Co.

The end in view was the developing of the drop-forging industry and the production of drop-forged parts and tools of a uniform high quality. These products themselves speak best for the attainment.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. B
HARTFORD, CONN. U.S.A.



University Honors For Havoline Oil

CAR owners no longer need trust to unsupported claims and superficial analysis upon which to base their selection of the right lubricant for their cars.

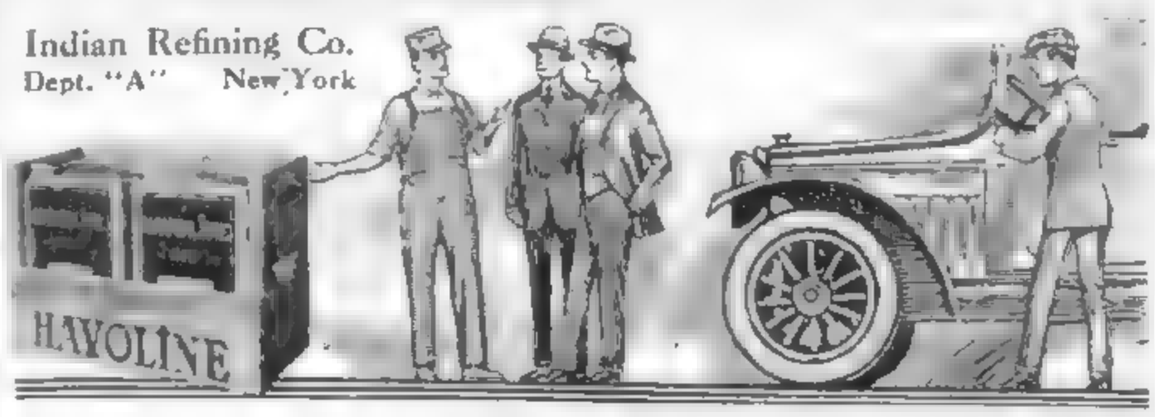
Havoline Oil went to Purdue University. It competed with the twelve leading brands of motor oil. In every physical element by which lubricant efficiency is measured, Havoline demonstrated its supremacy.

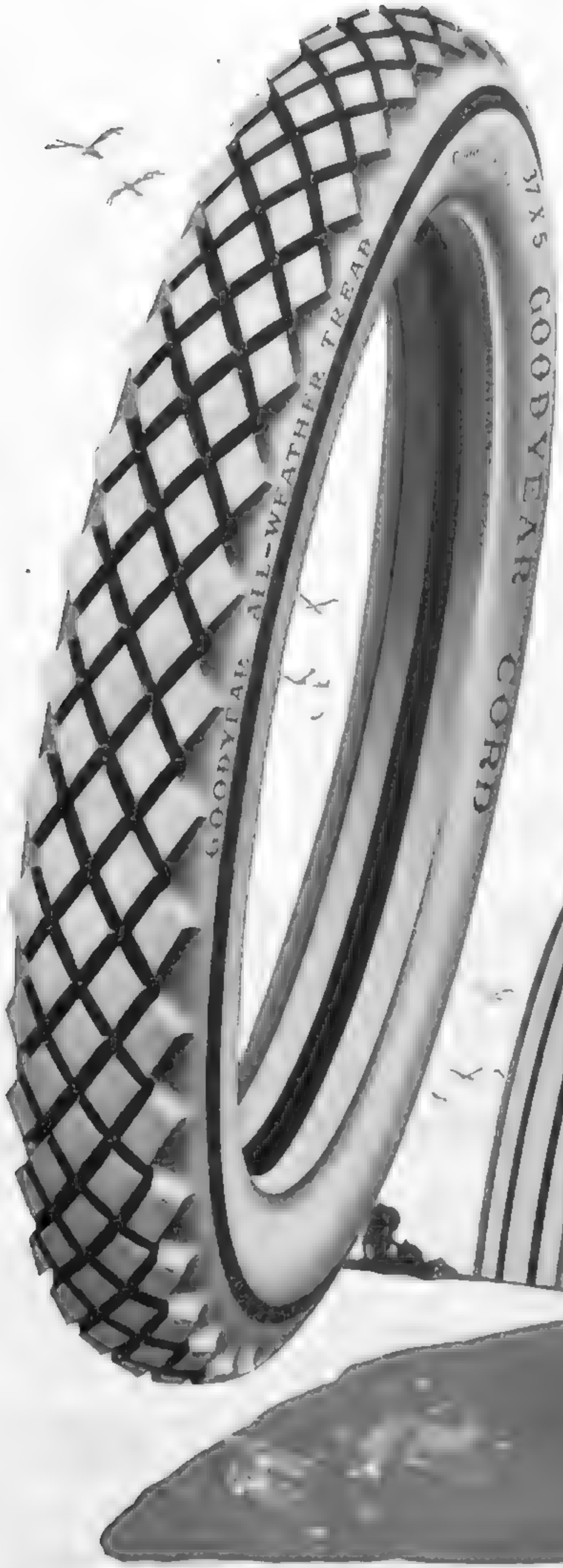
"It Makes A Difference"

HAVOLINE OIL is obtainable everywhere—mountain garages, village grocery stores, city supply stations. Why experiment with inferior lubricants when Havoline—the accepted standard—costs no more?

Send for booklet "Havoline Oil Goes To College"

Indian Refining Co.
Dept. "A" New York





YOU can accept these few letters from users of Goodyear Cord Tires as typical. We have scores of them at the factory in Akron and at Goodyear branches.

While some people celebrate the mileage they are getting from Goodyear Cords, others lay emphasis on fuel economy, easy riding, etc.

One man says, "I have practically forgotten that I have tires on the car. The added life makes almost a different car out of it."

"The car rides much easier, and its gasoline consumption is lower," says another.

The third writes, "The original tires on the front wheels have never been taken off—even for a puncture—in 19,000 miles."

"The most serviceable tire we have ever had, in nine years of experience," is another enthusiastic comment.

10,000 Miles on Original Tires

I have driven a Packard seven-passenger "Twin Six" touring car, type 135, over 10,000 miles on the original Goodyear Cord Tires which certainly can be considered exceptionally good tire service

V. W. KLIESRATH,
Chief Engineer,
Bosch Magneto Co., New York City

Car Rides Much Easier

I used last year on my 6-48 Peerless your 37 x 5 Cord Tires. Gained considerable mileage on gasoline over the other tires, and find them much easier riding. Have been able to get as high as 9,000 miles out of some of the tires. I am driving the same car this year, and will continue to use Goodyear Cord Tires.

C. W. MALTBY, Corning, N. Y

Wonderful Resilience

I have been getting such wonderful mileage on Goodyear Cord Tires that I take this occasion to write you that on my Packard Twin Six roadster I have driven these tires 7,000 miles, and they are still in the best of condition. In fact, they show very little wear. I fully expect to get at least 5,000 miles more on them. The easy-riding qualities and resiliency of Goodyear Cords are wonderful and I heartily recommend them.

CARL FISHER, Indianapolis, Ind

$100 Better Equipment

I consider your Cord Tires a One Hundred Dollar better equipment on the Franklin than the ordinary tire

F. P. McHARDY, Ashland, Wisconsin

Five Miles Higher Speed

I consider a set of Goodyear Cord Tires worth two sets of the ordinary tires. On one cabriolet, four of these tires went 10,000 miles without one being changed. They undoubtedly make a great change in the riding qualities of an automobile. Our demonstrator tells me he gets about five miles an hour more speed with Cord Tires than with ordinary tires.

G. B. KIMBALL, The Henley-Kimball Co., Boston, Mass.

11,000 Mile Average in Bus Service

Our work is hard, fast and continuous, being the operation of busses between San Diego, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. One car travels 275 miles, and the other 225 miles, each day. We have been getting an average of a little better than 11,000 miles from Goodyear Cord Tires. We figure they have done a lot toward keeping us in business. One 35 x 5 Goodyear Cord covered 18,200 miles on our hardest run, between Los Angeles and San Diego.

S. F. SMITH, Los Angeles, Cal.

25% More Miles Per Gallon

The resilience of these Cord Tires makes the car ride wonderfully well. We are getting one-quarter more miles per gallon. We are recommending them to our customers and have sold them to a great many. I cannot recommend this tire too highly

S. E. NORTON, Pres.,
The Norton Buick Auto Co., Denver

GOODYEAR
AKRON

What Goodyear Cords Will Do For You

IF YOU could be assured that Goodyear Cord Tires will do certain things, you probably would equip your car with them at once.

We can give you that assurance, in positive, definite fashion. And the confirmation of Goodyear Cord users, as shown by a few of their letters on the opposite page, should clinch it, once for all.

We know, for instance, that Goodyear Cords make a large car or a small car ride better, no matter how well it rides without them.

That they consume less power and go farther per gallon of gasoline, thereby reducing fuel consumption.

That they enable your motor to get up to speed in less time, with less effort.

That they are practically free from danger of stone-bruise and blow-out.

The source of such performance is the resilience of Goodyear Cord Tires; and this goes back to their extreme flexibility and their great oversize.

Flexibility is the vital essential to the remarkable results which users are getting from Goodyear Cord Tires. It makes the tires resilient, fast, light-running, sturdy and strong.

It resists road injury. It enables the car to coast farther with the power shut off. It makes the motor's work easier in hill-climbing and in ordinary running.

It gives more comfort to the passengers in the car. And those passengers also ride on a larger air cushion because the tires are larger.

Because they accomplish these results, Goodyear Cord Tires have found first favor with thousands of motorists who count last cost more important than first cost.

These users seek tire and car economy, just as you do. They, like you, want the maximum of mileage with the minimum of annoyance and delay.

And they have learned that the service and the comfort of Goodyear Cords, which make their higher price a minor consideration, are not approximated in any other tire.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Cord Tires are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, and the Stutz.

Made in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, with the famous Goodyear All-Weather and Ribbed Treads; for gasoline and electric cars.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

Goodyear No-Hook Cord Tires are made *strong, safe* and *sturdy* by these unique advantages:

Blow-outs from stone bruises are combated by great strength and the suppleness of Goodyear Cord construction.

Loose Treads are diminished by our On-Air Cure.

Rim Cutting is eliminated and side-wall breaks are lessened by our No-Rim-Cut feature.

Punctures and skidding are reduced by our double-thick All-Weather and Ribbed Treads.

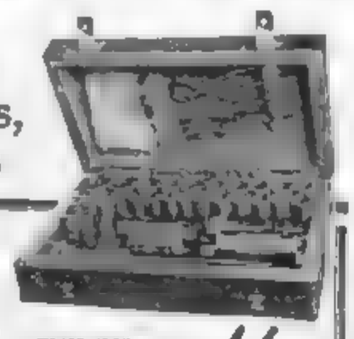
Blowing off the rim is prevented by our Braided Piano Wire Base.

They are easy to put on and take off because they do not rust fast to the rim.

GOODYEAR CORD TIRES

WORKS of ART
The Song of the Lark and
INNOVATION SWEETS

For
Motorists,
Machinists,
Engineers



Starrett

Patent Ratchet Wrench

THE ratchet wrench is equipped with sockets for twenty-eight sizes of standard hexagon nuts—a universal joint—an extension handle—a spark plug socket—a drilling attachment and a screw-driver. Set complete, $15.

Send for Free Catalog No. 21-E describing the complete line of Starrett Tools

THE L. S. STARRETT CO.
"The World's Greatest Tool Makers"
ATHOL, MASS.
New York Chicago London

GTD

These two points mean accuracy and strength.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, etc. I help
RICHARD B. OWEN 33 Owen Bldg., Washington D. C.

(Concluded from Page 35)

"We could," says she, "if you wasn't spendin' so much on your locker."

"The locker's a matter o' life and death," I says. "They ain't no man in the world that could dance as much with their own wife as I do and live without liquid stimulus."

When we'd been there four days she got to be on speakin' terms with the ladies' maid that hung round the lobby and helped put the costumes back on when they slipped off. From this here maid the Missus learned who was who, and the information was relayed to me as soon as they was a chance. We'd be settin' on the porch when I'd feel an elbow in my ribs all of a sudden. I'd look up at who was passin' and then try and pretend I was excited.

"Who is it?" I'd whisper.

"That's Mrs. Vandeventer," the wife'd say. "Her husband's the biggest street-car conductor in Philadelphia."

Or somebody'd set beside us at the beach or in the Palm Garden and my ribs would be all battered up before the Missus was calm enough to tip me off.

"The Vincents," she'd say, "the canned prune people."

It was a little bit thrillin' at first to be rubbin' elbows with all them celeb's; but it got so finally that I could walk out o' the dinin' room right behind Scotti, the opera singer, without forgettin' that my feet hurt.

The Washington's Birthday Ball brought 'em all together at once, and the Missus pointed out eight and nine at a time and got me so mixed up that I didn't know Pat Vanderbilt from Maggie Rockefeller. The only one you couldn't make no mistake about was a Russian count that you couldn't pronounce. He was buyin' bay mules or somethin' for the Russian Government, and he was in ambush.

"They say he can't hardly speak a word of English," says the Missus.

"If I knowed the word for barber shop in Russia," says I, "I'd tell him they was one in this hotel."

V

IN OUR mail box the next mornin' they was a notice that our first week was up and all we owed was $146.50. The bill for room and meals was $119. The rest was for gettin' clo'es pressed and keepin' the locker damp.

I didn't have no appetite for breakfast. I told the wife that I'd wait up in the room and for her to come when she got through. When she blew in I had my speech prepared.

"Look here," I says; "this is our eighth day in Palm Beach society. You're on speakin' terms with a maid and I've got acquainted with half a dozen o' the male hired help. It's cost us about $165, includin' them private rooms down to the Casino and our Afromobile trips, and this and that. You know a whole lot o' swell people by sight, but you can't talk to 'em. It'd be just as much satisfaction and hundreds o' dollars cheaper to look up their names in the telephone directory at home; then phone to 'em and, when you got 'em, tell 'em it was the wrong number. That way, you'd get 'em to speak to you at least.

"As for sport," I says, "we don't play golf and we don't play tennis and we don't swim. We go through the same program o' doin' nothin' every day. We dance, but we don't never change partners. For twelve dollars I could buy a phonograph up home and I and you could trot round the livin' room all evenin' without no danger o' havin' some o' them fancy birds cave our shins in. And we could have twice as much liquid refreshments up there at about a twentieth the cost.

"That Gould I met on the train comin' down," I says, "was a even bigger liar than I give him credit for. He says that when he was here people pestered him to death by comin' up and speakin' to him. We ain't had to dodge nobody or hide behind a cocoanut tree to remain exclusive. He says Palm Beach was too common for him. What he should of said was that it was too lonesome. If they was just one white man here that'd listen to my stuff I wouldn't have no kick. But it ain't no pleasure tellin' stories to the Ephs. They laugh whether it's good or not, and then want a dime for laughin'.

"As for our clo'es," I says, "they would of been all right for a couple o' days' stay. But the dames round here, and the men, too, has somethin' different to put on for every mornin', afternoon and night. You've wore your two evenin' gowns so much that I just have to snap my finger at the hooks and they go and grab the right eyes.

"The meals would be grand," I says, "if the cook didn't keep gettin' mixed up and puttin' puddin' sauce on the meat and gravy on the pie.

"I'm glad we've been to Palm Beach," I says. "I wouldn't of missed it for nothin'. But the ocean won't be no different to-morrow than it was yesterday, and the same for the daily program. It don't even rain here, to give us a little variety.

"Now what do you say," I says, "to us just settlin' this bill, and whatever we owe since then, and beatin' it out o' here just as fast as we can go?"

The Missus didn't say nothin' for a w'ile. She was too busy cryin'. She knowed that what I'd said was the truth, but she wouldn't give up without a struggle.

"Just three more days," she says finally. "If we don't meet somebody worth meetin' in the next three days I'll go wherever you want to take me."

"All right," I says; "three more days it is. What's a little matter o' sixty dollars?"

Well, in them next two days and a half she done some desperate flirtin', but as it was all with women I didn't get jealous. She picked out some o' the E-light o' Chicago and tried every trick she could think up. She told 'em their noses was shiny and offered 'em her powder. She stepped on their white shoes just so's to get a chance to beg their pardon. She told 'em their clo'es was unhooked, and then unhooked 'em so's she could hook 'em up again. She tried to loan 'em her finger-nail tools. When she seen one fannin' herself she'd say: "Excuse me, Mrs. So-and-So; but we got the coolest room in the hotel, and I'd be so glad to have you go up there and quit perspirin'." But not a rise did she get.

Not till the afternoon o' the third day o' grace. And I don't know if I ought to tell you this or not—only I'm sure you won't spill it nowheres.

We'd went up in our room after lunch. I was tired out and she was discouraged. We'd set round for over an hour, not sayin' or doin' nothin'.

I wanted to talk about the chance of us gettin' away the next mornin', but I didn't dast bring up the subject.

The Missus complained of it bein' hot and opened the door to leave the breeze go through. She was settin' in a chair near the doorway, pretendin' to read the Palm Beach News. All of a sudden she jumped up and kind o' hissed at me.

"What's the matter?" I says, springin' from the lounge.

"Come here!" she says, and went out the door into the hall.

I got there as fast as I could, thinkin' it was a rat or a fire. But the Missus just pointed to a lady walkin' away from us, six or seven doors down.

"It's Mrs. Potter," she says; "*the* Mrs. Potter from Chicago!"

"Oh!" I says, puttin' all the excitement I could into my voice.

And I was just startin' back into the room when I seen Mrs. Potter stop and turn round and come to'rd us. She stopped again maybe twenty feet from where the Missus was standin'.

"Are you on this floor?" she says.

The Missus shook like a leaf.

"Yes," says she, so low you couldn't hardly hear her.

"Please see that they's some towels put in 559," says *the* Mrs. Potter from Chicago.

VI

ABOUT five o'clock the wife quieted down and I thought it was safe to talk to her.

"I've been readin' in the guide about a pretty river trip," I says. "We can start from here on the boat to-morrow mornin'. They run to Fort Pierce to-morrow and stay there to-morrow night. The next day they go from Fort Pierce to Rockledge, and the day after that from Rockledge to Daytona. The fare's only five dollars apiece. And we can catch a northbound train at Daytona."

"All right. I don't care," says the Missus.

So I left her and went downstairs and acrost the street to ask Mr. Foster. Ask Mr. Foster happened to be a girl. She sold me the boat tickets and promised she would reserve a room with bath for us at Fort Pierce, where we was to spend the followin' night. I bet she knowed all the w'ile that rooms with a bath in Fort Pierce is scarcer than toes on a sturgeon.

I went back to the room and helped with the packin' in an advisory capacity. Neither one of us had the heart to dress for dinner. We ordered somethin' sent up and got soaked an extra dollar for service. But we was past carin' for a little thing like that.

At nine o'clock next mornin' the good ship Constitution stopped at the Poinciana dock w'ile we piled aboard. One bellhop was down to see us off and it cost me a quarter to get that much attention. Mrs. Potter must of overslept herself.

The boat was loaded to the guards and I ain't braggin' when I say that we was the best-lookin' people aboard. And as for manners, why, say, old Bill Sykes could of passed off for Henry Chesterfield in that gang! Each one o' them occupied three o' the deck chairs and sprayed orange juice all over their neighbors. We could of talked to plenty o' people here, all right; they were as clubby a gang as I ever seen. But I was afraid if I said somethin' they'd have to answer; and, with their mouths as full o' citrus fruit as they was, the results might of been fatal to my light suit.

We went up the lake to a canal and then through it to Indian River. The boat run aground every few minutes and had to be pried loose. About twelve o'clock a cullud gemman come up on deck and told us lunch was ready. At half past one he served it at a long family table in the cabin. As far as I was concerned, he might as well of left it on the stove. Even if you could of bit into the food, a glimpse at your fellow diners would of strangled your appetite.

After the repast I called the Missus aside.

"Somethin' tells me we're not goin' to live through three days o' this," I says. "What about takin' the train from Fort Pierce and beatin' it for Jacksonville, and then home?"

"But that'd get us to Chicago too quick," says she. "We told people how long we was goin' to be gone and if we got back ahead o' time they'd think they was somethin' queer."

"They's too much queer on this boat," I says. "But you're goin' to have your own way from now on."

We landed in Fort Pierce about six. It was only two or three blocks to the hotel, but when they laid out that part o' town they overlooked some o' the modern conveniences, includin' sidewalks. We staggered through the sand with our grips and sure had worked up a hunger by the time we reached Ye Inn.

"Got reservations for us here?" I ast the clerk.

"Yes," he says, and led us to 'em in person.

The room he showed us didn't have no bath, or even a chair that you could set on w'ile you pulled off your socks.

"Where's the bath?" I ast him.

"This way," he says, and I followed him down the hall, outdoors and up an alley.

Finally we come to a bathroom complete in all details, except that it didn't have no door. I went back to the room, got the Missus and went down to supper. Well, sir, I wish you could of been present at that supper. The choice o' meats was calves' liver and onions or calves' liver and onions. And I bet if them calves had of been still livin' yet they could of gave us some personal reminiscences about Garfield.

The Missus give the banquet one look and then laughed for the first time in several days.

"The guy that named this burg got the capitals mixed," I says. "It should of been Port Fierce."

And she laughed still heartier. Takin' advantage, I says:

"How about the train from here to Jacksonville?"

"You win!" says she. "We can't get home too soon to suit me."

VII

THE mornin' we landed in Chicago it was about eight above and a wind was comin' offen the Lake a mile a minute. But it didn't feaze us.

"Lord!" says the Missus. "Ain't it grand to be home!"

"You said somethin'," says I. "But wouldn't it of been grander if we hadn't never left?"

"I don't know about that," she says. "I think we both of us learned a lesson."

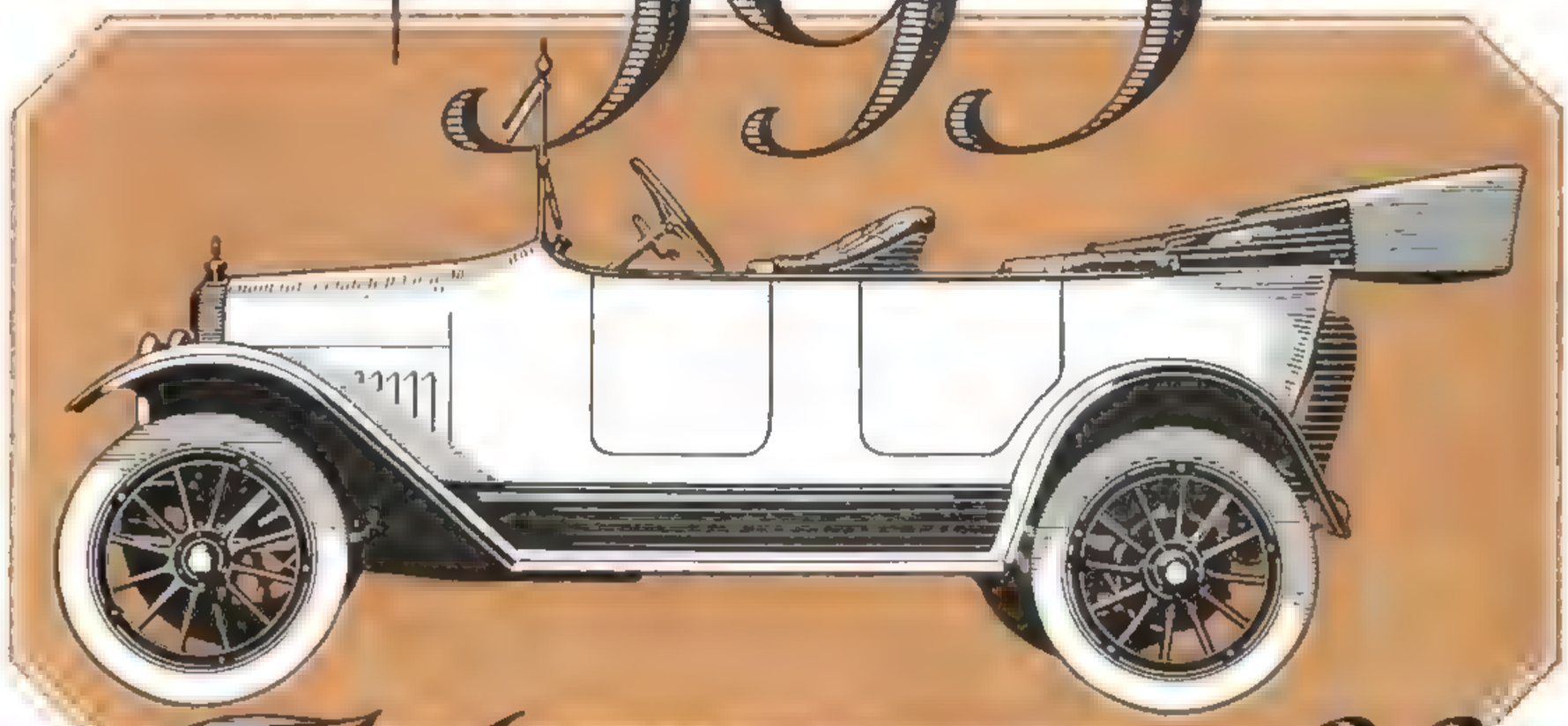
"Yes," I says; "and the tuition wasn't only a matter o' close to seven hundred bucks!"

"Oh," says she, "we'll get that back easy!"

"How?" I ast her. "Do you expect some tips on the market from Mrs. Potter and the rest o' your new friends?"

"No," she says. "We'll win it. We'll win it in the rummy game with the Hatches."

$595



Maxwell

THE DOMINANT MOTOR CAR VALUE

THINK back three years—when the Maxwell Motor Company was organized. You read the announcement then—this Company would produce a high-grade automobile—make it complete—as the public wanted it—*and sell it at a very moderate price.*

We asked your confidence at that time—asked you to wait and see the result. The first car was an innovation—was an unheard-of value in the motor-car industry.

The Maxwell car made good from the first—and it has steadily been improved. When we had made it exactly as we wanted it—as you wanted it—the price at which we sold it was everywhere conceded to represent the utmost value that could be obtained in any motor car.

All this time, the Maxwell organization was improving its manufacturing processes—was standardizing every part of the car—and today the new price, $595, is the result of close adherence to the Company's original plan.

Our materials are purchased in large quantities at advantageous prices, our parts are manufactured in enormous quantities—our whole organization is efficient. There is no waste—no loss of time, labor or materials. The Maxwell is a standardized car—made by a "standardized" organization.

And now, people are realizing that a product may be "possible" for the Maxwell Company—and impossible for others.

They are realizing that the Maxwell ideal is being fulfilled to the letter.

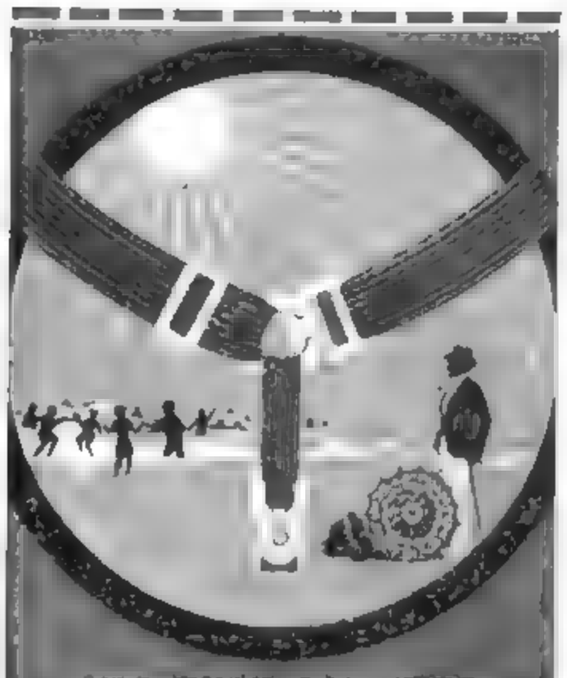
And they are coming to Maxwell dealers by the thousands to buy Maxwell cars—and demanding them immediately. Never in the history of the great success of this Company has the demand even approached the mark that is now being set.

The reduction of the Maxwell price for 1917 has established this car beyond any doubt as *the dominant motor-car value.*

Roadster, $580; Touring Car, $595; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985.
All prices f.o.b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
Canadian prices: Roadster, $830; Touring Car, $850, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell

Motor Company · Detroit, Mich.



Helps You Keep Cool

The Ivory Garter is so light that it is the ideal summer garter. Does not bind. Has no pads. It is cool and comfortable.

Ivory Garter

is made of the finest elastic and the fittings are put on without cutting the rubber strands by stitching. Has no metal. Can't rust. Made in eight colors. Silk 50 cts. Lisle 25 cts. If your dealer hasn't them, will send direct.

The Ivory Garter is Guaranteed—Money Back if not satisfied.

DEALERS: Order from your jobber or direct from us.

IVORY GARTER CO., Sole Mfrs.
New Orleans

SHEET MUSIC

IT TOOK the awful war now devastating Europe to open American eyes to the fact that

"Century" Edition—10c

is today the peer of *any sheet music, published anywhere, at any price.*

Here are a few random selections from our "Century" Catalog of 2000 titles:—

PIANO SOLOS

Barcarolle	Offenbach	Melody in F	Rubinstein
Butterfly	Gaug	Maribe	Krug
Fifth Nocturne	Lavbach	Poet and Peasant	Suppé
Chiming Bells	Webster	Bobin a Departure	Fisher
Humoresque	Dvorak	Silver Stars	Bohm
Il Trovatore	Verdi-Dorn	Traumerei	Schumann
La Grace	Bohm	Valse	Durand

PIANO DUOS

Poet and Peasant	Suppé	Shepherd Boy	Wilson
Pure As Snow	Lange	Silver Stars	Bohm
Qui Vive Galop	Gung	Vasse Bleue	Margis
Sequidilla	Bohm	Zampa Overture	Herold

VIOLIN AND PIANO

Flower Song	Lange	Serenade	Schubert
Traumerei	Schumann	Simple Confession	Thome
Humoresque	Dvorak	Spring Song	Mendelssohn

Ask your dealer to show you "Century" Edition and give you a catalog. If he can't, don't take a substitute, but send your order and remittance direct to us, with his name, and we will fill it and send you a complete catalog free.

You are entitled to the best, and there is nothing better than "Century."

CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
225 W. 40th Street, New York

Ask for and Get

SKINNER'S

THE HIGHEST QUALITY

MACARONI

36 Page Recipe Book Free

SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.

LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

THE FAT STRANGER

(Concluded from Page 15)

The gum still lay unchewed in the fat man's stricken jaws. His rather dim and watery eyes were fixed upon the usurer in outraged amazement.

"You son of a sea cook!" he said with a certain mildness, as though realizing the utter inadequacy of any form of words. Then, with a burst of hope: "See here; I've got some sand! I'm willing to take a chance. I'll cut the cards with you—two out of three; high man wins. If you beat me you can have those notes for nothing. If I beat you, you give me a hundred dollars apiece for 'em, as you agreed. Come on, now!"

But Mr. Babcock, in a reproving tone, replied: "I never gamble."

"No," said the fat man dejectedly; "you play a sure thing."

He removed the plaid cap and rubbed a puffy hand over his head. It was completely bald except for the fringe of close-clipped white hair round the base. It was also a high, narrow head and exceedingly lumpy. Someway it was not at all the sort of apex to his globular person that one had imagined. It looked incongruous and mysteriously indecorous in its nudity. Mr. Babcock, who had finally looked that way, felt a virtuous shock, as though the visitor had suddenly pulled off his shirt. That tall, lumpy, bare poll seemed not only improper but even sinister.

"I'm up against it," said the fat man dejectedly, replacing his cap at the former rakish angle. "Gimme the money."

Mr. Babcock had prepared for that contingency—not wishing the transaction to be a matter of record in the form of a bank check. He drew a wallet from his inside vest pocket and counted out one hundred and fifty dollars. The fat man counted it over and clasped it in his fist. He looked very woebegone and began to chew his gum in a slow, spiritless manner.

"I've been up against all kinds of pups in my life, Truman A.," he said with mournful deliberation; "but you're the worst I ever saw. You know I'm helpless as a little fish out of water with a tenpenny nail through its guts. If they was to rake all hell with a fine-toothed comb they couldn't find a meaner louse than you are."

So saying he pulled the cap tighter on his head, heaved a sigh, rose and waddled out. It was a bland day in early November, mild as June, and richer. The maples and oaks in autumn dress made gorgeous pictures down the residence streets. But there was no joy in it for him. He felt very old and insulted and beaten. Waddling over to the Guffy House he reflected with bitterness:

"Good Lord! And they call me a crook!"

There was no cheer in the Guffy House. He went in to the midday meal with a melancholy conviction that there'd be little he could eat, and that little wouldn't agree with him. The front room, to which he toilfully ascended after dinner, with its lumpy bed, threadbare ingrain carpet, and a great stain on the faded wall paper beneath the stovepipe hole in the chimney, was not likely to rouse a drooping spirit.

He packed his bag—a very simple operation. The stout oilcloth sack with a shoulder strap, containing sample volumes and a prospectus of the Golden Library, lay on the floor in the corner. He proposed to leave it there—a treasure-trove for the chambermaid, or anybody else who might care to appropriate it. There were several weary hours until traintime and he turned to the two pale solaces of his declining years—that is, he took a fresh chew of gum and sat down before the window to peruse a work of fiction—one of three he had purchased, before starting for Plum Hill, wherewith to while away the heavy minutes. . . .

The mellow autumnal dusk came on before supper time and Mr. Babcock supped with his devoted and admiring family by the effulgence of a hanging oil lamp, for they used the more expensive electric lights only when they had company. It was a frugal meal—the soup bone, of course, being saved up for a midday revel on the morrow—yet a cheerful one. Mr. Babcock himself was in the best of spirits, laughing repeatedly.

He had unclasped the cord that went round his neck and held his napkin like a broad shield over his breast, wiped the cracker crumbs out of his mustache, and was rolling the napkin up to put it back in the orange-wood ring—hand-painted, with a pansy on each side, by Mrs. Babcock herself—when the doorbell rang.

The contented man answered it without pausing to light a lamp in the front room, where, as a matter of course, no lamp would be lit until there was definite use for it. Thus, for an instant he hardly made out the shape on the porch; but a husky voice startled him, saying from the dimness:

"Come out here, Truman A.; I've got something to show you."

The shape was apparent then—a gross bulk which, like the voice, affected Mr. Babcock's nerves unpleasantly. Rather helplessly and aflutter, he followed the shape down the porch steps and across the little lawn to the front gate, where it paused.

Standing close to the usurer, so close that the promontory of his stomach touched Mr. Babcock's pendent arm, fairly pinning him to the gatepost, the fat man spoke; and it seemed to Mr. Babcock that his husky voice purred in a manner which, like the push of his stomach, contained an unpleasant suggestion.

"I didn't come up here to talk, Truman A.," he said. "I had other intentions. But when I went round to the side of your house there and looked into your dining-room window and saw you eating supper with your family, all cheerful and happy, and you laughing and your wife laughing and your little girl laughing, something came over me. I was going to let you have it just when you reached over there and took that piece of cheese from your daughter's plate.

"And I'll tell you right now, as a friend, Truman A., don't set in a lighted room with the curtain up and the window open. Don't do it! Your curtain was up and your window was open; and you haven't even got a window screen there. It's too easy! You're in your own house and your own town, and your own family's round you; so everything seems safe and pleasant. But how do you know who's outside—like me—looking through your window?"

He paused a moment to chew gum and then purred on huskily:

"I've been open and square with you all along, Truman A., and I will be now. There's blood on my hands—plenty of it. I've got that impulse; and I've always got away with it too. It ain't the fear of getting caught that restrains me. But three years ago this summer something happened that changed me more or less.

"It was in a town in Pennsylvania. A man I'd been dealing with there threw me down and did me up, and I made up my mind to get him. I didn't say anything to him beforehand. I never do. But one summer evening they was having a party at the house. He was a swell guy and lived in a swell house. He was wearing full-dress clothes this evening. I went up there and I lurked outside, watching my chance. Pretty soon he went into his library, and set down at a table there and picked up a magazine. The curtain was up and the window was open, and I was outside in some rosebushes. I let him have it, Truman A.

"You see, I thought he was all alone in there and it might be an hour before they'd find his dead body. But there was a kind of nook in this room made by an angle of the wall, and his wife and daughter—a little girl about twelve or thirteen years old—were in that nook. They saw him sort of crumple up and his head drop forward, the way a man does when he's shot through the heart. That's what changed me. The way those women hollered rings in my ears yet!

"That came over me, Truman A., when I was looking in your dining-room window and saw you and your wife and little girl, all laughing and happy. I could have done it easy enough, but I realized how they'd holler over your dead body. And I said to myself: 'I'll give him another chance; I'll have a square talk with him and see if I can't put the fear of God in his heart.' So that's why I called you out here."

The fat man took off his cap and rubbed his hand over his head, which, even in the dusk, looked to Mr. Babcock's terror-stricken eyes like something incongruous, indecent and sinister.

"Don't think you can get away," he continued in mild warning; "because you can't. If I make up my mind to do it I'll do it in spite of you. How many murders are never found out? I could tell you of some myself. Do you see that?"

From the pocket of his baggy coat he took a shiny cylindrical object that just filled the palm of his hand.

"That's a silencer. Slip that on the muzzle of a pistol and I can shoot you right here and the people in the house will never hear a sound. I could have shot you through the open window and they'd never heard a sound or known what killed you until the doctors held an autopsy. I'd rather not do it, Truman A. I'm an old man, with not many years to live. Don't push me to it! Give me that hundred and fifty dollars you owe me and I'll take the eight-ten o'clock train and you'll never see me again. Somebody downtown will cash a check for you if you haven't got the currency in your pocket. I don't want to put it off, because the impulse might return to me. I might say I'd wait till morning, and then get to thinking how you did me and come up here to-night and break into your house when you're asleep; and you'd never leave it again, except in a hearse. Life is sweet, Truman A. You don't want your wife and little girl to mourn. Let's not take any chances. Let's play it safe. Come downtown with me now and fix it up."

"Wait!" said Mr. Babcock in a tremulous voice. "Wait till I get my hat."

They walked downtown together in silence and in the dingy hall of the Guffy House Mr. Babcock counted one hundred and fifty dollars into the fat man's pudgy hand. Then, for the first time, Mr. Babcock spoke—with a shaky breathlessness that betrayed the state of his nerves.

"You're sure?" he gasped—"sure you'll take that eight-ten train?"

"Sure's you're a foot high, Truman A.!" the fat man replied. "You can wait and see me do it if you want to. I'm a square guy."

Waddling up to his room, he made final preparations for departure. They consisted in transferring a shiny cylindrical object from his coat pocket to his bag, and depositing in the same receptacle that work of fiction which he had been perusing in the afternoon.

It was bound in paper, and the front cover bore a dauby, high-colored cut that represented a gentleman in evening dress sitting at a library table in a nerveless attitude, his head drooping, while a bejeweled lady rushed toward him from a corner of the room with arms extended in horror, and another gentleman stood in the rosebushes outside the window, leveling a pistol at the figure by the table. Above this cut the title of the work appeared in red letters. It was: The Silent Shot; or, Willie Hawkeye, the Boy Detective.

The shiny cylindrical object which the fat stranger had taken from his coat pocket contained a stick of shaving soap.

Jolting down to the eight-ten train in the ancient red-white-and-blue bus of the Guffy House, he was less depressed than he had been during the afternoon, yet far from exhilarated. His heart was acting badly, and he knew the end, whatever it might be, was not far away. He heaved a patient sigh and reflected:

"I've been at it a long while and I ought to know: There's some way to con every man alive—and damn little you get out of it!"

THE CRUSADER

(Continued from Page 13)

"How do you know it's the Globe?" demanded Arthur.

"I'm familiar with Globe methods, my son."

"Well, it is the Globe. Morton looked me up this afternoon. He said they'd give me fifty a week to come over there right away. I told that to my uncle and he—he talked nepotism! Darned old billygoat!"

"There's more than the money involved," said Hazzard quietly. "Sit down and let's talk it over. I suppose you've considered all the angles? For instance, the Globe is an opposition paper. It has been trying to tail in on this political fight and snatch some of the credit for smashing the Todd machine—if it's going to be smashed. They think that by taking you away from the Oracle they can grab it all. It looks to me, son, as if there might be a question of loyalty involved."

Arthur laughed loudly.

"Loyalty! To a paper that pays a man only half what he's worth?"

"Yes; loyalty. It's the first thing a real newspaper man learns—loyalty to his paper. He wants it to be right; but, right or wrong, it's his paper just the same. That's an old saw, but a good one. A real newspaper man wouldn't pull out and quit in the middle of a fight not for a few measly dollars anyway. He'd stick it through somehow; and then, if he wanted to go elsewhere ——"

"He wouldn't have the chance. No, thank you!"

"Speaking of chances, you owe something to the Oracle for giving you a chance to make good."

"At fifteen dollars a week!" sneered the youth.

"Forget the money for a minute, will you? The Oracle gave you a chance. It advertised you; it stuck your name up there in big type; it made the Globe people think you're worth fifty a week to them."

"Of course," said LaTelle with elaborate sarcasm, "the stuff I wrote didn't have anything to do with my making good. It was bad; but people overlooked it because it was in the Oracle. Yes, yes; go on!"

With an effort that turned his face plum-color, Hazzard retained a grip on his temper.

"The point I want to make is this: Do you think it's a square shake to quit us in the middle of a fight this way?"

Sir Galahad leaped to his feet and began to pace up and down the floor.

"Don't talk square shake is the same as my notion of a square shake to me! Your uncle's—ninety per cent the best of it before you start! You talk loyalty, obligation, ethics, if you please; but you don't talk money! What do you think I'm here for—my health? If I listen to you I pass up a great opportunity. Morton said they wanted a definite answer to-night."

"Of course they do! If they get you away from us before this election they'll claim that they licked Jim Todd."

"Well"—and here Sir Galahad smiled modestly—"I guess there won't be much question as to who really did lick the old scoundrel."

Hazzard paused long enough to draw a thoughtful breath.

"M-m-m—yes. . . . Quite so. . . . And the campaign you've planned out—the instructions to your volunteer watchers at the polls, and so on—will you leave that here or take it with you?"

"It's mine," was the firm reply. "You don't own everything in my head just because you're paying me a beggarly twenty-five dollars a week."

Hazzard swallowed hard; but he was by nature a patient man. He tried again:

"But you'll outline the scheme to Holland, won't you? You've announced that you would print it the day before election—announced it in this paper. We're entitled to some consideration."

"Yes," said LaTelle—"about twenty-five dollars' worth. It's no use arguing with you, Hazzard. Whenever my uncle whistles, you bark. That's your job. You'd rather save a few dollars than win a fight any day. Before you'd pay a man a small percentage of what he's worth you'd see him go—and I'm going!"

Hazzard took hold of the edge of his desk and hung on, controlling his voice with an effort. "To-night?" he asked.

"To-night! I think they'll want to run an announcement to-morrow morning. They—they said they'd feature me."

"Aha! . . . A box on the first page with your picture in it! Yes; that would be their style. Steal a man from the opposition paper and then brag about it. Regular Globe tactics. . . . Well, I've done my best to keep you from making a mighty big mistake."

"Ho!" laughed LaTelle. "You're just saying that."

"Yes; I'm just saying that. The funny part is that it's absolutely true. . . . I think you'll be back again, if you ask me."

"Not unless I get a decent salary."

"Oh, I didn't mean you'd come back here to work," explained Hazzard. "Don't think we'd want you. You can come back to ask questions."

"That's awfully decent of you," sneered Sir Galahad. "I'll try to remember it. Good-by, Hazzard."

"You won't have any trouble remembering it," said the managing editor; "and it's good-night instead of good-by. *Au revoir!* And as you go through the city room will you tell Dave Holland that I want to see him?"

IV

THE next morning, with a great bashing of journalistic cymbals and a beating of newspaper tom-toms, the Globe announced that it had secured the services of the eminent Mr. Arthur LaTelle, whose inspired writings would henceforth appear daily in its columns. The great power and influence of the Globe would be behind Mr. LaTelle in his vigorous campaign against political corruption and boss rule—and so on, and so on.

At noon the new member of the staff conferred with Morton, the managing editor.

"Give us something sensational for your first story," said Morton. "A regular old ringtail peeler; a humdinger! Got any ideas on the subject?"

LaTelle always had ideas; he was full of them.

"How about an interview with Jim Todd? Anything the old rascal might say could be turned against him, and his perverted views would be interesting. Let's find out what he thinks about this sudden wave of reform."

"How would you go about getting the stuff?" asked Morton.

"Why, I'd tackle the old boy himself. He's always at Monahan's place. It won't be any trouble to find him, and I guess I can get him to talk. The rougher he talks, the better."

"I wouldn't go near Monahan's. You might get hurt."

"Not a chance!" Sir Galahad laughed and threw out his chest a trifle. "Why, I've been in and out of there every day for a week!"

"You don't say so! Well, if you think you can land an interview, go ahead. We'll spread it all over the first page—what Jim Todd thinks of the honest people of this town; what the honest people think of Jim Todd. Good stuff! Go get it!"

Morton watched the newly acquired crusader depart and nodded approvingly.

"A lot of nerve, that boy! . . . Talk about bearding the lion in his den! It's not a circumstance to poking up a bear with a sore head—and going into the bear pit to do it! . . . Yes; he's worth fifty a week, all right."

The day bartender at Monahan's place was not exactly ornamental, but he had his uses and he knew his business. He was polishing a glass when Sir Galahad made his jaunty entry through the swinging doors, and at sight of the visitor the bartender's lower lip protruded and the hand that held the towel was suddenly arrested. Several loungers were sitting at the small tables along the wall. They recognized LaTelle and thereafter watched him furtively, whispering among themselves.

"Where's Todd?" It was more of a demand than a question, put briskly.

"Back there," replied the bartender, jerking his thumb toward the rear of the house.

"Tell him I want to see him, will you?"

This plain request seemed to stun the gentleman behind the white apron—bartenders' jackets were not in favor at Monahan's place—and Arthur had to repeat it:

"Mr. LaTelle, of the Globe, wants to see him."

"Sure!" said the bartender, putting glass and towel on the bar. "Sure, I'll tell him. Cert'n'y. Wait right here. Don't go away."

All the World Sees Your Roof

The rich appearance of finest slate at much less cost—lasting beauty in soft gray, red or green—are what you get in Neponset Twin Shingles. Trim and tight, no splitting, curling, rattling, rusting, shrinking or swelling—frost-proof, rain-proof, spark-proof and fire-resisting. Carefully made: on top of a tough fibrous foundation, layer upon layer of the best waterproofing binder known and crushed rock are pressed into a solid mass and surfaced with crushed slate of natural gray, red and green colors.

If you are about to roof, you will miss something important unless you investigate Neponset Twin Shingles.

Send for FREE Booklet—
"*Repairing and Building*"—and learn about the roofing development of the Twentieth Century.

BIRD & SON, *Est. 1795*, 258 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.
CHICAGO: 1434 Monadnock Bldg. NEW YORK WASHINGTON
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario

Take your own case for example

Would it be hard for an authorized representative of The Curtis Publishing Company to sell you a year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman*, or to take your order for the renewal of your present subscription when it expires?

W. H. PANSING
His spare-time work for us is paying off the mortgage on his Arizona home

THE CURTIS PERIODICALS do not have to be introduced to you. You already know them. The first representative sufficiently wide awake to ask for your order would find his work already half done. If he did the rest he would make a liberal commission with a salary in addition.

That's about the line of reasoning followed by Mr. Pansing. He knew *The Post*, liked it, but had never been asked to subscribe. He argued that there must be thousands of others like himself who would give an order to the first representative aggressive enough to ask for it.

When he wrote, requesting authority to represent the Curtis periodicals, he was carrying a mortgage on his home, which he saw no way of paying off. Today he has a savings fund rapidly growing big enough to clear his home of debt.

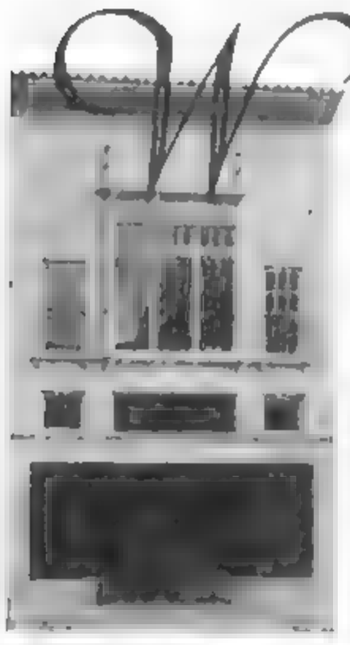
He has made every cent of this money from his work for us. He was not asked to make any investment. He needed no experience. We asked only for his spare time and did not interfere in any way with his regular occupation.

If you have spare time to sell, we will buy it.

Agency Division, Box 537

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

STORE FRONTS THAT STAND OUT



LIGNON STORE
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
W. C. Weston
Architect

A striking façade in red and ivory-cream glazed Terra Cotta

WHICH are the stores in your city that everybody knows? Almost always there is something unique and distinctive about such stores. Almost always they have the cream of the local trade.

If you investigate, you will find that a very large proportion of these well-known, successful stores have handsome fronts of Terra Cotta. It may be a beautiful touch of color that gives them such distinction. It may be a tasteful, ornamental design. But all over the country you will find that much of the very best work in decorative store fronts is now being done in Terra Cotta.

WENGLER & MANDELL, CHICAGO, ILL.
Mundie & Jensen
Architects

Full glaze cream-white Terra Cotta

Up-to-date architects and builders everywhere are recommending Terra Cotta as the ideal decorative building material for stores, hotels, office buildings, banks, schools, theatres, moving picture houses, etc.

PACKARD MOTOR BLDG., ATLANTA, GA.
William T. Downing
Architect

A beautiful design executed in white matt Terra Cotta

An Illustrated Book of Store Fronts

"Store Fronts in Terra Cotta" is an illustrated book that every merchant should read. It shows a variety of Terra Cotta fronts for many kinds of stores. Write to us on your letterhead and we will send you a complimentary copy. We have other booklets on other types of buildings. Tell us the kind of building that interests you, and we will send you the right book.

NATIONAL TERRA COTTA SOCIETY, 1 Madison Avenue, New York

Members' plants located in all parts of the country from coast to coast

NEW YORK'S TERRA COTTA LINE

He disappeared. Somewhere a door was heard to open and close. In the silence that followed, the loungers stared at LaTelle and forgot their beer. It was fully a minute before the bartender returned; it seemed much longer.

"Gwan right in. Jim'll see you."

LaTelle found the boss alone in the room that had come to have such an evil significance in the political history of the city. It was a small room, dingy and dirty, and furnished simply with an oilcloth-covered table and half a dozen kitchen chairs of the cheapest sort. A few flyspecked lithographs were on the walls, and flat boxes, half full of sand, served as cuspidors.

Todd was sitting at one end of the table, his flat-brimmed derby hat tilted low over his cold blue eyes and the butt of a cigar clinched in one corner of his mouth. Instantly LaTelle decided on his opening paragraph—it was to be something about a fat, ugly spider, a poisonous spider, crouching in the center of a web—a web that stretched over an entire city; a web

"Well, kid," grunted Jim Todd; "thought you'd come down to see if there was anything left of me, hey? Have a chair—that one over there. Set down."

Arthur seated himself and tossed his hat carelessly upon the table.

"I've come to interview you, Mr. Todd," said he. "The Globe wants to know what you think of reform movements—and all that sort of thing."

There was a long silence, broken at last by a gruff cackle.

"Don't make me laugh," wheezed the boss. "You can't print what I think about reformers all of um." And, to prove it, Todd put a few of his thoughts into brief, burning words of the sort usually represented by stars and dashes. "And besides," he concluded, "I ain't got much time to talk to-day."

LaTelle was conscious of a slight change in Todd's manner—the grim lines faded out of his face; something like a smile appeared below the cropped mustache. The young man began to understand that this evil person had a human side after all.

"I got to hand it to you," said Jim Todd. "They've all had a crack at me now and then; but you—you're just a fightin' fool, ain't you? It ain't everybody that can get a whole town up on its toes an' yellin' murder. They'll say it's the paper that done it. Don't you believe it. It's the boy that writes the stuff. . . . How come you to quit the Oracle?"

"They wouldn't pay me enough money."

"Uh-huh! Tight, eh? Have any trouble with Hazzard?"

"Oh, no trouble. I simply told him what I thought of his cheap policy—that was all."

Jim Todd seemed to reflect deeply. Then he spat out his cigar butt.

"Money!" he grunted. "Even a newspaper reformer is after the dough, hey?"

He pushed his chair back from the table and his manner changed again. So did his voice; it lifted from the gruff conversational pitch and took on the ring of command:

"It's all right, boys! Come get um!"

A door creaked behind him; and Arthur LaTelle, darting a frightened glance over his shoulder, saw three powerful strangers closing in on him, treading lightly on the balls of their feet.

V

AFTER an election comes peace and calmness; after the votes have been counted a feeling of apathy dulls the feverish beat of the public pulse.

Jim Todd, in the back room at Monahan's place, chuckled over another victory. The margin was narrow, but it was a victory, nevertheless; and Sir Galahad, the dauntless, the inspired—where, oh, where was he? That was the question.

The election was over; the Globe still howled about the disappearance of its fifty-dollar-a-week crusader, but its howl grew feebler daily. It had shrieked editorially of foul play, but had proved nothing save that Arthur LaTelle had been and now was not. And warrants cannot be sworn out without evidence of some sort.

The general opinion seemed to be that Jim Todd had put another one over on the reform element. A story ran about the city, and nobody knew where it started or could trace its origin. It was to the effect that LaTelle had made a deal with the enemy, had sold out, taken a bundle of money, and gone—and there were times when Morton almost believed this.

Achilles K. Munn did not believe it; Hazzard did not believe it; nobody on the staff of the Oracle believed it; even Joe McInerney took up the cudgel for the vanished knight of reform:

"A fathead, yes; but no crook."

It was the night after election. As Hazzard stepped into the street, on his way home, a tall, dirty scarecrow emerged from a doorway and accosted him.

"LaTelle!" gasped the managing editor. "Where on earth have you been?"

"You ought to know," was the reply, spoken in bitterness of soul.

"But I don't know. The only thing I felt sure of was that you wouldn't be harmed."

"Harmed!" cried LaTelle. "Look at me—I haven't had a shave in four days! Look at these filthy clothes! Harmed!"

"Suppose you tell me all about it," suggested Hazzard kindly.

"Come into this doorway. . . . Well, the day after I quit the Oracle I went down to Monahan's place ——"

"Ah-h!" breathed Hazzard, making a clicking noise with his tongue. "You should have kept away from there."

"I know it now. I went down there to interview Todd, and three of his thugs kidnaped me ——"

"Kidnaped you? Didn't you put up a fight?"

"I told you there were three of 'em. They kept me locked up all that day, and at night they transferred me to a vacant house down by the river—a kind of a hobo hangout it was."

"Todd's floaters; yes. Go on."

"And the hobos had orders to keep me there ——"

"Didn't you try to get out?"

"There must have been thirty of 'em," explained LaTelle spiritlessly. "Some had guns too. So I stayed. To-night they broke camp; but before they went they traded clothes with me ——"

"Have you been to the Globe office?"

"Not yet. I've been waiting here to see you. The last thing Jim Todd said to me before the thugs took me away was that it was the open season on reformers now—and you could tell me why."

Hazzard nodded.

"I told you you'd want to ask me a question some day," said he.

"I've asked it, sir."

"Well, my boy," Hazzard began, "there's just one story about Jim Todd that has never been printed; it's the only story he never wants to see printed. Three people in this town know what it is—Jim Todd, a woman and myself. It's not the sort of story I want to print, understand—even to smash a political boss. But I told Jim Todd that we were going after him along political lines, and that if you were molested in any way —— You begin to see it, don't you?"

LaTelle took his head in his hands and groaned:

"And I thought it was me he was afraid of!"

"No; it was the story. And while you worked for the man who knew that story you had protection—all the protection that Todd himself could give you. You stepped out from under it—that was all. If you had been a little more decent to me that night—if you hadn't called me your uncle's dog—I would have warned you to keep away from Happy Valley. As it is you've had a hard lesson; and you've found out that in the newspaper business money isn't everything. . . . If I can do anything for you ——"

"The only thing you can do for me is not to spread this story round among the boys. And if I had transportation to Chicago ——"

Pride can be a curse as well as a blessing, and a crusader shamed is a crusader unarmed. Arthur LaTelle got his transportation to Chicago.

He is still in the newspaper business, but it has been some time since he has lifted a lance to attack the foes of society. As a muckraker he does not amount to much; but as a copy reader he is worth all of forty dollars a week, though he finds thirty in his envelope each Tuesday afternoon.

BEFORE PRICES ADVANCE

$1 Puts THE HOOSIER in Your Home on the Famous Hoosier Plan at the Present Low Prices

But You Must Act Quickly

War costs on all raw materials used in the Hoosier forced us to increase our wholesale prices August 15. Many dealers, however, had a few Hoosiers left which they bought before costs went up. We have granted these stores permission to sell their remaining cabinets at the old-time prices until September 1.

But no dealer, remember, has more than a few. We expect that this announcement and these special terms will bring in twice as many requests from women as there are cabinets.

So if you wait—you will probably miss this opportunity to get your Hoosier at a substantial saving. The only *safe* plan is to *go to the Hoosier store in your town at once or write to us.*

Here are the terms—nothing need keep you from deciding right now:

1. **$1 puts the cabinet you choose in your home.**
2. **$1 weekly quickly pays for it.**
3. **The low cash price fixed by the factory prevails strictly.**
4. **No interest. No extra fees.**
5. **This sale is conducted by the Hoosier store in your town under the direct supervision of the Hoosier Company.**
6. **Your money back if you are not delighted.**

This Is the Season That the Hoosier Will Do You Most Good

Right now you need a Hoosier more than at any other time in the year. Right now your kitchen is hot and disagreeable. Right now the extra work of making preserves and jellies, canning fruit, etc., forces extra hours of kitchen toil upon you.

With the Hoosier to work at, your kitchen duties are transformed into pleasures. With everything at your fingers'-ends, kitchen work is easy. The Hoosier makes it restful and interesting besides. Instead of drudgery, you enjoy all the charm that domestic science experts have devised to date.

So why wish and wait for a Hoosier—when by paying only a single dollar at once you can have full use of your cabinet the rest of the summer, *and save good cold cash on the cost?*

$12.75 up buys the Hoosier Table Cabinets with porcelain top. $19.85 up buys the "Hoosier Wonder" Kitchen Cabinet, "Hoosier Special," "Hoosier Beauty" and "Hoosier DeLuxe," roll door or hinged door models. Prices vary according to design, equipment and your location.

Sale May Close Any Day

The low prices that we are offering you now, sold out our entire spring production of 50,000 Hoosiers months in advance. In many cities, women have been waiting weeks to get our most popular model. This final notice will be sufficient to send these women to the Hoosier stores at once.

Your only chance of being *sure* to get your cabinet is to go to your local Hoosier store immediately or write to us.

It need not take you ten minutes to decide once for all whether you intend to buy now or later after *prices go up*, and you're deciding, remember, whether you will save many dollars and miles of unnecessary steps you now take in a hot kitchen.

Every Woman Has a Right to a Hoosier

Sooner or later you will probably get a cabinet anyway. Then why waste your energy, health and time by waiting until prices increase? You should, without fail, seize this opportunity *today*.

Famous "Hoosier Beauty"
Hinged door model. Most popular Kitchen Cabinet in the world. Gold medal winner at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The same model with Roll Doors above table at no extra charge.

What the Hoosier Cabinet will do for You

—Places for 400 articles all within arm's reach.
—40 labor-saving features, each like a helping hand.
—The Hoosier will cut your kitchen work in half.
—Will save you miles of steps.
—Will save you hours of weary toil.
—Will make it a pleasure to cook and bake.
—Will save your energy and beauty, and keep you feeling young and strong.
—Will help you get good meals quickly.
—Will help you tidy up in just a few moments when the meal's over.

Is there any way on earth a dollar a week can serve you better?

If you act now you pay for a few weeks only less than 5c a meal—less than street-car fare to own a Hoosier and save miles of steps.

One million women have bought Hoosier Cabinets. Every one has been sold under the unqualified understanding that it could be *returned and money refunded if not satisfactory.*

SEND THIS FREE COUPON TODAY

In case you do not know the name of the Hoosier store in your town, send us this coupon today. We do not want you to miss this chance of getting a Hoosier before prices advance.

As soon as we hear from you, we will send you your nearest dealer's name. *If you write us at once, we will see that you get a chance to get your cabinet at the old time prices.* We will also mail you a copy of our new book "HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS" You will find this very interesting. It not only pictures and describes the famous models, but describes many kitchen short cuts that will prove valuable.

You incur no obligation by sending in this coupon, so don't delay—SEND IT AT ONCE.

THE HOOSIER MFG. CO.
168 Sidney Street
New Castle, Indiana

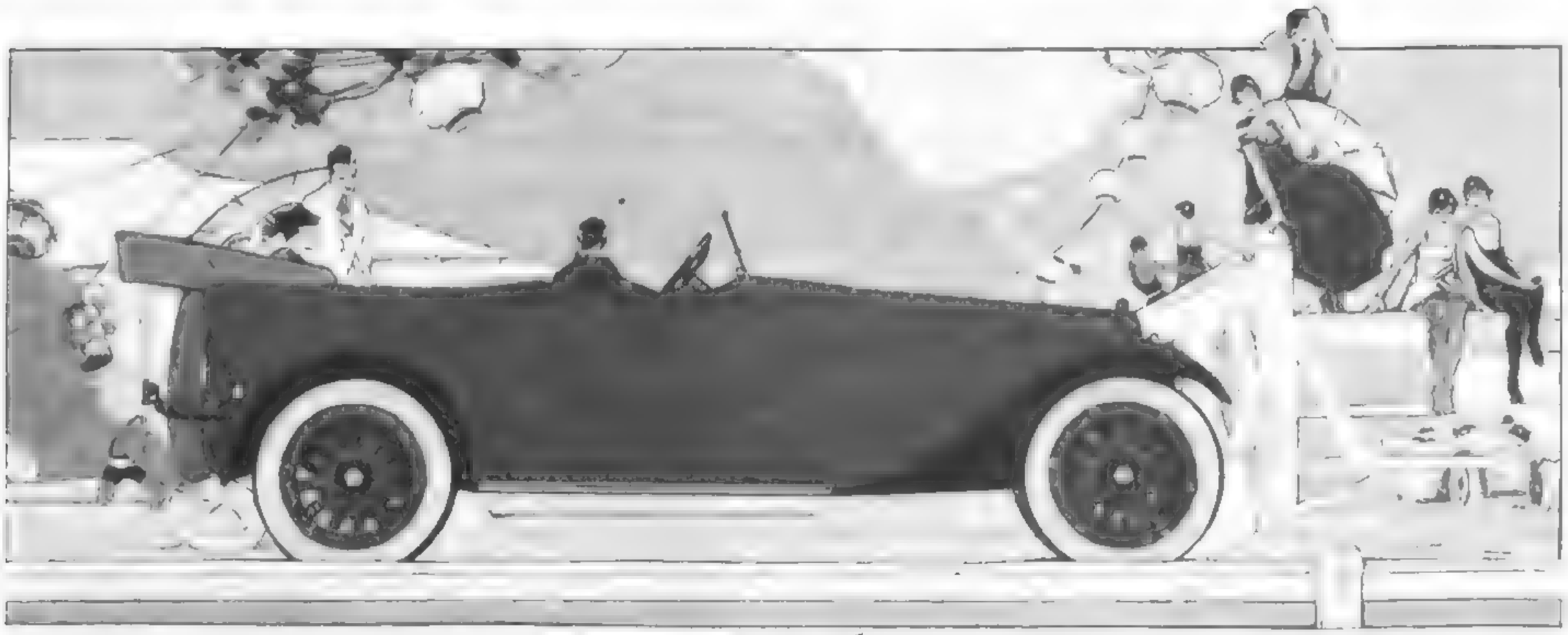
Send me free, postpaid, your new photo-book—*"Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets"* and name of nearest store selling Hoosiers on the Hoosier $1 down plan.

Name _____

Address _____

THE HOOSIER MFG. CO., 168 Sidney Street, NEW CASTLE, IND.

Branch, 1067 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



26 Extra Features
73 New Attractions
7 New-Type Bodies

Mitchell
MID-YEAR MODEL

$1325 f. o. b. Racine
For Standard Models
127-inch Wheelbase

Now 55,000 Friends

Experts, the World Over, Own Bate-Built Cars

Over 55,000 men are now driving Mitchells built under John W. Bate, the efficiency expert.

Most of them, our dealers say, seem to know mechanics. Many are noted engineers. Every Mitchell dealer has a list of famous owners.

This seems to be so the world over. Mitchell buyers are largely experts. Now we wish to argue that this engineers' favorite is the car for laymen too.

A Lifetime Car

What these experts seek is a lifetime car. And that is what you should seek.

Five years have proved that this Light Six type is going to be the car of the future. Despite all innovations, it has constantly gained popularity. The great majority of the best engineers consider it the permanent standard.

So men who buy this type today should buy their cars to keep. Most such men, when they know the facts, will choose a Bate-built car.

The Bate Standards

Mr. Bate's standards, employed in the Mitchell, call for 50 per cent over-strength. He applies them to every part. And, by countless tests and inspections, he sees that we get them.

There are 440 parts in the Mitchell which are either drop-forged or steel-stamped. They are three times as strong as castings.

All the main strains are met with Chrome-Vanadium steel. The steering parts, driving parts, axles and gears are entirely of that steel.

The Bate cantilever springs, used in the Mitchell, have a perfect record. Not one has ever broken. Think of that.

As a result of those standards, one Bate-Built Mitchell has run 218,734 miles. It's a good car yet. Six have averaged 164,372 miles each, or over 30 years of ordinary service. We learn of one which has run 150,000 miles at a cost of $8.90 for repairs.

Extras Without Cost

You get these standards at the Mitchell price because of this wonderful factory. It was built and equipped by Mr. Bate to produce this car at minimum cost. It has reduced our factory costs by 50 per cent.

You also get in the Mitchell 26 extra features, paid for by factory savings. They will cost us this year over $2,000,000. Each is something you would miss. They all come in the Mitchell without extra price.

Lavish Luxury

You find in the Mitchell every new touch, every new idea that is popular. This Mid-Year Mitchell has 73 attractions which even our Show-time model lacked. It is the most complete car, the most up-to-date car you see.

Mitchell bodies are finished in 22 coats. They are upholstered in French-finished leather. They have a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables—every dainty appointment known.

The Mitchell is known as "The Engineers' Car," because of mechanical perfections. But these facts, we argue, should appeal to every fine-car buyer. When one car offers so much extra value, it deserves to be your choice.

$1325 F. o. b. Racine

For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster

7-Passenger Touring Body $35 Extra

High-speed economical Six—48 horsepower—127-inch wheelbase. Complete equipment, including 26 extra features.

Also Five Types of Closed Bodies

MITCHELL MOTORS CO., Inc.
Successor to Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

but slanted off in a gentle slope to unknown distances. There the game began to reappear; and Kingozi dropped two hartebeeste for the safari. Here Cazi Moto came up in great perturbation to announce that two of the *memsahib's* porters were missing. The little headman did not understand how it happened, as he had zealously brought up the rear. Unless, of course, it was a case of desertion.

Kingozi looked thoughtful, then ordered camp to be pitched. Accompanied by Cazi Moto, Simba, Mali-ya-bwana and three *askaris* he took the back track. At the end of an hour and a half of brisk walking he met the two missing porters. Their explanation was voluble. They had fallen out for a few moments, and when they had resumed their loads the *safari* was ahead. Then they had hastened, but the road had divided. They had taken the wrong fork.

"Show me where the road divided," ordered Kingozi.

The loads were deposited by the side of the trail, and the delinquents, with every appearance of confidence, led the way back another hour's march to a veritable fork. Kingozi examined the earth for tracks.

"Could you not see that the safari had gone this way and not that way?" he asked.

"Yes, *bwana*," they said together; "we saw it after a little. That is why we came back."

Kingozi grunted, but said nothing. The nine men retraced their steps. Both porters were on a broad grin, laughing and talking in subdued tones to the *askaris*. The *bwana* strode on rapidly ahead. They followed at a little dogtrot, carrying their loads easily.

At camp Kingozi ordered them to place the loads in place beneath the tarpaulin.

"Simba," said he in a casual voice, "these men get *kiboko*."

"Yes, *bwana*. How many?"

"Fifty."

The bystanders gasped, and the shining countenances of the culprits turned a sickly gray. Fifty lashes is a maximum punishment, inflicted only for the gravest crimes. More cannot be administered without fear of grave consequences. The offense of straggling is generally considered not serious. Even Simba was not certain he had heard aright.

"How many, *bwana?*" he asked again.

"Fifty," repeated Kingozi tonelessly, and turned his blank, baleful glare in their direction.

The punishment was administered. When it was finished the porters, shaking like leaves, blankets drawn over their bleeding flanks, were brought to face the white man seated in his chair.

"*Bassi*," he pronounced. The word went out into a dead silence, so that it was heard to the farthest confines of the hushed camp. "Let no man hereafter miss the trail."

He arose and entered his tent. Cazi Moto was there, unfolding the canvas bathtub, laying out the clean clothes. He looked up from his occupation, his wizened face contorted in a shrewd smile.

"No more will we make camp when the sun is only a few hours high," he surmised.

Kingozi looked at him.

"You and I have handled many safaris, Cazi Moto," he replied.

Delays from these causes ceased, but other delays supervened. Never were the causes of them attributable to accident; but they were more numerous than ordinarily. Kingozi said nothing.

All the day's march he walked fifty yards ahead of the long procession. The Leopard Woman walked part of the time; part of the time she rode a donkey procured from the *sultani*. The two necessarily held little converse during the day. At camp Kingozi had many tasks—camp to arrange, meat to procure, sick to doctor, guides to interrogate. Only at the evening meal, which now they shared, did he and his traveling companion resume their intimacies.

The relation had developed into a curious one. For one thing, it was more expansive. They discussed many subjects of what might be called general interest, talking interestedly on books, world politics, colonial policies, even the larger problems of life. In these discussions they explored each other's intelligence, came to a mental approachment, a cold, clear respect for each other's capacity and experience. Never did they approach the personal. At no time in their acquaintance had they talked so unrestrainedly, so freely, with so much genuine pleasure; at no time did they touch so little the mysteries of personality.

If the Leopard Woman felt this, or wondered at the cloaked withdrawal, she gave no sign. Apparently she was all candor. She seemed to throw herself frankly and with pleasure into this relationship of the head, to have forgotten the possibilities so richly though so momentarily disclosed by the magic of the moon. She lounged in her canvas chair, twisting her lithe body within her silks; she smoked her cigarettes; the jewel of changing lights glowed on her forehead; she talked in her modulated voice and quaint, precise English.

The man's pulses remained calm. His eyes did not miss the beauty of her form, as frankly defined beneath the silk as the forms of the naked *bibis* of the village; nor the alluring paleness of her face in contrast to the red lips; nor the drowning passion of her wide eyes. But they did not reach his senses. Were the insulation of his plain duty—which to Kingozi meant quite sincerely his whole excuse for existence in this puzzling life—were this to be withdrawn—— He never even contemplated the thought. Reminders from that night of the moon prevented him from doing so.

After this fashion they came to the grass plains of the uplands. Here ensued more delays. These did not spring from delinquencies in the safari—the exemplary punishment assured that. But things broke, and things were forgotten, and things had to be done differently. The guides, procured with difficulty from the little hunting peoples of the plain, disappeared at the end of the second day. They professed themselves afraid of Chaké, the Nubian. The latter vehemently denied having spoken a word to them. Day's marches were shortened because the woman could not stand long ones. Kingozi found it a great nuisance to travel with a woman.

Nevertheless, he made no attempts to separate the safaris. He had been watching closely. These difficulties, the delays, breakages and abbreviations of day's journeys had, nine times out of ten, their origin in the camp of the Leopard Woman. In ordinary circumstances he would have put this down to inferior organization. But there was the mysterious, unmentioned map, whose accuracy, by the way, he found exact. Gradually he came to the conclusion that the delays were not entirely accidental. The conclusion became a conviction that the Leopard Woman was making as much of a drag and as big a nuisance of herself as possible.

Why?

She wanted to become such a burden that Kingozi would go on without her. Again, why? At the village she had vehemently refused to go back, and had pleaded to join forces with Kingozi. This puzzled him for some time. Then he saw. Of course she did not want to turn back. If, as he surmised, she had some errand with M'tela like his own, she would not want to turn back, but she would like a plausible excuse to separate from him once the ranges of mountains were crossed. Why did she not drop off then on the excuse, say, of the wonderful new hunting grounds? That would be simple. Kingozi concluded that she wished the initiative to come from him. And the more convinced he was that she wanted to get rid of him, the more firmly he resolved that she must remain.

But it did make for slow travel.

What of it? There was no haste. There was plenty of game; the days passed pleasantly; the evenings were delightful. A moonbeam flashed in his brain showing him vistas. He firmly shut the window!

Certainly if Bibi-ya-chui harbored any active desire to drive Kingozi into leaving her to her own devices she concealed it well. Occasionally in the evening, when he stared into the distance, she twisted herself to look at him. Then her eyes widened, no one could have told with what emotion. In her fixed stare could have been many things—or nothing. Did she love this man, as she had seemed to the night of the full moon, and did she but bide her time, knowing this was not the moment? Did she love this man, and hate him because he had touched her only to turn away? Did the very simplicity and directness of his nature baffle her? Did she hate him for his mastering of circumstances but not herself? Any or all of these emotions might

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

The Play's The Thing

1600 Broadway, New York City

Twenty-five years ago this country boasted of many brilliant theatrical geniuses—such talented people as Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, John McCullough, Mary Anderson, Sol Smith Russell and others. *Today there are not half a dozen of their kind.*

What is responsible for this great and woeful decline of the star? We believe that it is because of the modern practice of writing plays around stars and *subordinating the play to the individual.* The great luminaries above mentioned did not gain their fame that way. They gained it by perfecting themselves in characters that were created by brilliant authors. Edwin Booth studied for years to fit himself to play the rôle of Hamlet. The others studied in precisely the same manner.

We believe that the old way was the best way. We believe that "The play's the thing" and BLUEBIRD photo plays, therefore, are founded on the basis of the play first and the actors afterwards. We are scouring the world for *the best plays we can get* and we are giving the characters to the people *best fitted by nature and acquired talent* to portray them. It doesn't make any difference to us *whether they are stars or not.* Sometimes stars are best and sometimes they are anything but the best.

Stars *can't* be best in everything. We have found people in our companies who can play certain characters better than any star we ever knew, and whenever that happens, the stars take back seats. BLUEBIRD photo plays must be good plays and they must guarantee an evening of delightful entertainment. So if you will follow the sign of the BLUEBIRD you *will always be thrilled and entertained.*

"THE SECRET OF THE SWAMP"—(A BLUEBIRD photo play) is a characteristic example of the principle behind BLUEBIRD photo plays. It is balanced, logical, highly absorbing and splendidly entertaining. The cast is perfect, each player fitted to that character for which he is best suited, while the story tells of how a man is led to believe himself guilty of a crime that was never committed, and holds the interest from the very first scene to the last.

Scores upon scores of people all over this country have thanked us for explaining how they can see the widely advertised extraordinary BLUEBIRD Photo-plays. If you are not seeing them, you *can* see them by simply asking the Manager of your favorite Theatre to show them. The Manager is anxious to find out what his patrons want; thus you confer a favor on him by telling him of your wishes, and you are providing the world's finest pictures for your own entertainment. Ask today.

Other recent BLUEBIRD Productions—"Shoes"—"Broken Fetters"—"The Love Girl"—"Grasp of Greed"—"The Silent Battle"—"Love's Lariat"—"Bettina Loved a Soldier."

"If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's got to be good"

Outdoor Days

Life in the open suggests many uses for Listerine—for skin irritations—to prevent infection of broken blisters, cuts, small wounds and insect bites.

Listerine is excellent for purposes of personal hygiene.

It is an effective deodorant—a cooling, refreshing, after-bath application.

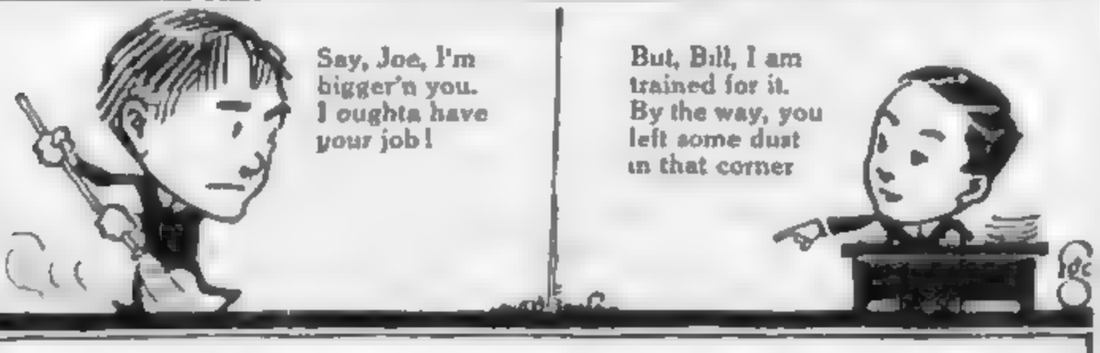
LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic

is a Superior Dentifrice.

It can *reach* every surface of the teeth because it is liquid.

It can *protect* every surface of the teeth because it is antiseptic.

Manufactured only by
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



2147 Employers Request

reference to them of our sales-boys who have completed their school work and our course of vocational training.

These employers want our boys because they are *trained.*

You want *your* boy to be trained. You want him to have a flying start in business.

Upon request we'll tell you how your boy can be sure of a good salaried position when he is ready for it.

Box 536, Vocational Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

have lain beneath the smolder in her eyes. One thing Kingozi would not have seen, had he turned his head suddenly enough, and that was indifference. But he continued to stare out into the veldt, and she continued to stare at him: while round them the chatter of men, the wail of hyenas, the thunder of lions, the shrill, thin cries of night birds, and the mighty brooding silence that took no account of them all attended the African night.

XV

THUS passed six weeks. By the end of this time the combined safaris had progressed out into the unknown country about a normal three weeks' journey. The rest was delay.

They had ventured out into the plain as into an uncharted sea. The mountains had dropped below the horizon behind them; none had as yet arisen before. The veldt ran in long, low undulations, so that always they walked up or down gentle slopes. It was as though a ground swell had set in toward distant, invisible shores. Here the short grass was still green from the rains. Water lay in pools at the bottom of dongas. By this good fortune travel was independent of the permanent water, and hence safe and easy. Game was everywhere. Not for a single hour in all that six weeks were they out of sight of it. Scattered over the sward like deer in a park the beasts grazed placidly in twos or threes, or in great bands. Without haste, almost imperceptibly, they drew aside to allow the safari to pass, and closed in again behind it. Thus the travelers were always the center of a little moving oasis of clear space five hundred yards in diameter. Occasionally some unusual and unexpected crease in the earth or density of brush in the dongas brought them in surprise fairly atop an unsuspecting herd. Then ensued a wild stampede. This communicated itself visually to all the animals in sight. They moved off swiftly. And then still other remote beasts, unaware of the cause of disturbance, quite out of sight of the safari but signaled by twinkle of stripe or flash of rump, also took flight. So that far over the veldt, at last, the game hordes shifted uneasily until the impulse died.

In this country were many lions. Most of the requisites of a lion were here present—abundant game, water, the cover of the low brush in the dongas. It only lacked a few rocky kopje fastnesses to make it ideal; but that lack could be, and was, overlooked. The members of the safari often saw the great beasts sunning themselves atop ant hills; walking with dignity across the open country; sitting on their haunches to stare with great yellow eyes at these strangers passing by. Here they had never been annoyed or hunted; so here they had not become so strictly nocturnal as nearer settlement. In all their magnificence they stalked abroad, lords of the veldt. Kingozi's finger itched for the trigger. There is no more exciting sport than that of lion shooting afoot. It is a case of kill or be killed; for a lion, once the issue is joined, never gives up. He fights literally to the death; and when he is so crippled that he can no longer keep his feet he drags himself forward and dies facing his opponent dauntlessly. No other beast furnishes the same danger, the same thrill. His mere appearance stirs the most sluggish spirit.

"*Simba! Simba! Simba!*" the exclamation ran back the line of the safari, the sibilant hissed excitedly. Kingozi's heart bounded, and his knuckles whitened as he gripped his rifle.

"*Bwana hapana piga?*" Simba implored. "Is not *bwana* going to shoot?"

But Kingozi shook his head. The temptation was strong, but he resisted it. He refrained from shooting at the lions for exactly the same reason that he had insulated himself against the Leopard Woman's charms.

In all this wide country were no settled habitations. Your African native requires hills or forests; he will not dwell on open plains at any great distance from his natural protection. A few people there were, hunters and nomads, living on wild honey and game. They were solitaries and lived where night found them, a little race, shyer than the game. For days and days they flanked the safari before venturing to approach. Then one would appear a hundred yards away and open shouted negotiations with the porters. Perhaps after a few hours he would venture into camp. Invariably Kingozi interrogated these people. They stood before him, palpitating like

(Continued on Page 49)

$300 to $1000 PER MONTH STEADY PROFITS

THAT is what many of the owners of "Midget" Marvel Flour Mills are clearing as profit. These men have gone from 54 lines of trade into this new money-making business. Success has been quick. This opportunity exists for you if there is no "Midget" Marvel Flour Mill in your community. Find out today—don't wait. Write.

Pay From Your Profits

"MIDGET" MARVEL FLOUR MILL (Self-Contained)

CONFIDENTIAL SALES PLAN

FREE

Anglo-American Mill Co., Inc.
53-59 Trust Bldg. Owensboro, Kentucky

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,

Son or Brother in camp or upon the Mexican Border? If so, mail him a package of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, and sprinkled into the foot bath. It takes the friction from the shoe and will be of the greatest benefit in that arid, hot climate, where the alkali dust plays havoc with the feet. What remembrance could be so acceptable? Ask your dealer to-day for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot-Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. For FREE sample, address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

GTD

There is a sound, scientific lesson in this outline

TYPEWRITERS All Makes
SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ¼ to ⅓ Manufacturers' Prices, allowing Rental to Apply on Price. FREE TRIAL. Installment payments if desired. Write for circular 285
Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

MUSIC'S RE-CREATION-WHAT IS IT?

Music's Re-Creation is a new art, known only to Thomas A. Edison and his trusted assistants. The word Re-Creation (accent on the first syllable) has been adopted by music critics to designate the perfect musical result accomplished by Thomas A. Edison's latest and perhaps most wonderful invention

The NEW EDISON

THIS new instrument Re-Creates every voice and every form of music with such literal perfection that the Re-Creation cannot be distinguished from the original performance when heard in direct comparison.

This astounding test has been successfully made in all of the principal cities of the United States, and the music critics of America's leading newspapers concede freely in the columns of their own papers that Edison's Re-Creation of speech, song and music is indistinguishable from the original.

Do you want to know more about Edison's new art? If so, send to us for a copy of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation"; also ask for a booklet containing excerpts from newspaper comment on this new musical art.

Zenatello has recently been knighted by the King of Italy

"A voice of golden tone, prodigal in its expenditure, yet responsive to every emotional shade." This great Italian tenor's voice has just been Re-Created by Edison's wonderful new art. In this picture you see the great Zenatello actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of his voice, and proving conclusively that his living voice and Edison's Re-Creation of it are indistinguishable. Zenatello is one of the many great artists who have similarly proved the absolute perfection of Edison's new invention.

Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Zenatello's voice and then hear Zenatello himself when you have the opportunity

Watch your Local Papers

for the announcement of a merchant in your vicinity who has been licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate this new invention

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
Dept. 235C, Orange, N. J.

"Sturdy as the Oak"

akland

Eight $1585

Power - Luxury - Beauty

Quick as a flash *Oakland Eight* gets away, with the grace and ease of an ocean-going yacht.

Its 73 h. p. motor masters seemingly untakable hills, deep sand, and heavy roads.

Its wheelbase—127"—accommodates a 7-passenger body of unusual roominess, comfort and luxury. It has the *look* of style and distinction—and its lightness and efficiency make its maintenance unusually economical for a car so large and luxurious.

Then there is also the Oakland Model 32—$795—*the Sensible Six*

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Michigan

30

(Continued from Page 46)

birds, poised, tense for flight. He asked them of water, of people, of routes. By means of kind treatment and little presents he tried to gain their confidence. Sometimes thus he induced them to talk freely, but never did he succeed in persuading them to guide him. The mere fact of interrogation rendered them uneasy. Probably they could not themselves have understood that uneasiness; but invariably at nightfall they disappeared. They made fire by the rubbing of sticks, shot poisoned arrows at game

From them Kingozi gained little but chatter. They knew accurately every permanent water, to be sure. This information, in view of the abundance of rain pools, was not at present valuable; nevertheless, Kingozi questioned them minutely, and made many question marks on the map he was preparing. Always he mentioned M'tela. At first he introduced the name at any time in the course of the interview; but soon he found that this dried up all information. So then he reserved that subject for the last. They were afraid of the very syllables. They spoke them under their breaths, with side glances. M'tela was a great lord; a lord of terror, to be feared.

At first the information was most vague. M'tela was over yonder—a long distance—who knows how far. He possessed more or less mythical characteristics, ranging from a height of forty or fifty feet down to the mere possession of a charm by which he could kill at a distance. Then as the journey went on the vagueness began to define. M'tela took form as a big man with a voice like the lion at night. His surroundings began to be described. He lived in the edge of a forest; his people were many; he had forty wives; and the like. Still it was far, very far. Kingozi concluded that none of these people had in person visited the Kabilagani, but were talking at second-hand.

And finally direct information came to him, in the form of fear. M'tela was a great lord, a lord of many spears; his hand was heavy; he took what he desired; his warriors were fierce and cruel and could not be gainsaid. Told under the breath, with furtive glances to right and to left. And not far—a three days' journey. Kingozi translated this into terms of safari travel, and made it about eight days. And, indeed, though no mountains as yet raised their peaks above the horizon, fleets of clouds setting sail from the distant ranges winged their way joyously down a growing wind.

The Leopard Woman fell ill and kept her tent. Kingozi waited two days, then sought her out. His patience over delay was about gone. The headaches to which physical exhaustions always made him subject had annoyed him greatly of late, had rendered him irritable. His eyes bothered him, a reflex from his run-down condition, he thought, combined with a slight inflammation due to the glare of sun on yellowing grass.

Boracic acid helped very little. The halo he had noticed round the light that evening when they had first arrived at the *sultani's* village, returned. He saw it about every camp fire, every lantern flame, even round the brightest of the stars. Altogether he approached the interview in a strongly impatient mood.

The Leopard Woman lay abed beneath silken sheets. This was the first time Kingozi had ever seen sheets of any kind on any kind of a safari. In reality the Leopard Woman was an enticing, luring vision, but Kingozi, through the lenses of his mood, saw only the silkiness and sheetiness of those covers. He began to comprehend the numerous tin boxes.

"I'm going to leave you here and push on," he began abruptly. "You will be all right with the men I shall leave you. When you feel able to do so, follow on. I'll leave a plain trail."

She objected feebly; but immediately, seeing that this would not touch his mood, she asked him the reason of his haste.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "About a week distant is a chief named M'tela. Did you ever hear of him?"

"M'tela? M'tela?" She repeated the name thoughtfully. "No; but I don't know much about native tribes."

Remembering her map, Kingozi's lips compressed under his beard. What earthly object could she have in lying—unless her errand was as secret as his own?

"Well, he is described as being very powerful. And of course he will hear of us. It is well to make friends with him before he has had a chance to think us over too long. I'll just go on and see him."

"When will you start?" she asked, conceding the point without discussion.

"To-morrow morning. I shall make the distance in about five days probably; you should be able to do so in eight or ten. How are you feeling to-day?"

"Better. I wondered would you ask."

He picked up her wrist.

"Pulse seems steady. Any fever?"

"A little early and late."

"Well, keep on with the quinine. You'll pull out in a day or so."

But the Leopard Woman pulled out in a second or so after Kingozi's departure. As soon as he was safe away she threw back the covers and swung to the edge of the cot. At her call Chaké, the Nubian, appeared. To him she immediately began to give emphatic directions, repeating some of them over and over vehemently. He bent his fuzzy head, listening, his yellow eyeballs showing, his fanglike teeth exposed in a grin of comprehension. When she had finished he nodded, said a few words in his own tongue, and glided from the tent.

At his own camp he stooped and picked up a weapon. This was a spear, and belonged to him personally. He had brought it all the way from Nubia. It differed from any of the native spears of East Africa both in form and in weight. Its blade was broad and shaped like a leaf; its haft was of wood; and its heel was shod with only the briefest length of iron. Chaké kept this spear in a high state of polish, so that its metal shone like silver. He lifted it, poised it, made as though to throw it, to thrust with it. Then with a sigh of renunciation he laid it aside.

From behind one of the porter's tents he took another spear, one typical of this country that had been traded for only a day or two before. This Chaké considered clumsy and unnecessarily heavy. Nevertheless, he bore it out into the long grass, where he squatted in concealment and, producing a stone, began painstakingly to sharpen the point and edges. As the slow labor went on he seemed to work himself gradually to a pitch of excitement. A little crooning song began to rise and fall, to flow and ebb. His eyes flashed, his back bent to a tense crouch. Every few moments he clashed the spear against an imaginary shield, poised it, thrust with it strongly, the chant rising. Then abruptly his voice fell, his muscles relaxed, he resumed the rhythmical whetting with the stone.

All afternoon he squatted, passing the stone over the steel, polishing long after the point and edges were as sharp as they could be made. When the sun grew large at the world's edge he threw himself flat on his belly and wormed his way to a position a few yards from Kingozi's tent. There he left the spear. When he had gained a spot a hundred yards away he arose to his feet and walked quietly into camp. A moment later he was sitting on his heels before his fire, eating his evening meal.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HEINZ Vinegars

IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES
FILLED AND SEALED
IN THE HEINZ ESTABLISHMENT

VINEGARS are used to improve the flavor of other foods, and the superior quality of Heinz Vinegars for use with salads and cooked vegetables has long been recognized.

Heinz Vinegars are really responsible in a large measure for the superior flavors and appetizing qualities of Heinz Pickles, Relishes, Sauces and many other of the 57 Varieties.

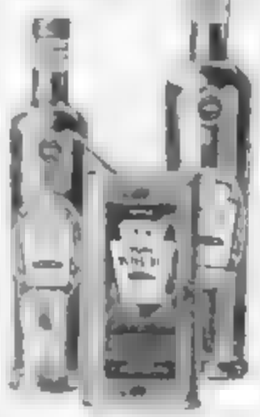
These Vinegars are now placed on sale in sealed packages, which insures to the housewife all their natural fine flavor and aroma as well as their original purity.

Heinz Malt Vinegar
Heinz White Salad Vinegar
Heinz Cider Vinegar
Also Spiced Salad and Tarragon Vinegars

All Heinz Vinegars may now be had in glass: pints, quarts and half-gallons

HEINZ Pure Olive Oil

For delicious French dressing, use any Heinz vinegar with Heinz Pure Olive Oil and the seasoning you like best.



Such Olive Oil as this can be obtained only from fresh, ripe olives, made under Heinz conditions.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

H.A.L. TWELVE

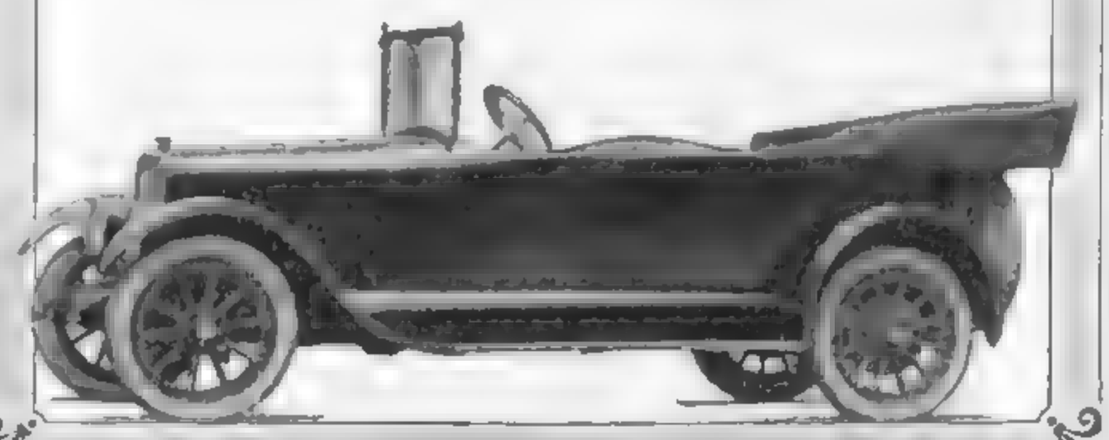
The H.A.L. Twelve

YOU will be surprised to know the mileage you secure from a gallon of gasoline and a single set of tires with the "H. A. L. TWELVE." It is a long, rangy, roomy car of tremendous power—and, yet, it is surprisingly economical in maintenance and operation.

The "V" type valve-in-head, twelve-cylinder, high-speed motor is economical. The car is light. And the weight is scientifically distributed. The spring suspension is nicely calculated and the car is perfectly balanced. Altogether you will find that you are making a sound motoring investment in the "H. A. L. TWELVE."

Twelve Cylinders, Seven Passenger Touring Car
Price $2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Roadster $2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Wheelbase 135 inches

The H. A. Lozier Company
Cleveland, Ohio



What Does September Mean to You?

IF next month doesn't mean anything to you but cooler weather, mark this: In September thousands of young men and women all over the country will enter upon a course in *preparedness for success in life;* they'll enter some one of our hundreds of colleges to get a firm foothold on the ladder that leads straight to the Top.

Take a good look at C J Bachoritch He's a successful man. He saw five years ago that he needed an education. He hadn't enough money to pay for it. But he got the money — $600.00 of it — as a subscription representative of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

AND NOW FOR YOU! It's a little late to earn all you need for a whole year's college expenses before school opens, but you can earn *most of it*, just as Bachoritch did, if you're willing to hustle. The rest you can earn in your spare time during the college year.

Would you like to know more about our scholarship plan? Our address is:

Educational Division, Box 838

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

SUCH A LITTLE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 10)

"No; you told me that. I suppose your reasons are well-founded. At all events, I shall not argue the point with you."

"They are well-founded," he insisted. "I can't bear women! They always want to marry me. The modern man hates to be married and resents that attitude in every woman he meets. What's the sense in running after something you can't possibly catch? I call it rot!"

Irene began to laugh. "But women do catch men sometimes," she reminded him. "Or are you referring to just yourself?"

"I am referring to just myself."

"Oh!" She laughed some more. "Oh, you are so amusing! I don't blame you at all, however. It's annoying enough to be chased when one is a woman. I can quite understand how it must try the temper of a man."

"It tries mine, I know," muttered Senlac, looking out of the window again. "And widows are the worst," he added grumpishly.

"Oh, widows are privileged!" she laughed. "Still, it is humiliating."

"The chasing of men to marry them, do you mean?"

"No; the attitude of being chased, with the fear of being caught and married. If I were a man I think I should hang myself in self-abasement the third time I had to upset my plans to escape from the clutches of an inferior human being. But, after all, it's really a very intricate question. When it comes to getting married, nowadays, I think we are like the general who sent the dispatch: 'The enemy is in full retreat—and we are in front of him!'"

Then she laughed afresh in enjoyment of her own wit; but Senlac frowned, failing to see as much fun in the matter as she did.

"Pray don't continue!" he said stiffly. "It isn't necessary to elucidate further. I quite see your point."

"I'm glad. Then we start fair. One point apiece, so to speak."

"Start fair! I'm in no race. Let that be clearly understood." His tone was fairly haughty.

"It is clearly understood." She seemed to be on the brink of another outbreak. Then suddenly she rose and stood at the window. "What a goose he is!" she said to herself, pressing her handkerchief hard against her riotous lips.

After a while she faced about. He had taken some papers from his pocket and was looking them over. She sat down, rested her elbow on the window sill and watched the scenery flash by. Presently he tossed her a letter with:

"There! See what you are responsible for! It's making a wretched mess of my affairs—coming off like this."

She glanced at the letter. It was from his solicitor, requesting an immediate conference.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"I don't know. I rarely ever know why I do anything. I'm adrift. I'm mad! I'm unaccountable."

She looked steadily at him.

"Do you think it's fine to be that kind of man?" she asked slowly.

"Why do you say that?" The blood shot to his face and overspread it.

"Because you seem so satisfied with yourself; and I don't see why you should be if what you say is true."

"Am I any more satisfied with myself than you are with yourself?"

"But I am trying to learn better. I am working all the time."

He considered a minute; then burst forth:

"I am not at all satisfied with myself. I'm satisfied with nothing. I don't know satisfaction."

She was still looking steadily at him. "You seem very weak to me, then. No wonder you're afraid of being married against your will! I understand it all now."

He flushed yet more deeply. "Oh, I'm no good! I know that. But I'm too good for the women that pursue me. A man is always too good for a woman that will pursue him. Women weren't meant to be the pursuers."

"Very true; but how about the other kind?"

"I don't know that I've met any."

"And myself?"

"Wouldn't you marry me if you could?"

She started a little, but pulled herself together quickly.

"I should say not. I wouldn't dare!"

"Why not?"

"It would be too big a lottery."

It was his turn to laugh now.

"Don't take that as a proposal," he cautioned.

"I shall never take anything you say as a proposal."

There was a grinding of brakes; the train was slowing down preparatory to its stop at Elfdene. He sprang to his feet and, leaning quickly forward, seized her hand.

"Is that a bargain?" he asked eagerly. "Tell me; do you really mean it?"

"Most assuredly."

"You wouldn't marry me under any circumstances?"

"I would not."

He dropped her hand, threw back his shoulders and heaved a tremendous sigh of relief.

"Oh, how I shall enjoy making love to you now!" he cried delightedly.

"Wait!" She was smiling tranquilly. "Just one word from me."

He was all at once serious again. "Yes?" he questioned.

"You are not to take anything that I say as intended to lead you on."

"Oh, no—naturally not."

"I can be as nice as I like and you can still be just as positive of being refused."

"No matter how much in earnest I seem to be?"

"No matter how much in earnest you seem to be."

His face beamed with satisfaction. "I think we can both be very interesting under those conditions."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Stuyvesant placidly. "To me the arrangement seems ideal. I want to be interesting and I don't in the least want to marry you."

"Understood!" said the man; and it was as though they had clasped hands.

The train stopped at Elfdene.

■

BEFORE their walk over the hills had fairly begun Senlac made a confession.

"I've just come a desperate cropper," he confided; "permanently smashed up, in fact."

Irene did not appear in the least surprised.

"The only girl you ever loved?" she asked.

"Yes; but how did you know?" His eyes had shaded as he spoke.

"Men are always coming croppers like that. I am sorry, though," she said gently. "It does hurt. I know how I should feel if the second of the only two men I ever loved should throw me over."

"You love somebody now?" he asked with sudden interest.

"Desperately!"

"I didn't know that," he said. "Of course I see. That's why ——" He sighed.

"To be sure—that's why."

There was silence for a little while as they tramped on.

"Of course I ought not to say that I've loved only one girl," he resumed meditatively. "There was another girl once; yes—two, in fact."

"Did you want to marry them or did they want to marry you?"

He considered further; then said suddenly with a jerk:

"I'll tell you the whole story."

At this Irene screamed and held out a restraining hand.

"But I don't want to hear it. I'm so tired of it. I've heard the whole story from so many men; and then, three days later, they want me to believe there was never anyone but me. Please! Please, spare me!"

At that the color overspread his face again. He halted and gazed out over the valley, which stretched below them.

"Why did you take a house on top of such a steep hill?" Senlac asked Mrs. Stuyvesant abruptly.

"I didn't," was her answer. "The house took me. And it isn't on top of the hill, either. It's a long way off, on the other side."

"Oh! Is it a long walk?"

"They say four miles; but it's nearer five, I think."

"I should think you'd be tired. You took it this morning, too, didn't you?"

"I did; and I am tired," she confessed. "Let us sit down, then, and rest."

(Continued on Page 53)

Jiffy-Jell Free

A Package to Every Home

A New-Grade Gelatine Dessert
True Fruit-Juice Flavors
Each in a Vial—Fresh

To let you know Jiffy-Jell—and know it at once—we are making this remarkable offer:

We will buy you a package—a full-size package—and give it to you free. We will pay your grocer ourselves for it. It will make at least eight dishes of superlative dessert. We ask you to serve them with our compliments.

The coupon appears in a page ad in the current Delineator—the September issue. Also in Woman's Magazine, also in Designer. It will also appear in the October Ladies' Home Journal.

Cut out that coupon and present it to your grocer. He will give you a package of Jiffy-Jell—any flavor you want—and charge the price to us.

A Package Like This

It will be a full-size package—a package like this. It will contain a rare-grade gelatine—the finest you ever tasted. It will be sweetened and colored, ready for instant use.

It also will contain—in a separate vial—a flavor made of true fruit juice. A bottled flavor, fresh as when we made it.

It will give you a new idea of quick gelatine desserts. The quality, the flavor, the utter perfection will keep you a user forever.

Reasons for This Gift

This offer will cost us a fortune. But there are very big reasons behind it—important to you and us.

The owners of Jiffy-Jell have for years produced a rare-grade gelatine. We have sold it to others to make into desserts. But the desserts were not made to our liking.

Now, in this model kitchen, we shall make these desserts ourselves. We shall use this rare-grade gelatine, unmixed with any other. We shall flavor it with true fruit juices only. And we shall keep those flavors fresh in separate vials. Then, to let every housewife know this new grade at once, we shall buy a package for every home which presents the coupon for it. We urge you, for your own sake, to accept it.

Six Flavors From the Fruit Itself

Jiffy-Jell comes in six flavors. Each flavor is made from the fruit itself—an essence of the true fruit juice.

Please note that. No artificial flavors are used in Jiffy-Jell. None ever will be used. You will get here always the tang and flavor of the natural fruit. We simply concentrate it, so it won't make the Jiffy-Jell soft.

You will never know how good these jelly desserts can be, until you get this grade of gelatine flavored in this way.

All Flavors in Vials

Then every flavor is corked in a separate vial. It is not mixed in the gelatine until you put it there.

The result is a flavor which keeps all its freshness, all its exquisite tang.

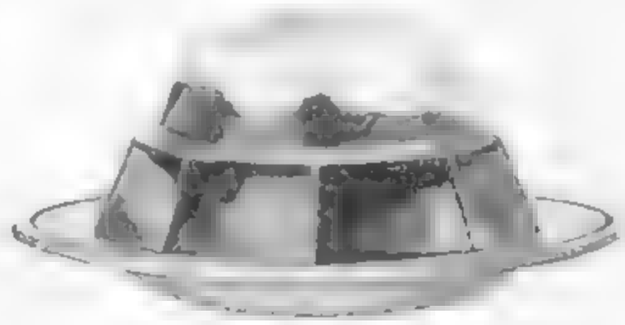
You don't need to scald this flavor. Pour it from the vial, as shown by the picture, when dessert has partly cooled. Thus you get the fresh fruit flavor. You will hardly believe, until you try it, what a difference this method makes.

Scores of Quick Desserts

Jiffy-Jell places at your command scores of quick, fruity desserts. There are six flavors, and each can be made up instantly in dozens of different ways.

Then there is a new flavor—lime flavor. It is green, and it has the lime's tang and zest. It makes an ideal garnish jell.

Get this free package which we offer. Serve it as you like best. It will bring to your table a delightful new dessert.



WAUKESHA PURE FOOD CO.
WAUKESHA, WIS.

To Grocers

Millions of the coupons we mention are now going out to homes. For all you redeem we pay full retail price—12½ cents each. Don't miss them. If you lack Jiffy-Jell, order today from your jobber.

Jiffy-Jell

Comes in six flavors, each a true fruit-juice essence, and each in a separate vial. The flavors are:

RASPBERRY STRAWBERRY CHERRY ORANGE LEMON LIME

Jiffy-Jell in any flavor sells for 12½ cents per package.

Twice What You Require in the Hudson Super-Six

Records Prove Power and Endurance

What Power is Wanted?

THE HUDSON SUPER-SIX is a light car, as a modern fine car must be.

In ordinary driving 40 horsepower would be ample. That's what motors of this size heretofore developed.

But the Super-Six—our patented motor—delivers 76 h. p. Yet we add no size, no cylinders. We don't increase fuel consumption. We have simply lessened vibration, reducing friction to almost nil. And we thus save the power that was wasted.

That extra reserve power means much on hills. It means much in flexibility and in quick response. It saves much changing of gears. Would you want an engine of equal size which lacked it?

What Speed is Wanted?

The Super-Six speed records—quoted below—have never been matched by a stock car.

You perhaps don't want such speed. We made those records to prove the motor's supremacy. Also to prove its endurance.

But they mean that in ordinary driving you will run the Super-Six at half load. And that means a long-lived motor.

What Endurance?

Nobody knows how long a high-grade modern car will last. All we can do is to compare the endurance by extreme and prodigious tests.

A Super-Six stock chassis was driven 1819 miles in 24 hours, at an average speed of 75.8 miles per hour. The same car previously had been driven 2000 miles at average speed exceeding 80 miles an hour.

No Feats Like These Ever Before Performed

All made under American Automobile Association supervision by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and canceling all former stock cars in these tests

100 miles in 80 min., 21 4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7 passenger touring car with driver and passenger

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec.

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

Prices

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775
Touring Sedan	2000
Limousine	2750
Limousine Landaulet	2850
Town Car	2750
Town Car Landaulet	2850

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

No other car ever has matched that endurance test. It would take five years of pretty hard driving to equal those top-pace strains.

But this Super-Six motor, after all those tests, showed no appreciable wear whatever. So the Super-Six is likely to last years longer than any man expects.

What Luxury is Wanted?

You find in the Super-Six all the beauty and luxury that we know how to put in a car.

You find a luxury of motion—due to lack of vibration—which you never before have experienced.

You will find fine engineering, with all the satisfaction that comes of it. For this is the crowning effort of our great engineering staff, headed by Howard E. Coffin.

You will find pride of ownership which comes from owning a car of the Hudson repute. A car which outrivals other cars in performance. A motor which by every test holds unquestioned supremacy.

Where else can you find what you find in the Super-Six? Or anywhere near what you find here?

You will find fine cars and great cars, according to former standards. But the Super-Six invention has set some new standards. And Hudson controls that by patent.

Think of these things when you buy a new car. Prove up the differences by road comparison. If you are buying a fine car, and buying to keep, you don't want a second-place car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 50)

She sat down at once and he sat down two-fifths of a second later.

"Now let us talk of really interesting things," she said. "You must have something to discourse about other than yourself. What is your hobby?"

"It wouldn't interest you."

"Are you sure?"

"Fairly sure. It's Chippendale furniture."

"No; it doesn't," she said. "Try again."

"Walter Pater?" he suggested; but she shook her head. "Coventry Patmore?" he hazarded. Again she shook her head this time more vigorously. "The experiments in municipal relief at Ghent?"

"We'll go back to personalities," she agreed. "I admit you have me fairly." She jumped up, laughing.

"I like a woman to own up when she's beaten," he said. "Of course you'd rather I talked personalities." His ready flush was one of frankest pleasure.

So they walked on and talked personalities until they reached the house.

Drentha and Nora were serving tea to friends on the lawn. The friends looked at Senlac with candid country curiosity; and the girls looked at him with curiosity, too, but not so candidly. As he wished to wash after his journey Irene took him inside to show him where.

"Is she engaged to him?" asked the boldest of the visitors.

"We don't know," replied Drentha.

"We wish we did," confessed Nora.

"We soon shall," predicted Drentha.

"How?" asked one of the friends.

"It's such a little house," answered Drentha with a cryptic smile.

Seraphina carried water up to the guest's room, took one look at his back, and sought the kitchen in an ecstasy of joy.

"Not much like that silly Frenchman—he isn't!" she exclaimed in a burst of rapturous confidence to Bill, who chanced to be there. "This is a man who will give me ten shillings, sure!"

When Senlac came out of his room to go downstairs he found his hostess looking out of the landing window.

"Isn't it a pretty view?" she asked, pointing.

He took her hand and kissed it.

"I love it," he said—"the view, the house, and all that the house contains."

"Don't be foolish," she bade him. "You really mustn't."

"Why mustn't I?"

"Because," she said, and her tone was full of meaning, "our space is so limited here." And then, as though in echo of Drentha's words on the lawn, she added with a smile: "It is such a little house."

VI

SENLAC made a real effort to be agreeable to the girls. He asked them no end of questions; but as he failed to feign a convincing interest in their answers his effort was not wholly successful. They told him they adored riding and Drentha suggested that he might care to join them; but at that he looked straight at Irene, who caught the question in his gaze and answered:

"Oh, I rarely go. You see I haven't the time; for I'm 'the cook and the caterer bold,' and the—well, about the everything else of this little establishment."

At which he declared with striking emphasis:

"I never cared for riding myself." Then, fearing he had very badly missed his aim, he made haste to add: "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll be on hand to see you start. I'll give you a foot-up, don't you know."

"Oh, you needn't bother!" returned Nora with youthful candor. "Bill always helps us mount; and when he ——" Irene caught her eye just then and the sentence trailed.

This was at dinner. As though to prove her industry the housekeeper busied herself with sewing while they all talked—or, perhaps conversed would be a better word for what they did—in the sitting room afterward, Senlac still struggling to "hit it off" with his friend's wards.

All things considered, the evening was not gay. On the contrary, it may be described as prim. And when half after nine dragged itself wearily close Drentha, having yawned more than once stealthily behind her hand, ventured to say that she believed she would go to her room.

"Don't hurry, dear; it isn't late," Irene said, looking up from her work.

Whereupon Senlac, throwing tact to the winds, shed so much light on the situation that even the most stupid must have seen through it.

"That clock is slow," he affirmed, lifting his eyes from his watch.

At this Nora rose too. Drentha had already risen. Nora put the cat out the window.

"I think I'll go as well," she said.

No one tried to dissuade her.

"Good night!" said Senlac.

Then everybody said "Good night!" and Irene kissed both her nieces. When the sitting-room door closed on the girls Senlac rose.

"I thought they were never going," he confessed, stepping to the window that had witnessed the passage of the cat. "What a nuisance extra persons are in this world!" he added, pulling down the blind, which Nora had raised.

"If they weren't here you wouldn't be here either," Irene told him with a light laugh.

"Quite true," he returned. "If they weren't here I shouldn't be here, surely. I'd be over there—by you."

A sibilant "Sh-h-h!" rebuked him.

"Don't say things like that. You have no idea how voices carry here." She spoke very softly. "And one always waits at the foot of the stairs while the other fetches the cans of hot water from the kitchen."

Senlac crossed the floor to make sure the door was really closed. And at that Irene laughed lightly once more.

"That doesn't matter much," she said. "Ten to one, Seraphina's on the lawn with Bill, and they can look right in through the sides of the blinds. It's a very aggravating place, you see," she went on, regarding him merrily; "but it is a very excellent chaperon. One can't possibly go astray in this environment."

"Have you tried?"

"No; I've just laughed. I'm laughing now."

He walked up and down with his hands in his pockets.

"It's a very exasperating situation, I think," he told her. "It makes me wild to go a-straying. Why don't the blinds draw clear to the bottom anyway?"

"I don't know. They just don't. It's no use trying."

He went over and tried one. It stuck. He jerked it and it promptly fell on his head.

"You must remember that this is a rented house," Irene said reproachfully, sticking her needle into her work and going to his aid.

From somewhere above there sounded a stealthy giggle.

"Do go and read while I mend this," Irene urged. "You can't help and we'll sound so ridiculous, fussing."

But the man had already managed it.

"There!" he observed with satisfaction. "It won't go up or down; but it does cover the glass, which it didn't do before."

Irene returned to her chair and her work. "You had better go to bed too," she suggested. "You can't help lock up and I'm tired."

"Of me? Already?"

"No; of the labor of fetching you. It has really worn me out completely; and I have the entertaining of you before me too."

"I am trusting not to be too great a burden."

"That is what I am trusting too; for you see I don't need any more work. I need rest and recreation."

"I shall hope to be the means of providing both. Cicero said ——"

A resounding crash from above spared her.

"Have they dropped a lamp?" he asked in sudden alarm.

"Perhaps," she answered composedly; "but now you really must go to bed. They took your hot water up with them, you know."

He came and stood beside her. She sewed swiftly.

"Mayn't I help you lock up?" he pleaded; but she refused him.

"I always do it alone," she added.

"Aren't you going to give me your hand?"

"Yes—of course."

She took off her thimble and held out her hand—a very slim, shapely, fair little hand, despite her cooking and her other labors. He took it, dropped on one knee, and raised it to his lips.

"I wonder whether I'm going to make a fool of myself down here!" he murmured.

"Would it be like you to do so?"

"Dreadfully like me!"

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY Trade Mark

Hop Aboard with the Marines and Sailors of the U. S. A.

Get your feet into the socks the marines and sailors wear—long-lasting, soft, well-knit, foot-comforting Durable Durham Hosiery.

Yes, the marines and sailors wear 'em, work in 'em, play in 'em, and, if need be, they'll fight in 'em, too. And the reason:

Durable Durham Hosiery stands the gaff of government inspection, the most rigid of examinations. Each separate thread of each separate sock must measure up. ***Durhams*** *do. And this is the evidence:*

404,416 pairs of **Durable Durham Hosiery** were recently shipped to the Navy Department. 100,000 pairs were for the marines, 16 pairs were rejected. 304,416 pairs for the sailors, only 5 pairs weren't up to snuff. And these only because they had been damaged in packing.

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

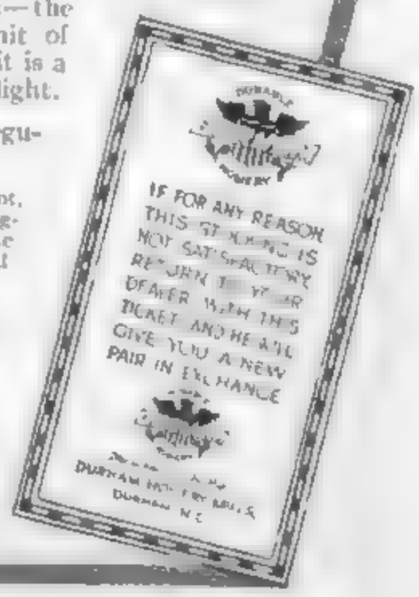
There is a sock for you in the Durable Durham Line that's got every bit of the comfort and the durability that the government specifications demand for the wear of the sailors and marines—the identical strong, reinforced toe and heel—knit of the same yarn and with the same care—but it is a smarter sock, with uppers that are sheer and light.

We have named this sock **1700 G. S.** It is a regular number of the Durable Durham Line.

It will wear like iron—there is a fit for every foot, and 1700 G. S. is surely smart. Exactly the same long-wearing, strong, grateful to the feet and handsome are **The Durable Durham** stockings for women and children.

And the wonderful part is that **Durable Durham** for men, women and children sell for 10, 15 and 25 cents the pair. Each pair is guaranteed with a guarantee so broad and strong that you might have written it yourself. This guarantee is made possible only by expert manufacture and rigid factory inspection.

This guarantee is on every pair of Durable Durham



DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS
Durham, N. C.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

The high price it demands when sold at second hand increases the respect in which the car is held, as this knowledge spreads

It would be hard to find a truer test of enduring worth. People are not eager for used cars unless they know that such cars have before them a long life of satisfactory service

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

"Well, you are quite safe in doing so, you know."

He was kneeling there, looking into her piquant face. And she returned the look steadily and—almost gravely.

"I misjudged you when we first met," he confessed. "You are attractive."

She might have been expected to smile; but she did not.

"I thought you'd find that out some day," she said quite seriously.

"And you are winsome too."

"Yes?"

"Oh, you are many desirable things!" he went on.

"Yes?"

"I think I am going to have a delightful two days."

"Let us hope so," she agreed; "but now do go to bed!"

Still he knelt there.

"You kissed the girls good night," he reminded her suggestively.

"Yes; I know. You see, I love the girls."

"Oh! Oh, I see!" he stammered. "Yes of course." He seemed rather abashed.

"Good night!" she said, withdrawing her hand.

"Good night!" he returned, rising.

In less than two minutes after he left the room the house echoed to another and still more resounding crash. It was followed by muffled shrieks of laughter. Irene sighed, folded her work, locked the doors and windows, and after putting out the lights went upstairs. Nora was peeping out of the only bedroom doorway that was open.

"Oh, did you hear him?" she exclaimed convulsively. "He fell down the three steps; and then he fell ——"

Her aunt clapped her hand over the young woman's mouth and thrust her forcibly back into the room. When she had followed her she closed the door tightly. Drentha was rolling on the bed and trying to smother her mirth in her unplaited golden hair.

"Oh! Oh!" she wailed. "He fell into his bath, you know. How furious he must be! No one ever expects the bath straight in the middle of the room. Miss Kenn fell into it too. Don't you remember? Oh, Oh!"

"Girls! Girls!" Irene chided. "Don't laugh so loud. He'll hear you. He can't help it."

"Hear us!" repeated Drentha, sitting up. "I should think he would hear us! One can hear everything in this house. It's a regular sounding board. Oh, what we've heard to-night!"

Nora left off giggling long enough to say: "We heard him say: 'You kissed the girls.' We heard every word he said to you downstairs."

Irene went extremely pale and gasped a gasp of hasty, strained remembrance.

"Of course," put in Drentha, "it's all right if you're engaged to him, aunty dear; but if by any chance you aren't you had better tell him that no single word escapes us. And what was that curious sound? If you are engaged to him I should say it was a kiss; but ——"

She looked earnestly at Irene, who sat in perturbed silence, wondering how to stem this unexpected tide.

"We heard him pull the blinds down," Nora contributed. "And we heard you say 'That won't answer any purpose'—or something like that." She was seated now on the floor, unlacing her boots, and had her gaze concentrated on her task; but Drentha, on the bed, was all eyes. "What did he want the blinds down for?" Nora added.

Nervously Irene put her hands up to her head and began to take out her hairpins. She did not answer. The next shot was from the elder girl.

"Seraphina is so excited," she began. "She wants you to take her for a housekeeper after you're married. She's sure you're engaged; and if you keep on acting so queerly she'll keep on thinking so."

"For a housekeeper!" exclaimed Irene. "When she can't even cook?"

"Perhaps that's why she wants to be a housekeeper," her niece suggested.

The other niece, on the floor, was not to be diverted from the main issue, however.

"But, really, Irene, what do you mean by acting so oddly? I never saw people act so funny."

"You must be in love, you know," Drentha seconded critically. "It's the only possible explanation."

Thereupon Irene flamed.

(Continued on Page 57)

UM-M-M MEAT-TREATS

Such Ham! **Such Tongue!!** And ***Such Chicken!!!*** They're perfectly delicious, these three new Meat-Treats [potted]; and they are so very different from anything you've ever tasted that you simply *must* try them. And when you do, you'll just naturally say, "Um-m-m Meat-Treats".

FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS
THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
Made in Milwaukee

are sold by the pound or in tins. Write to us if your dealer does not sell them. Or, send us his name and 20 cents in postage, and we'll mail you prepaid, a full size tin of Ham or Tongue Meat-Treat [potted]. If you prefer Chicken, send 25 cents.

FREE: Write for our booklet "Suggestions", containing recipes for many dainty dishes

L. Frank & Son Co., Dept. A-3, Milwaukee

DEALERS Write for "Frank News" the magazine which will put fat making helps for your Delicatessen Department

BROKERS Write

MADE GTD

This design will mean very little to most readers, but it is vital to a few

Good Business Chance A man or woman in every American, independent living (600 ... Waffle Machine. Makes a new ... hits the palate ... $100.00 and less. Windhorst & Walker Mfg. Co. St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

She Makes $100.00 a Month

Her work occupies only her spare time
She finds it congenial and interesting
It keeps her out of doors in the fresh air
It has liberated her from an ... position as a teacher which the doctor told her was injuring her health.
It supplies her with all the money that she needs
It has paid for three vacation trips: one to the Atlantic Coast, one to the Pacific Coast, and one abroad.
Her name is Miss Gertrude J. Brown, and she lives in Indiana.
She is only one of a thousand women who are making in the same way over a quarter of a million dollars a year.
If you would like to know more about her and about the others who are selling us their spare time, write for our free booklet, "A New Market for Spare Hours."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Box 539, Independence Square, Philadelphia

Print Your Own Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5 Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others ... The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Four books sent Free. Send sketch for Free opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

YOU CAN HAVE THIS

Wholly visible (42 key), single shift, standard of standards, for your own and commissions besides, if you will show your friends wherein it excels other $100 typewriters, and explain our most liberal offer ever made on a strictly modern, single shift typewriter and a Woodstock at that. By post card or letter simply say, "*Mail Particulars.*"

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 401, Chicago, Ill.

DEALERS AND AGENTS establishing everywhere. Many sales easily made. Self-selling Woodstock the latest great seller. Write for terms and territory.

GOLD EDGES 50c PLAYING CARDS CLUB INDEXES 25c

CONGRESS BICYCLE

HOYLE UP TO DATE THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES SEND 15c IN STAMPS ISSUED YEARLY

For Social Play
All backs of special ... match with the ...
Air Cushion Finish Club Indexes

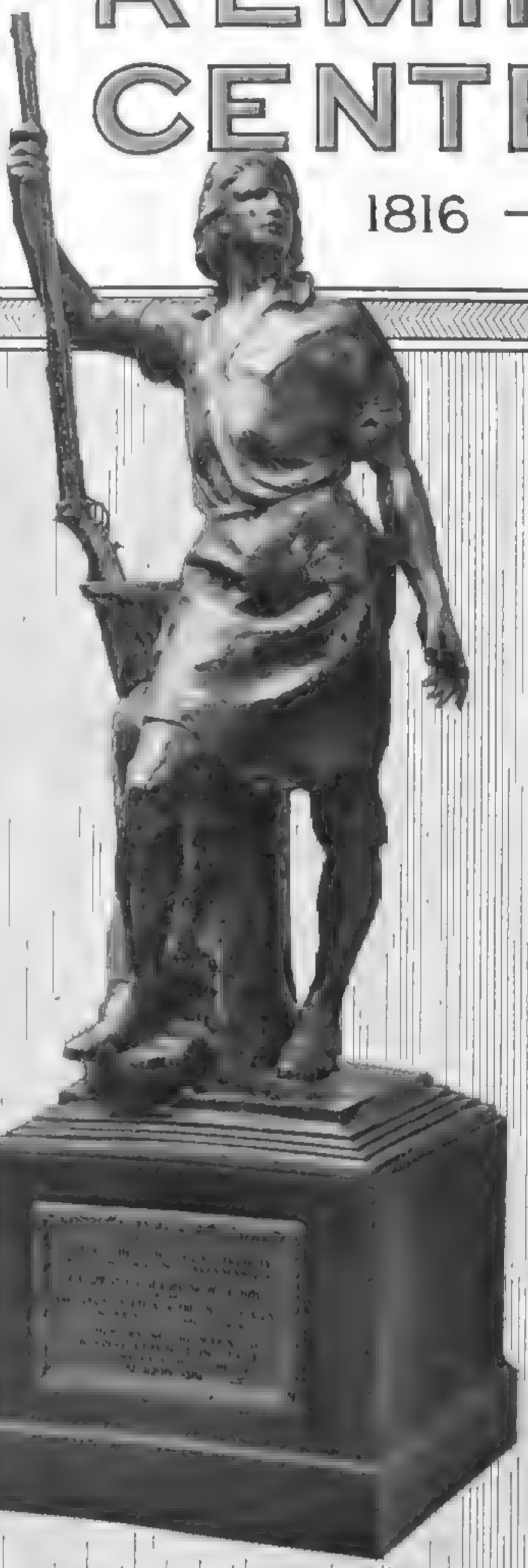
Use Paine's Trays
For Duplicate Auction and other duplicate games. Rules ... $1.00. Obtain from your dealer or trade us direct.

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

REMINGTON UMC

REMINGTON CENTENNIAL

1816 — 1916



On August 29, 30 and 31, the city of Ilion, New York, with a notable attendance of visiting business men and State and National Officials, will celebrate the One Hundredth Anniversary of Remington Arms.

IT was in 1816 that Eliphalet Remington, at his father's anvil in Ilion, started the first gun-making business in America.

Remington thus laid the foundations of the *whole firearms industry of the United States.*

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company are now the largest makers of arms and ammunition in the world.

Its trademark—*the Red Ball Mark of Remington U M C*—is the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

But more than this, every firearm made in this country, *under whatever name or trademark,* largely owes its inspiration to Eliphalet Remington.

The sport of every hunter, target shot or trap shooter, whether he shoots Remington U M C or some other standard make, depends in some degree on the *Remington tradition and principles.*

As a fitting tribute to "The Father of American Gun-making," this spirited portrait statue of Eliphalet Remington will be unveiled at Ilion during the celebration.

From the original statue, bronze replicas are now being cast to be presented by the citizens of Ilion to the National Guard of each State in the Union, as a perpetual trophy to be awarded each year to the Company showing the highest proficiency in marksmanship.

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World

Woolworth Building, New York

Performance Too Phenomenal To Be Believed

Hupmobile is 99 Per Cent Efficient, Say 11,000 Owners

HUPMOBILE history—day by day—all over America, bristles with astonishing incidents.

With dealer and owner alike, the unusual is usual.

Here in the factory we are almost hardened to amazing Hupmobile exploits. They come in almost every mail.

He Saw It Done—Yet Didn't Believe

Thus, in Rochester the other day, the Hupmobile dealer was actually suspected of putting picric acid, or ether, or some other "stimulant," in the gasoline.

The prospect simply couldn't accept the evidence of his own eyes. The Hupmobile performance was too *unusual* to be believed.

It was the engineer of a public service corporation who recorded his opinion that the high gear performance of the Hupmobile was "impossible," even after he had seen it.

The Hupmobile Convinced Him

Like the rustic looking at the giraffe for the first time, he didn't believe there was any such animal. So he demanded a second test.

"This time," says C. E. Hartson, the dealer, "he even watched us fill the tanks with gasoline, oil and water. We went out and beat our first demonstration. He wanted a third test, driving the car himself. We gleefully consented.

"He gave his order, and," says Mr. Hartson, "you ought to hear him talk Hupmobile against sixes, eights and twelves now."

Down near Sherman, Mississippi, are two of the most unique road signs in America. They were erected by a farmer whose home faces the worst mile and a half of sand in the state.

The Good Samaritan of the Sand-Patch

The signs at each end of the sand tell passing motorists that the farmer will gladly pull them through the sand stretch with his Hupmobile.

He erected the bulletin boards in a burst of enthusiasm after he had bought a Hupmobile which negotiated the mile and a half with ease on high gear.

People in Kansas City can learn how easily the Hupmobile goes to the top of Hospital Hill. The Eula street and Altamont Hills in Birmingham, Ala., are high-gear play for the Hupmobile.

Nebraskans don't boast much of their roads. But the Hupmobile finds no difficulty in covering 139 miles of them in 3 hours. Nor 389 miles of such roads as Iowa has in December, in less than 10 hours.

Hupmobile Owners Say: 99% Efficient

Eleven thousand Hupmobile owners have rated the Hupmobile 99% efficient.

Of these, 50 8/10% buy one Hupmobile after another.

In other words, more than half of all Hupmobile owners keep on buying, year after year. They change the model, but not the make.

And while these have remained true to their choice—another 24 2/10% of Hupmobile ownership has come from those who have owned cars of higher price.

Isn't this evidence clinching, convincing and conclusive?

The dealer will be glad to have you test Hupmobile performance.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

The Mark of Superior Motor Car Service

Five Hupmobile Points For You to Remember

PERFORMANCE—A high-gear performer in the usual low-gear situations—hill-climbing, mud-plugging, city traffic. Flexible to the *nth* degree, with amazing pulling power on high, and instant, smooth acceleration.

COUPON SERVICE—Regularly each month for eight months free labor, inspections and adjustments, at more than 5000 authorized Hupmobile service stations in the United States and Canada.

ECONOMY—In line with the well-known Hupmobile repair cost record of ¼ cent per mile. This is real economy—maintenance economy. Car is easy on tires, fuel and oil.

EFFICIENCY—Eleven thousand owners report the Hupmobile 99 per cent efficient.

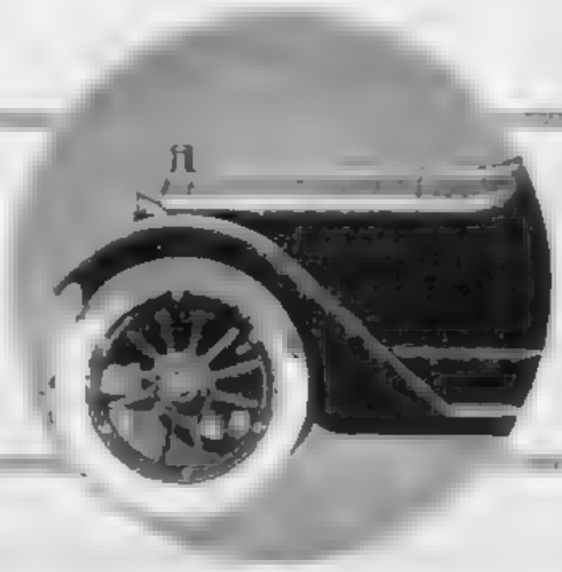
REPEAT SALES—Fifty and eight-tenths per cent of the Hupmobile output is sold to Hupmobile owners—because they are completely satisfied with Hupmobile Performance, Service, Economy and Efficiency.

In the United States—Prices f. o. b. Detroit

5-Pass. Touring Car $1185 *Roadster $1185* *7 Pass. Touring Car $1340*

In Canada—Prices f. o. b. Windsor

5 Pass. Touring Car $1650 *Roadster $1650* *7 Pass. Touring Car $1875*



Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 54)

"But I'm not!" she retorted sharply. "It's simply that when things are overheard they always sound queerly."

"Well, that sound was queer, I know," concluded Drentha; "and if it wasn't what I think it was, what could it be?"

Irene contemplated retreat. She rose. "He kissed my hand," she said coldly. "If you'd been educated abroad, as he has, you'd know that it means nothing—nothing whatever."

"Dear me! It is a relief to know that," said Drentha.

"Is he going to do it often?" asked Nora.

Irene was spared the difficulty of an answer. At that moment they were startled by the third crash of the evening. The mistress of the house was out in the passage in an instant. Seraphina, on her way to bed, had dropped her hot-water jug.

"I always be droppin' it," she declared from below in the dark.

As for Irene, she did not venture to return to the enemy's camp. She whispered a second good night through a crack of the closing door and sought her own room. And the enemy, left alone, eagerly compared notes and submitted opinions.

"Well, what do you think?" Nora asked Drentha.

"I think he kissed her," was the answer.

"Do you think they're engaged?"

"Of course I do."

"Do you think they'll stay here all the time we're riding to-morrow?" Nora continued. "It will be awful for them—with Seraphina."

"I don't think they will," said Drentha sagely. "I think they will go for a walk. The woods are so convenient."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Nora, yawning slightly.

"He doesn't seem to bother much about us," observed Drentha, hugging her knees. "What does he think we are, I wonder!"

"Babies, I suppose." Nora turned out the light and climbed into bed. "People in love are funny," she added sleepily. "Well, we'll know how silly we act when our day comes, anyhow."

For a moment Drentha was silent. Then from out the dark her voice emerged once more. She had been thinking:

"I'll never be so silly as they are. . . . I'll have a bigger house."

VII

IT WAS Irene's habit to rise each morning at a quarter to eight; but on the morning following Senlac's arrival she began the day a whole three-quarters of an hour earlier. And if she expected some sign or symbol of the proverbial reward of the early riser she expected it in vain, for she did not feel in the least blithe. On the contrary, she was not a little bothered over what the day might bring forth.

"I almost wish he had not come," she mused as she ran downstairs. Then, being of a truthful disposition, even in regard to her self-addressed speeches, she wondered whether that was really so, and admitted at once that it was not. "But I do wish the house were bigger," she reflected next. And to that her conscience entered no demurrer.

Seraphina greeted her entrance into the kitchen with a long face.

"The baker didn't come last night," was her good morning to her mistress. "Whatever could have got into him I don't know."

Irene stumbled over the cat—almost everything that was done in the house began with some mischance to the cat.

"I suppose that means that we have no bread," she said apprehensively.

"There's half a loaf—just enough for the chicken stuffing."

"Did the grocer bring the raisins?"

"He didn't come either."

Seraphina, who always held herself rigidly aloof from responsibility, stood awaiting comment. Irene opened the cupboard and threw her customary hopeful glance up and down and across the shelves.

"I'll make hot biscuits for breakfast," she announced, tucking her frock about her, and so clearing, as it were, the decks for action. "I see we've baking powder and flour."

"The oven won't be hot," said Seraphina. "No oven is ever hot before breakfast. You can try if you like; but they won't bake."

"I'm sure I don't want to make them if they won't bake," said the mistress. "But we have buns anyway."

"Yes, ma'am—and eggs and bacon, and tea, and jam—and stewed rhubarb," she added. "I don't know whatever he could want more."

"I think we shall all have enough."

Seraphina's face was no longer long. She stood smiling now. The smile got on Irene's nerves terribly, but she said nothing. She took down the tea canister and measured out the tea. Seraphina went on smiling.

"Have you done the sitting room?" Irene asked presently.

"Yes, ma'am. I've turned it out and emptied the ash receiver. My, how them ashes does stick!"

There was no comment on this.

"Bill was here last night, ma'am," remarked Seraphina.

Irene ignored this piece of information.

"Where are the scissors for the flowers?" she asked.

"In the scullery. He said he'd"—Seraphina was smiling now in a most fearfully meaning manner—"he'd bring the chickens to-day before tea time."

Irene whirled quickly and in so doing tripped over the cat a second time. Just then the gardener came in by the back door to begin his daily routine by cleaning the knives.

"Why can't you take your bicycle and go and get us a loaf of bread?" she asked him hastily.

He said he could; and he went.

"Now he'll never come back in time to clean the boots," complained Seraphina, her smile giving way to an expression of manifest displeasure. "Whatever men are good for I can't see! I'm always telling Bill that."

"I'll go out and cut the flowers for the table now," said Irene, holding herself wonderfully in check. "Where did you say the scissors were?"

"In the scullery they ought to be, ma'am; but I don't know. They leaves 'em everywhere."

Irene let down her frock so that it covered her slippers once more, and went to hunt for the scissors; but they were not in the scullery.

"Perhaps they're on the veranda," Seraphina volunteered.

Irene went round the house to ascertain, and as she approached the veranda she came suddenly to a halt, with a very distinct start. There, in a steamer chair, reading, sat Senlac.

At sight of her he sprang to his feet; and she, with regained self-possession, moved forward. Then they both instantly forgot the dimensions of the house.

"'Go-o-od heavin!'" cried Irene—it was the family exclamation. "Why, when did you come down?" He had taken her hand and they both looked very fresh and good-morninglike.

"Soon after you did. I couldn't sleep on such a glorious day; so I didn't try. What have you been doing, though? I thought you'd be in the garden."

"Oh, no. I've been in the kitchen. I'm the cook, you know. Isn't it beautiful?" She had withdrawn her hand and was looking off over the hedge and the meadows beyond.

"No; but what really have you been doing?" he insisted.

"I've been evolving breakfast in England without any bread for toast," she confessed.

"Did you succeed?"

"Yes and no. I sent the gardener for a loaf."

He beamed on her.

"Clever darling!" he said in a full bass voice.

That brought her back from the meadows and the hedge quickly enough. She gave a sudden gasp and a hurried look back over her shoulder.

"I wasn't going to kiss you," said the man in a loud tone that echoed. To Irene he appeared to shout it for all the world to hear. And then he laughed a most uproarious laugh. "Don't be so scared!" he added.

One terrible look she gave him and, turning without a word, she fled incontinently into the house, leaving him staring in breathless astonishment.

Of course somebody was there. In the hall, just by the sitting-room door, stood Drentha, a picture of amusement—pleased, happy amusement.

"I heard every word," she whispered. "Did he kiss you?"

"He did not!" denied Irene, furious but calm—because she had to be.

Yet she was almost in a real temper. Hardly knowing what to do she made for the dining room in a blind sort of way, on a venture; but Drentha followed her.

The latest vogue "Scents-a-bal"

A beautiful, sensible means of using perfume. Wafts a gentle fragrance about milady's person—just enough to be bewitching.

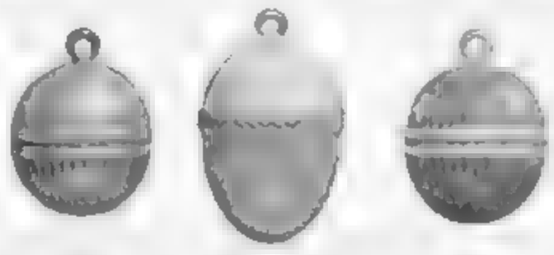
Makes sprinkling on clothes or staining beautiful dresses unnecessary.

"Scents-a-bal" is a handsome piece of jewelry—an ornament to the fairest neck. Made of sterling silver, gold plated and enameled in beautiful colors.

Recently introduced by Fifth Avenue and Newport, "Scents-a-bal" has become the vogue wherever ladies delight in beauty and fragrance. Now made within the reach of all. Inexpensive enough for milady to own a separate one to match each dress.

Gentlemen who associate sweetness of character and fragrance will find in "Scents-a-bal" a present for wife, sweetheart or daughter that will be appreciated.

"Scents-a-bal" is sold by the best dealers, but is so new all are not yet supplied. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.



"Scents-a-bal" is made in 2 shapes—round and acorn. Either in plain colored enamel or flowered as follows: Canary, Lavender, Pink, Turquoise, plain opal with turquoise flowers, canary with lavender flowers. Each has complete chain, with ornaments to match pendant.

Prices, Round, Plain Enameled	$3 00
Hand painted and Enameled	3 50
Acorn, Plain Enameled . .	3 50
Hand painted and Enameled . .	4 00

"Scents-a-bal" opens by unscrewing. Place a few drops of your favorite [illegible]

Eisenstadt Mfg. Co., Manufacturing Jewelers, St. Louis, Mo.

Use Carnation Milk in your favorite recipes

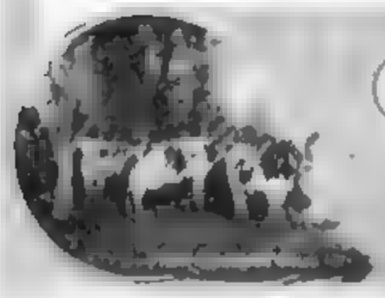
You always add its *quality* to your cooking and baking. Carnation Milk is the only milk supply your home needs. Use it wherever any recipe calls for milk. And added to its cleanness, sweetness and purity is its known *safety*.

Carnation Milk is convenient, economical, *safe*. Buy it of your grocer—"the Carnation Milkman." *Try it*—and let your own experience with it convince you that it answers the milk question.

To reduce the richness of Carnation Milk simply add pure water. If you use skimmed milk for cooking, add more water.

Our new recipe book gives over 100 every-day and special uses. It gives tested recipes for making bread, biscuits, pastry; for creaming vegetables; for making delicious desserts; for whipping, etc. Write for a free copy to Carnation Milk Products Co., 832 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U.S.A.

Ask your grocer—"the Carnation Milkman"



Carnation Milk

Clean Sweet Pure

The answer to the milk question:

$808

This and 299 Other Home Plans Free!

Our books of plans, pictures, wholesale prices show Ready-cut houses, material cut to fit, saving erection costs. Or in usual way. Standard grades. "Mill-direct-to-user" prices. Plans proven—built hundreds of times. Convenience ideas appealing to women. "Guaranteed Prices"—not "Estimates." $300 up. Blue prints, specifications, delivery anywhere. Get Save enough to buy your lot. Three Banks and 100,000 customers vouch for us. Local reference if desired. Catalog of 5,000 Building Bargains also free. Books show what prices include. See before ordering. Send coupon today. All Books FREE.

Shipped Anywhere —At Mill Prices

Save Big Money On Your Home

Gordon-Van Tine Co.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

6047 Case St., Davenport, Iowa *Established Half a Century*

GORDON-VAN TINE COMPANY, 6047 Case St., Davenport, Iowa 1916

Please send me Free the books checked below:

☐ Standard Home Plan Book ☐ Ready-Cut Plan Book ☐ 500 Building Bargain Catalog ☐ Garages—Ready-Cut or Portable ☐ Storm Sash Folder

Name _____ Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

"Nora's sure you're engaged to him," whispered that young creature further. "Why did you both get up so awfully early? That looks like it if nothing else does."

Irene bit her lip to establish her self-control.

"I had to get up," she said, beginning to set the table. "There's so much to see to. I don't know why he got up."

"You ought to remember how plainly one hears every word in this house," pursued Drentha in an admonishing tone. "You ought to tell him so too—particularly if you aren't engaged. Still"—she hesitated for just a breath—"still, if you aren't engaged I don't think you should let him say such things."

Irene dared not ask what things. She was tried nearly to the breaking point. And just at that moment Nora entered, carrying the cat.

"I heard him say 'Clever darling!' What did you say?" was her pleasant greeting.

Drentha, having chosen a resting place on the window seat, from which she contemplated her girlish-appearing aunt with a calmly judicial air, observed that she did not consider saying "Clever darling!" as incriminating as the pulling down of the blinds on the preceding evening.

"What in the world did he want the blinds down for?" she asked earnestly. "I must say that looks very queer."

Nora grinned, and Irene felt strongly tempted to box her ears when she said:

"Perhaps it would have looked queerer had he left them up." Then, with an incisively scrutinizing look at her aunt, she asked: "Aren't you going to be engaged—don't you think?"

Irene's face blazed.

"How very impertinent of you, Nora!" she cried. "You are neither of you a bit polite. Indeed, I think both you girls are very horrid."

But Drentha indignantly resented such a charge.

"We're not horrid," she declared with emphasis. "We are just interested. We have talked everything over this summer—you know we have—and we like to talk this over too. That's all."

Nora added nothing to this general defense. It seemed to her amply sufficient and to warrant her in pressing a point.

"Why did he say 'Clever darling'?" she insisted. "I want to know that most of all."

"I don't know, I'm sure," snapped Irene, her back metaphorically against the wall. "I believe I spoke of cooking; and then he said it. He's that sort of man; it's his way of expressing himself."

Drentha frowned her disapproval.

"I should like to see a man call me clever darling—unless I was going to marry him," she said witheringly. "The idea! I think he's very sentimental and very foolish, myself. You know, Irene, you'll make an awful mistake if you marry him. He isn't a bit your kind of man. He's too just exactly like you."

"Yes; he's just like you," agreed Nora, putting the cat out the window. Then, after a second, she asked: "Aren't we ever going to have breakfast?"

Irene, who was still arranging the table, paused a moment and fixed her with the mildest brown eyes that ever fixed a person.

"It's only eight, and we never have it until nine. I don't see why on earth you got up so early."

Drentha's candor was delicious.

"We couldn't hear very well in bed," she admitted, laughing.

This reminded Nora of something.

"Oh, yes!" she exploded. "We heard him say 'I wasn't going to kiss you.' Has he ever kissed you, Irene?"

Irene looked ready to cry.

"I should say not!" she answered, between pain and anger. "And he never will! I don't see what possesses you both. You haven't behaved like this over our other friends."

"The others weren't so amusing," explained the candid Drentha in a tone meant to be soothing. "This man is so entertaining to overhear. And, even though you do deny it, there is certainly an atmosphere of a love affair about it that is quite irresistible. Isn't that so, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

"But we don't wish to tease you," she said kindly. "And if you aren't really engaged to him, and he really isn't in love with you, we'll go off riding and not think any more about the sad affair."

"That will be so kind of you," Irene returned with a touch of sarcasm.

"And to show you how perfectly nice we can be," added Drentha, jumping up from the window seat, "we'll get breakfast and you can go out on the veranda again."

The gardener having returned with the bread and the inquisition having been thus brought to a peaceful and apologetic close, Mrs. Stuyvesant, accepting the terms of the enemy, returned to her guest. She found him lolling in the steamer chair once more, his book on his lap and his eyes fixed on the shifting line of clouds; but at the sound of her step his gaze returned smilingly to earth and to her.

"Is it breakfast?" he asked.

She paused beside the rose vine, shaking her head.

"Not for some time," she said. "The bread has just come."

"And have you to make the toast now?"

"No. The girls have come down and they are going to get the breakfast. They're going to do it to make up for being especially abominable."

"Were they 'especially abominable'? How?"

She stepped back a pace so as to command a view of the hall.

"I'll tell you," she said, "because it is serious and you should know." At that he sprang to his feet and came close to her; but she was quick to repulse him. "No, no!" she protested. "It isn't so bad as that; and please—you must—keep away. It is that you really will have to be more careful, because"—she gazed appealingly up into his face, smiling just the least bit—"you see, the house is so tiny and—and things sound so oddly when they're overheard. You don't want to get yourself talked about, you know. About me it doesn't matter; but ——"

"How do you mean?" he interrupted, smiling a little too.

She blushed most becomingly, and then her gay laugh rippled.

"If you continue being overheard the whole family—Seraphina included—will draw so many false conclusions that it will end by going all over the neighborhood that you came down here to propose and that you were refused. It will be the only possible explanation people can think out, unaided. And I shan't be able to help it; because, no matter what I say, nobody will believe me. Of course that won't do. You can't afford to let such a falsehood spread; so do, please, restrain yourself from talking of kisses and calling me darling. Do—do, for your own sake!"

His gaze had never left her and the lines of his mouth were grave at last.

"I understand," he said. "I'll try." But then the lines of his mouth went suddenly mirthful again. "Yet there are always the woods," he suggested finally; and at that she laughed too. She could not help it.

"Yes," she said simply.

"May I call you darling in the woods?"

"I don't see the use of it, even in the woods," she declared.

He argued the point with her. It was quite a good argument and both seemed to enjoy it; and when it had been discussed from every angle he suggested a fresh subject, while his very blue eyes flashed with exceeding merriment.

"Oh, this is such a jolly interesting situation!" he exclaimed. "Why, I may even talk of kissing you—in the woods."

They had drawn rather close together and she was looking at him fixedly. Their backs were toward the hall. He was a most impressionable man and her look moved him suddenly to seize her hand.

"Oh! Oh, no!" she suddenly cried, all at once remembering.

And at that instant there was a sound behind them. He turned; she turned. Horrors! He dropped her hand. There stood Nora, looking so demure that it was impossible not to wish to poison her.

"Breakfast is ready," she said sweetly.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Cool Cooking on Hot Mornings

Eight a. m. and the sun already blazing. Just the kind of a morning to stay out of a hot kitchen.

That's when you fully realize the advantages of cool cooking with a Westinghouse Toaster-Stove.

Place the stove on your breakfast table, turn on the current and in a few seconds the bacon will begin to sizzle and the eggs to sputter.

Or maybe it's steak or chops or griddlecakes on the menu this morning. It doesn't matter, Westinghouse Toaster-Stove will cook them all, as well as make the crispest, most evenly browned toast you've ever tasted.

No standing over a hot range. No going back and forth from kitchen to dining room. Instead, the whole breakfast prepared and served, and you haven't moved from your chair.

Westinghouse Toaster-Stoves have two interchangeable tops, one a grill for making toast, the other an aluminum pan and griddle for preparing griddlecakes, eggs, steaks, chops, bacon, potatoes, etc.

With a Toaster-Stove and a Westinghouse Percolator, which makes delicious coffee right at your elbow, you can cook and still be cool and comfortable in the hottest weather.

Sold by lighting companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores.

Enjoy the Summer—Let Electricity Do Your Work

Millions of people are making their work lighter and their homes cooler with Westinghouse Fans, Irons, Ranges, Toaster-Stoves, Percolators and other electric appliances, while Westinghouse Small Motors provide a better, quicker and easier way to operate sewing machines, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, ice-cream freezers, etc. Write for literature 4312-A and learn how to make electricity your servant.

Make Ironing Easy

No matter how torrid the days, ironing holds no dread for the woman with a Westinghouse Electric Iron

It requires no flame. It's always ready. It can be used anywhere there's an electric light socket. And it cuts out the steps from stove to ironing board.

Heats quickly. Heats evenly, all over the bottom. Stays hot.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

B&B Double-Sure Products

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Absorbent Cotton, Adhesive Plaster, Bandages, Gauze, Fumigators, First Aid Outfits, etc.

USE THEM FOR SAFETY'S SAKE

First Aid Book
Ten Cents

This book was written by a famous surgeon, now a Major in charge of U. S Army Field Hospital. It tells what to do in any form of accident or emergency—

In shocks and sickness—
In burns and bruises—
In wounds and sprains—
Hemorrhage or fainting—
Drowning or electric shock—
Any sort of poisoning

The book contains 128 pages and over 100 illustrations. It is a complete and authentic reprint of our book that sells for 50 cents. Every home at some time has urgent need for it, when a life may be at stake.

We ask 10 cents merely as evidence of serious intent. The book costs us much more. Send the coupon in lower corner for it.

B&B Adhesive Plaster

B&B Zinc Oxide Adhesive is a rubber coated plaster prepared especially for surgical uses. It doesn't irritate. It sticks to anything, without wetting or heating. It stays stuck and it holds.

Mark the Doctor

Note How He Guards Against Germs

Mark the doctor at work in any surgical case—

Note how he washes his hands in a germicide. How he covers his clothes with a sterile robe.

Note how he guards his dressings. *They come to him wrapped from the sterilizer.*

All to prevent germ infection.

Yet there is just as much danger when you cut a finger. Or whenever you break the skin. Even one infectious germ may breed millions.

That's why we publish these cautions.

Don't use chance bandages. Keep on hand B&B Absorbent Cotton and B&B Sterile Gauze. Have B&B Adhesive Plaster handy. Get them today from your druggist. Have them in place for instant use in emergency.

Have a First Aid Book close by them to tell you what to do.

If the wound is considerable send at once for the doctor. But do the right thing in the meantime. Do the safe thing, else the doctor may find an infection.

Get B&B Absorbent Cotton—B&B Bandages.

They are twice sterilized before leaving our factory—once after being sealed.

They are packed in filtered air. Our workers are in costume.

Then they are packed to stay clean—in protective packages or in germ-proof envelopes.

Have these things on hand—the B&B Double-Sure products. Then you can feel secure.

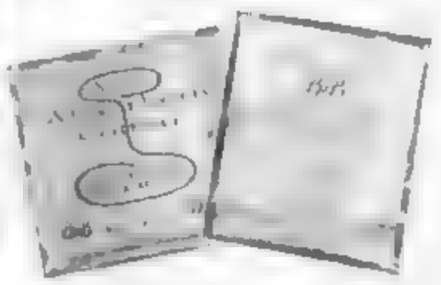
And don't wait. Order a supply today from the Drug Store. After an accident happens there is no time to get them.

Get B&B Absorbent Cotton
B&B Gauze and Bandages
B&B Adhesive Plaster

Every wound calls for them. Have them ready.

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only *first* aid.

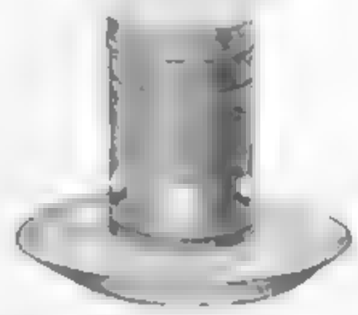
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings



B&B Germ-Proof Envelopes

B&B Arro Absorbent Cotton and B&B Handy Fold Gauze come in germ-proof envelopes, packed many in a carton. Thus these sterile dressings are kept sterile until used.

B&B Cotton also comes in a Handy Package. The roll is never handled never taken out. Cut off what you want for service. The rest remains protected



B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators

Made in strict accord with Government suggestions. They are twice the usual strength. There are no half measures with a B&B Fumigator.

Close the room and light the wick. The gaseous germicide permeates every

Cut This Coupon

BAUER & BLACK,
49 W. 25th Street, Chicago

I enclose 10 cents for your First Aid Book. Mail to

Name _____

Address

CODES AND SIGNS OF THE UNDERWORLD

(Continued from Page 7)

a zero mark, is his sign that he has received something at the house indicated. A circle with a cross drawn over it means that he has received something, but this something was not money. A slight knowledge of the codes of this wandering brotherhood will indicate one's standing with the members of the fraternities; how one is regarded for generosity and in what objects that generosity is experienced. Tramps are very cunning about indicating generous houses. They have adopted the fifteenth-century sign on the chapel in the Thuringian Forest. They do not indicate the house at its premises, but at some distance away on a wall or fence they will draw an arrow pointing in the direction of the house, followed by a number of short vertical strokes to indicate the number of the house in the direction in which the arrow points.

It is interesting to note here that the hobo of Teutonic origin attaches different meanings to his signs. Thus a circle, by a tramp of this nationality, drawn on a wall of a house or near it, means that he has received nothing, while a circle barred by a cross means that the thing he received was not money. The police are apt to be deceived in the interpretation of hobo signs, since the code of the common tramp differs from that of the tramp of Germanic origin.

The most complete sign codes to be found in America are those in use by the gypsies. These signs are not always graphic, although a shaded triangle is the gypsy sign that the owner of the house has kept him overnight. The signs of this wandering fraternity are usually formed out of some inconspicuous thing that would not attract attention. They might be all about and the average person would not suspect their existence. They have been carefully assembled by Von Wlislocki and Glucksman.

Thus an elder twig left conspicuously along the way a gypsy wagon is traveling indicates that some member of the band is sick; if the twig is burned and accompanied by a wisp of straw it means that the sick man has died; a willow twig means a birth; an oak twig means that one of the party that has been arrested has been released.

Pieces of skin or leather cut and scattered along the road advise all the other gypsies to hurry to the next place for their meeting. Square holes cut in leather indicate towns; round holes indicate little villages. Thus to indicate a meeting place as a town two villages ahead, they throw out a piece of leather with two round holes followed by a square hole cut in it.

Sometimes it happens that persons along the route of gypsies are astonished at their being able to tell fortunes containing things that have actually happened, or that express the wish of the person whose future is being indicated. This is easily understood when we realize that the advance gypsy wagon, calling at the house, discovers these data, and leaves them behind written plainly in the code of the fraternity. The gypsies following later interpret these signs, avail themselves of the information, and are able to tell the fortunes that so astonish the countryman.

Serpentine Lines

Thus two serpentine lines drawn through a circle indicate that an old woman has died at this place. If these lines are drawn through two circles it means that an old man has died. Points drawn in a circle indicate that a person living here has received an inheritance through death; a serpentine line cutting a triangle indicates the death of a householder; two such lines through the same figure, the death of a householder's wife; a serpentine line through two circles, the unfaithfulness of the husband; a circle with a horizontal line under it, and under this again a circle, matrimonial designs, and so forth.

Persons in this country have been very much astonished to observe that gypsy wagons, following sometimes several days behind the advance pilot wagon, are able to follow it through an unknown country without making any inquiries as to the direction taken. The gypsy often uses this fact as an evidence of the supernatural powers which he is able to bring to his business of fortune telling. But the truth is that at every crossroads the advance wagon puts down its indicatory sign.

These signs are the same in all countries. They consist of little piles of stones arranged according to an indicated code; or a branch of a tree, having forks equal in number to the diverging roads, planted in the ground with the broken branch lying in the direction taken. These signs are to be found everywhere along the line of gypsy march They are uniform and very old. The authorities have been able to trace them for at least five hundred years, and they were probably brought into Europe by the Asiatic gypsy during the Middle Ages.

One of the most interesting of the criminal graphic signs was unconsciously used by Conan Doyle in his story of the Dancing Men. In this story a message was conveyed by spelling out a word with little one-line drawings of a human figure. The position of the arms and legs of the figures made the English letters of the word. It is a very simple set of symbols (Fig. 6).

Conan Doyle imagined that he had invented this code. When his attention was called to the fact that such symbols were known he replied that his use of them was a mere coincidence. Such a coincidence is entirely likely. The writer has often seen in detective stories signs and codes that very closely resembled those actually in use by criminal organizations, while, at the same time, the evident limitations of the author convinced one that he had no actual knowledge of criminal groups.

The Angle-Writing Code

For example, the angle-writing code, on account of its simplicity, is one of the most common of all criminal ciphers. It is based on a system of transformation. The letters of the alphabet are grouped two by two, one of these letters followed by a dot (Fig. 7). In this cipher the undotted letter is represented by the simple angle in which it stands, while the dotted letter is represented by this angle with a dot in it. This cipher looks cryptic and mysterious, but its very simplicity has caused it to come into common use among criminals. It is especially indicated by the authorities at the University of Prague.

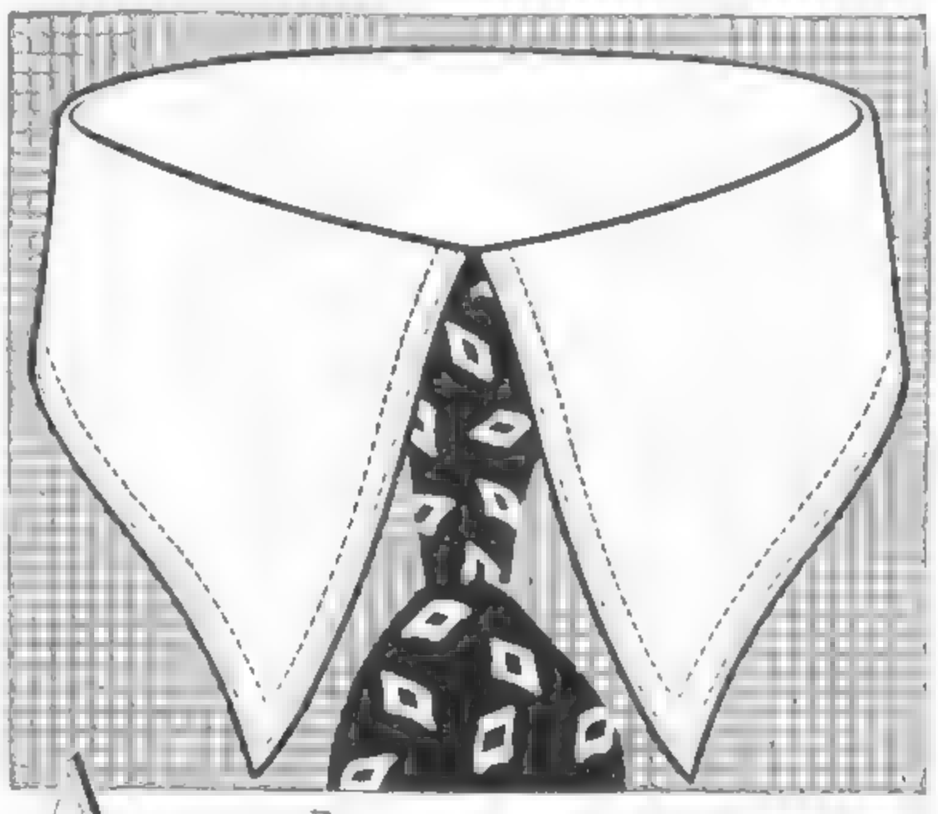
It is very difficult to persuade the average police authority that criminal organizations are able to communicate in any medium that is not perfectly obvious to the average prison inspector. An interesting instance of the effect of this idea arose in one of our best-conducted prisons.

A dangerous counterfeiter had been made to believe that his accomplices were in the custody of the police, and were intending to turn state's evidence. The authorities believed that the prisoner was about to confess in order to gain the court's favor ahead of his treacherous associates. At this critical period, which happened to be a time of broiling summer heat, the prisoner's wife sent a parcel to the authorities asking that it be turned over to the man. The parcel contained merely an old gauze undershirt. One of the sleeves of the shirt had been torn out, but the woman had mended it by sewing it together.

The prison inspector was a careful person, according to his standards. He took the shirt out of the package and minutely examined it for any paper or writing. When he became convinced that it bore no marks of any character whatever he turned it over to the prisoner. Immediately the attitude of the man changed. He became silent and defiant. The prison authorities were convinced that he had received some message, but they were never able to tell how the message was conveyed.

The fact was that the prisoner's wife had communicated with him by what is known in the underworld as the thread-code. This code consists in placing the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in a vertical line at an equal distance, say an inch apart, beginning with the letter *a* at an agreed distance, say twelve inches, from the line of the floor. This code is determined beforehand. Instead of inches, the diameter of a coin or the breadth of the prisoner's thumb may be used. With this code worked out, all the members of the organization are able to reconstruct it anywhere.

The method of communication is to measure with a thread from the floor to the first letter of the message, and at that distance tie a knot in the thread, then measure from



Are long points your best style?

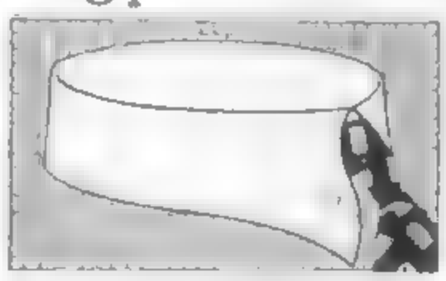
ORIGINATORS of the long-point collar! That is one of the many distinctions enjoyed by the house of Earl & Wilson.

Long-point collars now shown in the E & W line include models suitable to many types of faces. Flexwood, illustrated above, is the latest and most striking in its sweep of line and length of point. And, being made in the new E & W flexil weight, it is almost feather-light and paper-thin. An ideal starched collar for summer wear.

Then there are the E & W soft-laundered, long-point models. To the natural grace of the long-point design they add a degree of comfort all their own.

Many are finding their *best* style among the long-point E & W models. Are long points *your* best style?

One of the long-point CLUBWOODS



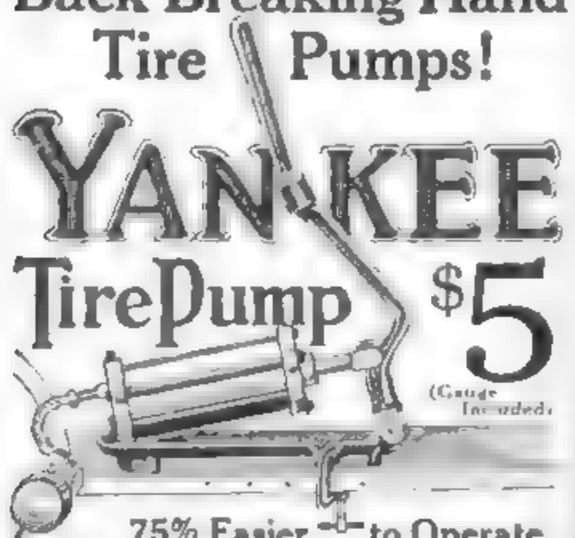
E & W EARL & WILSON 15 cent Collars

The best Style is your Style

Get Away from Back Breaking Hand Tire Pumps!

YANKEE Tire Pump $5

(Gauge Included)



75% Easier to Operate
50% Faster—Never Wears Out
Clamps on Runboard
90 lbs. before You Know It
Gauge tells you Pressure at Sight

A big breaking strain with no effort at all—just take hold of the handle and—stand up straight—with the pump rigidly to the running board

times as efficient as the ordinary hand pump—fits in your tool box—always ready for work—gauge shows pressure without

Sunday. Clip the coupon below and send it with a check express or P. O. money order this very day

APEX ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
1410 W. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

DEALERS: Grab Yankee Pumps before they are gobbled up. Write, wire, phone. Big national advertising coming. Great opportunity. Many Thousands sold. Don't delay.

APEX ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
1410 W 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

Attached please find $5.00 in full payment for one Yankee Tire Pump with the understanding that it will take the strain out of pumping as you claim and is in satisfactory working order when I receive it.

Name

Street Address

City

BOYS EARN

money and valuable prizes by selling The Curtis Publications. Every time a boy *earns* 50 cents we *give him* a voucher worth 4 cents in exchange for his choice of a splendid assortment of prizes. Baseball and tennis goods, electrical outfits, books, games—*everything that a boy could ask*—will be found in "The Book of Prizes." Send for it. It costs nothing.

BOX 541
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY A BOTTLE OF
POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
SALAD DRESSING
A MAYONNAISE OF
SURPASSING DELICIOUSNESS
AT ALL GROCERS

LAW Chattanooga College of Law. Two years' course leads to LL. B. and practice in State and U. S. Courts. An institution of recognized high standing. Lectures so arranged that

Students May Earn Living

Strong faculty of 15. School opens Sept. 20th, 1916. Write for illustrated catalogue
CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW
Chattanooga Tennessee

GTD

Pronounce the letters above. Note that they are all sharp.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced Rates on Shipments of Automobiles
443 Marquette Building, Chicago, 324 Whitehall Building, New York, 640 Old South Building, Boston, 435 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis, 518 Central Bank Building, Los Angeles, 855 Monadnock Building, San Francisco. Write Nearest Office.

this knot, at the floor, to the second letter of the message, there tie a second knot, and so on, until the entire message is spelled out. This thread is then conveyed to the prisoner. In the given case it was used to fasten the torn sleeve in the gauze undershirt.

This is a code very common among criminal organizations and very easy to get past American inspectors. A thread of sufficient length to spell out a complicated message is easy to conceal and means nothing if discovered. It may be in the dressing of a wound or may hold a garment together, or it may be dropped as a careless raveling.

Another ingenious method of almost universal use in the underworld is the puncture system. The means of communication used in this code are usually pieces of old dirty newspapers used to wrap up something that goes into the prisons. Such fragments of newspapers are not suspected, and are a convenient medium for the use of this criminal code. The code is exceedingly simple. It consists in numbering the letters of the alphabet from a to z in the following fashion:

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14

o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Short messages, such as yes, no, and the like, are easily conveyed by this code. The person using this system begins at the head of the column and counts the letters down to the one with which his message begins; there he makes a puncture with a pin, then he counts down to his second letter and makes a puncture, and so on, until the message is spelled out. It would be too dangerous to put a puncture at letters spelling out the message. It is safer to have the alphabet represented by simple numerals.

A very common method of communication, used by the simpler orders of criminals, is with a pack of cards. The plan is to arrange the cards in a known manner, as, for example, all the cards of a suit in their order, running spades, clubs, diamonds and hearts. Then, when the suits are thus arranged and superimposed one on the other, with hearts at the bottom and spades at the top of the pack, the message is written on the edges of the cards, the pack being held tightly together. The message is usually written in figures according to some modification of the codes in which numerals stand for letters of the alphabet. The pack is then well shuffled, and passed along to the person for whom it is intended. To read the message he has only to place the cards in the arranged order.

The Letter-Group Code

This simple method of communication seems to go on all the time in the jails over the country. The usual warden in the small town is a kind-hearted individual, and will allow the prisoner to have a pack of cards, especially if the pack is new. What information could there be in a pack of cards? The fact is that codes adapted to card packs are legion!

International criminals, such as smugglers, counterfeiters, forgers and high-class swindlers, are always provided with a secret code. Some of these are as complicated and ingenious as diplomatic ciphers. These codes usually consist of substituting one or several numbers for the letters of the alphabet, ordinary words or phrases. Often the letters are expressed by two figures combined. Gross gives an illustrative code that is the base of the more complicated criminal ciphers; for example:

e	g	l	p	t	y	a	e	i	n	r	w	b	f	k	o	s	x	d	h	m	q	a	u	v
4						3						7						1				8		

Here every letter is represented by the figure indicating the place the letter occupies in its group (e a b d u are 1, p n o q are 4) together with the number of the group in which it stands; e. g.: g=24, k=37, etc. "To-day" would be expressed in the following manner: 54, 47, 11, 13, 64.

The authorities constantly remind the police, in dealing with criminal organizations of high order, that the messages to be sent between the members of such organizations are often in a double cipher—that is to say, some criminal argot or some expression with a double meaning is used, so that if by chance the authorities are able to decipher the code they obtain only an expression or message which can have no meaning, or only a harmless meaning, unless its significance is known.

In a celebrated case of international importance a message sent from London to a smuggler in New York when finally translated read "Feed the cattle." Nobody knew what "feed the cattle" meant after the police had worked the expression out of the cipher code. If the authorities had been familiar with the old smuggling organizations on the borders of Austria they would have had the key to this Delphic sentence.

A European inspector discovered the use of this conventional expression by the merest accident. The story is interesting and is given here in the language of the narrator:

The proprietor of a small piece of forest land was suspected for many years of receiving stolen property and conveying it across the frontier. He was arrested, his wife being allowed to remain at liberty, as she had in the house several little children. The man at his first examination denied everything, but expressed a strong desire to speak to his wife. In spite of the distance she was accordingly brought to the courthouse. The unusual insistence of the man appeared suspicious. Accordingly an interview was refused, but the prisoner was allowed to send any message he chose to the woman. After a lot of bother he said that all he wanted to say to his wife was that she should look well after the cattle, as he had done before his arrest, and see that they had plenty of nourishment.

A Mystery Solved

This apparently harmless message was accurately communicated to the wife. But doubts remained, and the same day the police constable was sent to see the stock. His report was that they possessed three goats and a half-starved horse, which they used for carrying the stolen property across the border. Undoubtedly the investigating officers had been humbugged and had been made the agents for conveying an ambiguous and disastrous message.

The matter remained an enigma for a long time. Later on, the report says, the investigating officer happened to take into custody a young girl who had grown up with the criminal smuggling organizations of Europe. The officer believed the girl had been stolen when a child, and interested himself in determining her probable origin. She expressed her gratitude by giving the authorities a great deal of accurate information about the codes of these organizations. Among other things she told the inspector that the expression "feed the cattle" meant "admit nothing." Thus they were able to realize that the message which the smuggler had sent to his wife in fact advised her not to admit anything to the authorities, and made it known to her that he had admitted nothing.

In the famous case of the United States *versus* Taylor a similar double code was used. The record of this case reads like a dime romance. A band of desperate outlaws undertook to coin twenty-dollar gold pieces, on Rapid River, in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Craig Mountains, in Idaho. They used Babbitt metal melted in a common frying pan, and made their plaster-of-Paris molds with a genuine gold piece. They put the milled edge on their coins with a three-cornered file. Then they plated the white coins with an electroplating apparatus which they purchased in Chicago.

In their correspondence these gold coins were always called "horses." But for the excessive number of "horses" coming into the Eastern markets from Idaho, the notice of the Government might not have been drawn to these clever criminals.

In an interesting case a message was conveyed to a prisoner by a most ingenious device. The prisoner gave the guard a small coin, asking him to purchase a hairbrush. That evening when the guard went off duty he stopped in a little shop in the village and endeavored to buy the brush for the prisoner. But the shopkeeper thought that a hairbrush could not be bought for the trifling sum which the prisoner had intrusted to the guard.

As the guard came out of the shop he found an old peddler at the door. The peddler had a variety of junk in his basket, and among other secondhand articles conspicuously displayed was a hairbrush with a smooth pine handle. The guard asked the peddler what he would take for the brush. The peddler named a small sum. The guard offered him the coin which the prisoner had intrusted to him and which the peddler finally accepted. This brush the guard turned over to the prisoner. There was no mark of any kind on it. Nevertheless, it conveyed a vital message to the man in the prison, which he was able to read by soaking the handle of the brush in his water jug.

The method by which this message had been put on the handle of the brush is exceedingly interesting. The letters forming the message had been cut into the soft wood of the handle. After this the wood of the handle had been scraped with a piece of glass until the letters cut into the wood had entirely disappeared. They were no longer visible. The wooden handle seemed smooth, and to the eye bore no trace of any graven character or any indentation. But the fact is that the fibers of wood where pressure has been exerted to cut in letters are compressed below the cuts and remain thus compressed, although after the letters are scraped off no trace of them is visible. If, however, the wood is soaked in water, after a time these compressed fibers swell and the writing stands out in clear relief.

Foreign authorities tell us that the finer the grain of the wood the better it is adapted to this form of secret communication. They insist that all articles formed of wood, taken at criminal rendezvous or introduced into prisons, ought to be examined with the greatest care.

In one famous case the prisoner's wife sent him an old spoon, and asked the prison authorities to permit her husband to have this spoon in his cell. She said he had used it all his life in eating his broth, it had belonged to his father, and it would be a comfort for him to have it near him. There were no visible marks of any sort on the old spoon, and the kind-hearted superintendent permitted its delivery to the prisoner. But the brief message concealed by this method on the polished handle of the wooden spoon completely upset the whole painstaking investigation of the authorities, covering several months of official labor, and protected an entire band of conspirators associated with the old criminal who was so attached to his father's wooden spoon.

The Prisoner's Spoon

Perhaps the most amusing incident of criminal communication occurred in a Russian political prison in Poland. Twenty-eight persons were arrested. These filled the cells, and it was very soon evident to the authorities that the prisoners were in perfect communication. In order to prevent this the superintendent undertook to patrol the prison corridors night and day. He requisitioned a company of soldiers who did sentry duty, marching up and down the corridors. The inspection hole or peephole in the door of each cell was left open so that one could see the prisoner as he passed. It was thought that no communication could be held under this surveillance. Any knock signals could be heard and each prisoner would be seen by the sentry as he passed. Nevertheless, in spite of this precaution it was presently certain that the prisoners were again in perfect communication.

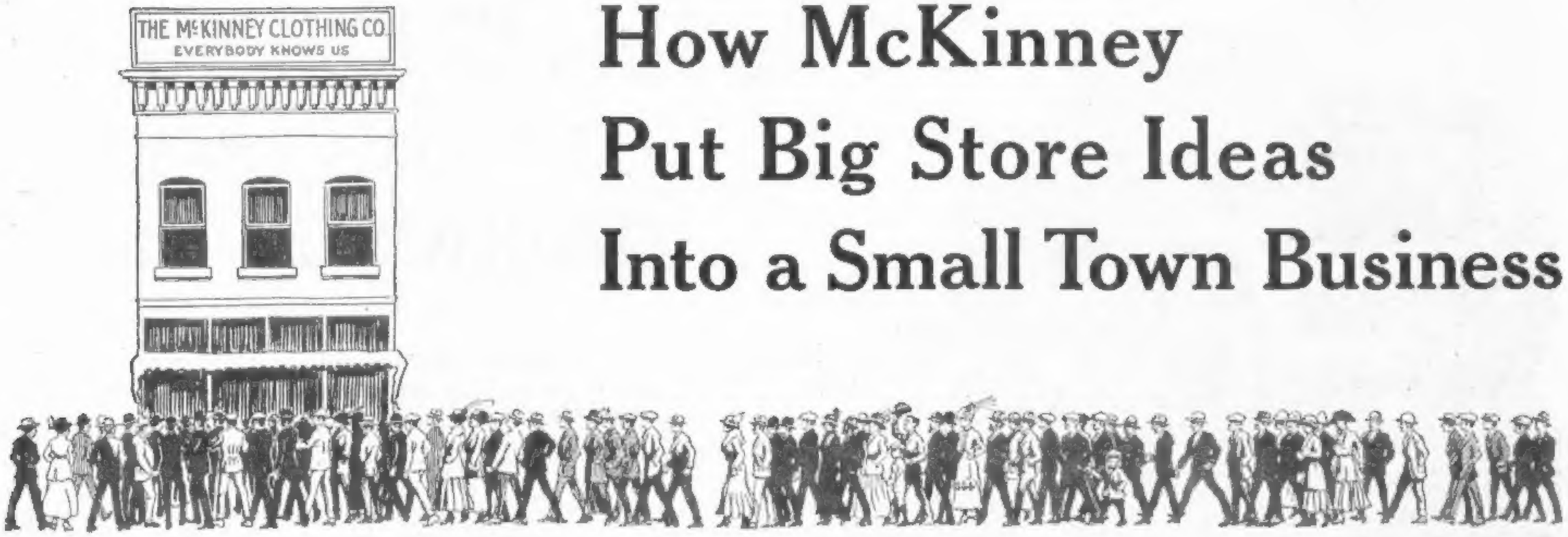
The superintendent of the prison went himself to watch the corridors. He observed from his point of espionage that as the soldier sentry passed each cell, after looking in, a hand reached out from the inspection hole and placed a little article on the top of his cartridge pouch hanging on his back. As the soldier passed the next cell another hand quickly appeared and removed the article. Thus it happened that the prisoners were using the soldier sentry for the purpose of carrying their messages, which they wrote on bits of linen torn from their shirts. The only pencil they had went along from cell to cell with the message sitting on the unsuspecting sentry's cartridge pouch.

The best authorities insist that no letter written by a prisoner ought to be allowed to go out. It should be copied by the prison officials and this copy sent. The original should be retained and filed. This precaution would prevent any signs or secret code writing hidden in the text of the letter.

In a blackhand case in New York a witness who had shown himself favorable to the Government was placed on the stand. Suddenly he refused to make any statement. It was certain the man had received some signal. But the signal was not known, and the testimony of the witness, valuable to the Government, was lost.

These secret signals, especially in use by foreign criminal organizations in this country, are usually some modification of the well-known deaf-and-dumb alphabets, and are made by the positions of the fingers.

Author's Note—See brochures of Beckstein, Von Whulock, Glucksman; System der Kriminalistik, Gross.



How McKinney Put Big Store Ideas Into a Small Town Business

The conservatives of Durango, Colorado, felt that McKinney, the cash clothier, was wasting money when he opened the first "modern fixture" store in the town.

When he gave away souvenirs and worked other modern advertising plans to attract customers, they were sure that these big store ideas would never go in a little town like Durango.

They prophesied that he would go broke, but instead of that, he built a new home, bought a motor car and enlarged his store.

Brains and Figure Facts—That's All

McKinney backs up his clever and progressive ideas with thorough-going knowledge of his business.

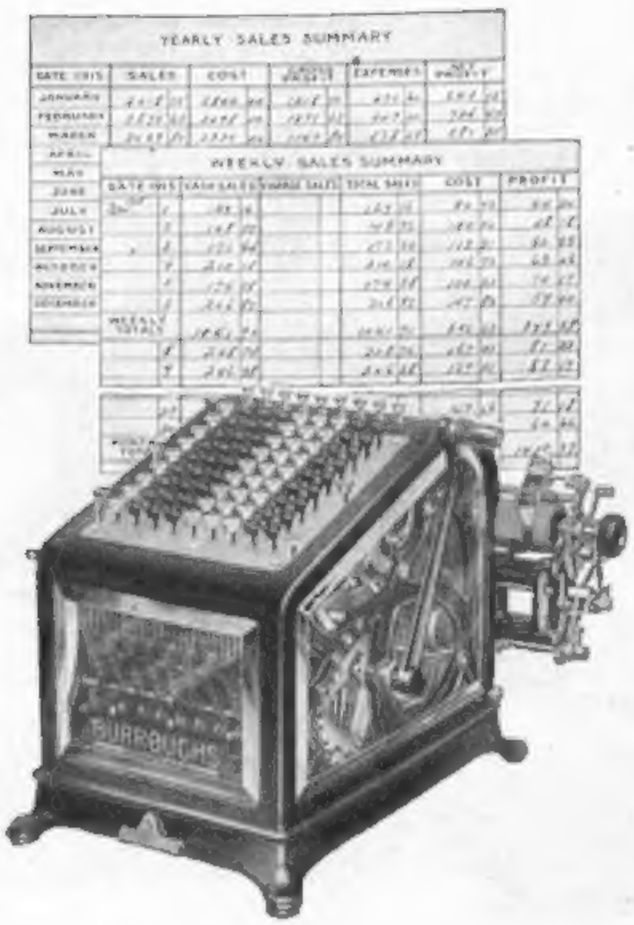
He doesn't have a complicated, expensive system of bookkeeping, either. But he *knows* how much he spends and how much he makes every day—he doesn't *guess*.

Does it pay to advertise? does it pay to carry this or that line of goods? to hire an extra clerk?

McKinney can tell you—he's got the answer in dollars and cents.

And he gets it all in a half hour each day.

The Big Idea That Makes All the Rest Possible



Two forms and a Burroughs Figuring Machine are the bed-rock foundation of McKinney's prosperity.

The totals entered in those forms are a complete record of his business and the basis of a perpetual inventory.

Every one of those totals represents many items added on the Burroughs—the machine that McKinney uses at different times during the day in handling his figure work mechanically. He says that without the Burroughs he couldn't handle the figures—it would take too much time and expense. But with the Burroughs the work is completed in thirty minutes daily.

With a Burroughs any merchant in any line of business can get the real facts that mean profit, and do it the shortest, easiest way.

Consult your telephone book or your banker for the address of the nearest Burroughs office—or write direct to the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, New York, Atlanta, Kansas City or San Francisco.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

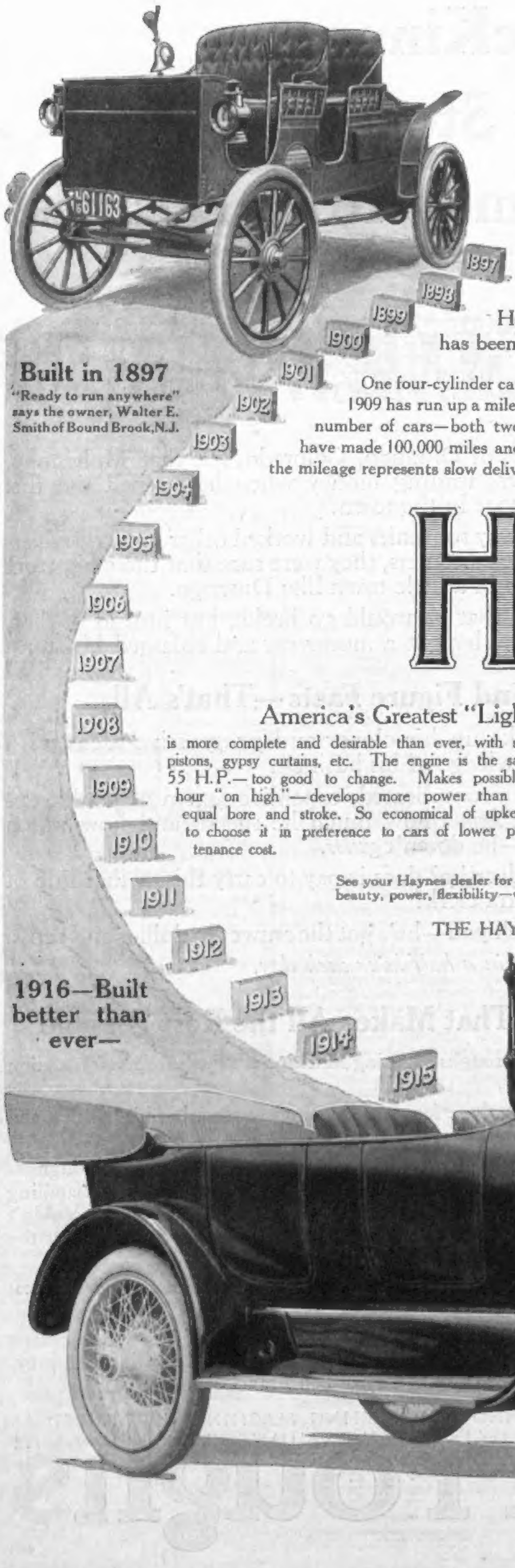
PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

4082

Is this 1897 Haynes car the oldest Haynes in use?

Hundreds of other Haynes cars, from ten to nineteen years in service, have been reported, as a result of our "oldest Haynes" contest. One Haynes of the vintage of 1900, owned by Chas. Menges, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been in a repair shop only twice, during a service of 100,000 miles.



Built in 1897
"Ready to run anywhere" says the owner, Walter E. Smith of Bound Brook, N.J.

1916—Built better than ever—

One four-cylinder car that left the factory in 1909 has run up a mileage of 300,000. A large number of cars—both two and four cylinders—have made 100,000 miles and over. In many cases the mileage represents slow delivery work and trucking.

The Haynes car comes from an ancestry *noted* for *stamina* and *road-worthiness*. It means something to careful car buyers that Haynes cars built two decades ago are still in the harness—for Haynes cars of today are built even better than the old timers.

HAYNES

"Better Than The Years"

America's Greatest "Light Six"

is more complete and desirable than ever, with seat covers, aluminum pistons, gypsy curtains, etc. The engine is the same light, high speed 55 H.P.—too good to change. Makes possible 1 to 60 miles per hour "on high"—develops more power than any other engine of equal bore and stroke. So economical of upkeep that it is economy to choose it in preference to cars of lower price but higher maintenance cost.

America's Greatest "Light Twelve"

has been thoroughly *tried* and *proved*. The motor successfully withstood our exacting tests before the car was announced. Every improvement in automobile engineering is embodied, supplemented by the latest in conveniences. It's a car of striking beauty. Wire wheels and cord tires are standard equipment. The engine has overhead valves and aluminum pistons, and works with the same precision as that of the Haynes "Light Six." Motor is 2¾ in. x 5 in. bore and stroke.

See your Haynes dealer for demonstration of "Light Six" and "Light Twelve." Compare the combination of beauty, power, flexibility—with cars of a much higher price rating and you'll be amazed at the value it offers.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., 40 South Main St., Kokomo, Indiana

Haynes "Light Six" Prices:

Model 36—5-passenger Touring Car	$1485
4-passenger Roadster	1585
Model 37—7-passenger Touring Car	1585

All Prices f. o. b. Kokomo.

Haynes "Light Twelve" Prices:

Model 40—5-passenger Touring Car	$1985
4-passenger Roadster	2085
Model 41—7-passenger Touring Car	2085

All Prices f. o. b. Kokomo.

NEW CATALOG
giving full information of the latest Haynes models, gladly mailed on request.

Copyright, 1916, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

SOMEWHERE every day lucky youngsters are getting their very first taste of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—the tender crispy flakes with the fresh-from-the-oven taste. If there was any way in the world to make Kellogg's better don't you suppose it would be done?

Imitations come and go!
They change their name
They change their form
Some do both
Why?

W. K. Kellogg

Crockery

and all

Earthen Wares

cleaned

Quickly

Efficiently

Hygienically